The Library of

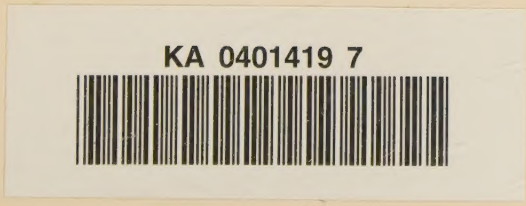
Crosby Hall

BFWG

Sybil Campbell Collection
Formerly Crosby Hall Library

2144

824
JO



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/essaysmockessays0000lion

Essays
Mock-Essays and
Character Sketches

ESSAYS MOCK-ESSAYS

AND

CHARACTER SKETCHES

REPRINTED FROM THE

"JOURNAL OF EDUCATION"

WITH ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS BY THE HON. LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE AND OTHERS

LONDON

WILLIAM RICE 86 FLEET STREET E.C.

WHITTAKER & CO. PATERNOSTER SQUARE E.C. AND

66 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

825
1910

PREFACE.

AS a volume of reprints seems to need some apology, the Editor may venture to explain its genesis. Prizes offered about a year ago for the best imitations of essays by Bacon and other standard English essayists produced such a number of excellent compositions that it was impossible to find room for several of high merit, and disappointed candidates were consoled by the promise that they should appear in a fourth volume of the series of *Prize Translations*. But on second thoughts it seemed doubtful whether a book consisting solely of prose parodies would be much appreciated except by the authors, and thus these Mock Essays have developed into Essays and Mock Essays, a mixture of *seria ludo*. With the material of twenty years to choose from, the task of selection has not been easy. The articles chosen may all be classed as educational in the widest sense of the word, but esoteric pedagogics have been eschewed, and nothing has been admitted but what is likely to appeal to lay as well as to professional readers. If education labours under the aspersion of dulness, one reason is that those who write and talk about it too

commonly know nothing of its actual working, and this volume may be taken as a practical vindication of schoolmasters against Charles Lamb's too sweeping charge of pedantry and priggism. The Editor takes this opportunity of heartily thanking those staunch friends who supported the *Journal of Education* in its struggling years of infancy, and in particular his brethren of the "U. U."

CONTENTS

PAGE

PREFACE v

ESSAYS

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY GRANDFATHER'S LIBRARY 3
By Mary Elizabeth Christie

ON TRIFLE-BLINDNESS 19

"BLESSED ARE THE STRONG, FOR THEY SHALL PREY ON THE WEAK" . . 34
By the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache

MENTAL CULTURE 72
By Prof. James Ward

ART IN SCHOOLS 99
By Dean Farrar

WHAT IS A COLLEGE? 126
By Mark Pattison

CHILDREN AND POETRY 140

GAMES: A "U. U." ESSAY 150
By E. E. B.

Contents

PAGE

THE HOUSE OF RIMMON . . . 166
By E. D. A. Morshead

IDEALS OF WOMANLINESS . . . 189
By Sophie Bryant, D.Sc.

MOCK-ESSAYS

THE SPARROW COLONEL (*After O. W. Holmes*) 211
By the Hon. Mrs L. A. Tollemache

OF CYNICISM (*After Bacon*) . . . 215
By the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache

ON THE SHAKING OF HANDS (*After Charles Lamb*) 224
By C. Lawrence Ford

THE PERFECT HEADMISTRESS (*After Bacon*) 232

OF PARTING (*After Bacon*) . . 236
By Sybil Wilbraham

OF CONTEMPT (*After Bacon*) . . . 239

CHARACTER SKETCHES

JOWETT AND HIS PERSONAL INFLUENCE 243
By the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache

TOM HUGHES AND THE ARNOLDS . . 254
By the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache

Contents

PAGE

REMINISCENCES OF LORD HOUGHTON AND PROFESSOR FREEMAN (*In the manner of Hayward*) 259
By the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache

THE REV. S. H. REYNOLDS 269
By the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache

HEAD-MASTERS I HAVE KNOWN . . 285
I. Dr Mostyn 285
II. Dr Rutty 295

C. S. CALVERLEY 304

THE NEW OLD MAID 310

AN EPISODE 322
By J. W. Longsdon

POETRY

THE HAMMERERS' STRIKE (François Coppée's *Grève des Forgerons*) 333
By F. Storr

TERENCE MACRAN — A HEDGE SCHOOL STUDY 341
By Jane Barlow

THE DREAM OF MAXEN 353
By George E. Dartnell

Essays.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY GRANDFATHER'S LIBRARY.[1]

By Mary Elizabeth Christie.

"AND the Library—What room will you make a Library of?" I asked of a friend who was showing me over a handsome new house he was beginning to inhabit, and claiming my admiration for a thousand and one ingenious contrivances for comfort, beauty, and convenience. I had praised the lift, and the electric bells, looked with respect at ventilators and speaking-tubes, and tried to believe that every grate would consume its own smoke with graceful economy. I had done my best to suppress every outward symptom of the sort of moral chill I was conscious of catching from surroundings of such faultless order and uniform newness. We had visited bedrooms, sitting-rooms, the kitchen, the billiard-room, and the smoking-room, and now at last we stood in the master's Study. So he told me, at least; otherwise I should have thought we were in an office. So bare was the room of the books—or even accommodation for the books—I have been accustomed to regard as the indispensable furniture of a study. But I said to myself,—"Habits differ as much as tastes. It is possible that B—— cannot

[1] *Journal of Education*, September 1882.

work among his books. Perhaps their crowding presences oppress him, and he prefers to take one or two apart and enjoy them in intimate privacy, as we do the society of chosen friends. Doubtless the Library adjoins the Study. . ." And I fixed my eye on a curtained recess, fondly persuading myself that there was the opening into the spacious chamber, in which I pictured the noble company of writers ranged in ordered dignity upon innumerable shelves. B—— followed my observation, and approached the curtain with a gait of happy eagerness. "This," he said, "is a dodge of my own, and I like it as well as anything in my house. It is simple enough, however, and may very likely not take your fancy as much as it does mine."

I hastened to assure him that simplicity would not prejudice it in my eyes; but, before the words were well out of my mouth, the curtain was withdrawn, and my blank look confessed that B——'s pet little dodge did *not* take my fancy as much as it did his. We stood before a case of shelves contrived so as to hold, with perfect economy of space, a year's issue of all the important papers and periodicals of the day. Each publication had its particular place allotted to it and labelled with its title, and every section was subdivided into monthly or weekly partitions.

"One must keep up with the literature of one's time," said B——, whom my unsympathetic manner had lowered precipitously to the level of apology. "One must read, you know, and I hate a litter of papers about the place."

"Oh, certainly," said I, "one must read." And then it was that I asked what room was to be the Library.

"The Library?—I don't intend to have one," was the answer. "I consider the private library an exploded superstition. We have an excellent public library in the town, to which I make a point of subscribing liberally. Mudie sends us fifteen new books every week, and if I want to make anything like a study of a subject it is open to me to run up to London and spend a few days at the British Museum. To my mind, our modern civilization shows few more satisfactory symptoms than the tendency of the public library everywhere to displace the private one. It is good, every way. The presence in a dwelling-house of a large collection of old books is extremely detrimental to health. Not only do they gather dust and so become nests for the breeding of fevers, but I am competently informed that the old leather of their bindings emits an odour that is directly productive of phthisis. I believe that, in nine cases out of ten, the family library is at the root of the consumption that carries off the children of the house. I am so firmly persuaded of this that nothing will ever induce me to stay with people who use their book-room for a general sitting-room. I would as soon dine with the skeleton in the cupboard, or sleep in the family vault. There is a peculiar atmosphere about such rooms that oppresses me morally and physically."

"Ah," cried I, unable to hold silence any longer, "there is indeed an atmosphere peculiar to

the library of an old house—an air of the past, a presence of the generations who went before us, a breath of antiquity. . . ."

"Oh, come, come!" broke in B——. "Let us call things by their right names, and say at once a dusty, fusty mustiness, that no lungs can breathe healthily, and such an array of prejudice, error, dulness, and superstition, as may deter the most daring mind from the attempt to add to the stock of knowledge, by confronting it with the reminder that these old fogies, whom nobody looks at now save as curiosities, were once the advanced spirits of the world, and the suggestion that a like fate may be in store for all the thinking and scribbling of our time."

"For these writers of newspapers and magazines, certainly," said I with some heat. "For these worthless productions which you shrine religiously, and I consign, often without even opening them, to a handy waste-paper basket."

"But pardon me," said B——, with a politeness that betrayed a certain irritation,—"Pardon me if I say that there is less difference than you think between our methods of dealing with ephemeral literature. You burn your papers at once. I store mine out of sight for one year, and then make them over to the waste-paper merchant. If I had not provided myself with these convenient shelves, I should probably do exactly as you do, and suffer the inconvenience of having to go outside my house every time I want to look up a fact or a remark that is older than four and twenty hours."

"But how when you want the thoughts whose age is counted by centuries?"

"Then, as I said before, I think it worth while to go to town and burrow in the British Museum. But, between ourselves, I don't go there often. I repeat, I am not fond of old libraries, and like more modern surroundings. I feel myself a little out of it in such venerable company—in such a consecrated air."

"The company of the centuries," I said almost involuntarily; "an air thick with the emotion of the generations that have made us what we are; a place warm with their sympathies, stirring with their activities, hallowed by their faith, damp with the tears and the blood of their martyrdom. . . ."

"Oh, damp by all means," cried B——, "damp as a charnel house, or a cathedral crypt where a rheumatic sexton asks you to believe that some oozing stone, which your nose tells you is the imperfectly cemented covering of a poisonous drain, is wet with the sacred blood of a meddling monk or priest, most righteously punished there some five or six hundred years ago. My dear fellow, believe me, all this sort of thing is the most unprofitable cant of sentiment with which you can possibly encumber your life. And as for the books, tell me frankly, did you ever in all your life do any reading that was of the smallest use in an old family library? The book a practical man wants to read is the new work of the day, or the latest edition of the classic who is just in vogue. These you can get from your circulating library. And, having got them in this way, you

will read them for three excellent reasons,—first, because everybody else is reading them; secondly, you have them in clean, handy volumes, with good type and modern spelling; and thirdly, your wife and daughters will give you no peace till you have done with them, and are ready to exchange them for something newer still."

I laughed, and admitted that, for the purposes of getting books read and quickly read, there was certainly much to be said in favour of the circulating library as opposed to the stationary library at home; which concession B—— took as a surrender of the whole position, for, said he, "as reading is the only use books can be put to, it is obvious that whatever system promotes most reading is best." I was content to let the subject drop, and shortly afterwards I took my leave of B——, wishing him joy of his lifts, and his electric bells, and his pigeon-holes.

But, as I walked home, my mind went back to the old library in my grandfather's house, where I first learned to reverence all books and love some, and acquired that taste for the company of a crowd of musty volumes, which B—— finds so senseless and so unwholesome. I can see the room now, and feel myself back in it. As I do so, I am conscious first of a general surrounding of brownness—of a rather dingy brownness on dull days, but of a golden brownness that was truly glorious on days of sunshine, or whenever a fire was lighted to air the books and ward off damp and worm. I must confess, at once, that I never knew anybody but myself take a book down from the shelves of that library except to clean it.

In so far as to promote reading is the object of libraries, that of my grandfather was a failure. The house was not a reading house. It was a riding, driving, hunting, eating and drinking life that was led in it; a life of genial hospitality and easy country manners. Nobody stayed much within the house. The garden doors—front, back, and side—had a trick of standing open at all seasons of the year; a trick which would have been extremely unpleasant if the fires had not had a compensating way of burning with generous wastefulness, and equal disregard of the calendar. My grandfather lived on horseback; my grandmother was always "about the place"; my uncles and aunts were all either dead, or married and scattered, before I remember the house; but their rooms kept their names, and so did the superannuated horses and dogs that had been favourites of this one or that. It was characteristic of the place that whatever came there, stayed, and whatever stayed there did as he or she or it liked, without regard to convenience or economy. Visitors came in hurriedly after breakfast to ask a favour, or deliver a message, and dawdled on till luncheon-time, then were seduced into staying to tea, and, having had that meal, to linger on till it was too late to get home to dinner. It was an aimless way of life—without plan or order, thriftless, fruitless, stagnant. I dare not say that it was a good way; and, as I look back upon it all with older eyes, I read between the lines my memory draws, much of sad and even tragic explanation of the causes that made the place the temple of chance and drift I found it. I dare not

say that it was a good way, or, for those most concerned, a happy way of life; but I cannot deny that to me, in my childhood, it was very pleasant, and I think that there were features in it which were worth reproducing in modern houses, if we could but find time and space for them in our arrangements of organised economy. And, chief among these, I rank the presence, within doors and without, of so many things having no direct reference to the tastes and convenience of the actual occupants. This was the point of contrast between my grandfather's house and my father's. At home, we were busy, purposeful, modern. We bought things because we wanted them; we used them, and, when we had done with them, we cast them away. We had one horse and a wagonette, which took my father daily to the station, and my mother out shopping and visiting. We had two maid-servants, who did the work inside the house efficiently, and a man, who was a miracle of general usefulness in the garden and the stable, besides doing a thousand things that women could not do within doors. At my grandfather's, there were any number of men-servants and maid-servants, and nothing was ever done punctually or well. On the same principle, there were a dozen horses and ponies, and very often not one that was available for necessary work. There was a lumbering old carriage that had belonged to George the Third, and another that had held Buonaparte; there was a battered landau in which my great grandmother had sat to see Blücher pass, on the occasion of his visit to London; but, for purposes of actual use, the only

available thing on wheels was a very small and dilapidated pony-carriage, in which a pair of old Shetland ponies went, whenever one or both of them was not ill, or supposed to be so. And so it was with everything about the place. A willow, of which the sapling had been brought from Napoleon's tomb, struck its roots into the well from which we drank, and hindered our water-supply; and this tree, which no one ever thought of removing, has become to my mind the type of the whole way of living in my grandfather's house.

It cannot have been a comfortable house for people who had business to get through; but for me, who had no business, I say again it was a very pleasant house, and I think an educating one. I do not, however, pretend that I got much solid information or regular instruction out of my grandfather's library. All that was given me at home. Ours was much the better educated house of the two, and we had plenty of books and shelves to put them in. The difference was, that we had no one room given up to them. Moreover, I knew the story of them all,—when they had been bought, and why; each set marked an epoch that I knew about, either by memory or hear-say. There were the well-bound books in calf and gold, which were especially "papa's books,"—"your college-books" my mother used always to call them, in speaking of them to him. And there was a case full of law-books, which represented daily work and the means of living. Then there were the "drawing-room books" in pretty bindings, which my mother read. And there were the prizes my elder brothers

had got at school; besides a shabby lot of lesson and story-books which were called the "school-room books." On the whole, I believe we possessed a very fair collection of books, and I know that I made a very fair use of them, and had a genuine affection for many of them at a very early age. But neither from some of them, or all of them, did I imbibe anything like the sentiment that gathered about the shelves of my grandfather's library. There was a mystery about the books at the older house. Their origin was unknown to me; the purpose of their presence I vainly tried to understand. It seemed to me that they must have been there always. I could not imagine either my grandfather or my grandmother buying them. I knew that they never read them. Nor yet my uncles and aunts, when they came back now and again to the family home. The books existed, as far as I could see, for their own sakes. They were religiously dusted and aired. There was a complete catalogue of them, which looked to me as old and brown as the oldest of them all. I liked reading this as much as any volume on the shelves. It was like a game to look up the names of books in it, and then hunt down the actual volumes according to the neat directions given. Though I must have made some thousands of experiments in this species of verification, I cannot remember any single occasion on which I failed to find the book in the place where the catalogue said it should be. Whose, I often wonder, was the careful hand that made that faultless list, and placed the volumes where they stood? I never knew, and now I hardly desire to know. To

refer the arrangements of that old library to anything so arbitrary as an individual will, would, I think, break the spell by which it holds my affection. I prefer that its history should begin and end with the two words, *It was.*

On the other hand, my memory holds and cherishes every detail of its arrangement. No room that I have lived in since, not my own bed-room or study of to-day, is so clearly pictured in my mind as is that old haunt of my childhood. It was a square room—by how many feet square, I cannot pretend to say, that is a point on which childish recollection is not to be trusted—but I remember it as a large, though not a very large, room. The book-shelves ran unbroken round two sides of it; on a third side, they were interrupted in the middle by a wide window that opened into a conservatory from which, it seemed to me, a scent of heliotrope came in continually through all the seasons of the year. (Perhaps it is because the odour of heliotrope mingles in my fancy with that of worn leather and paper, that I am unable to think as B—— does of the smell of an old library.) On the fourth side, was a large old-fashioned fire-place, with an arched window on either side of it. There were seats in the sills, and outside was a wooden verandah, heavily laden with jessamine and cottage clematis. These windows must have looked west, for I remember that the afternoon sunshine used to stream through them pleasantly; so pleasantly, that I never could resist the temptation of pulling the blinds right up, at the risk of taking a little more colour out of the dim Turkey

carpet and the curtains, which had once been claret colour, but were now a yellow pink, and the backs of the books, and the stamped velvet of the chairs. This was the only subject on which I was ever scolded by my grandmother. Hardly a sunny day passed without my being admonished by her on this point—admonitions to which it never occurred to me to pay practical attention, though in all other matters I obeyed her religiously. But on this point I not only disregarded her wishes, but disregarded them without compunction. If the books themselves could have spoken, or the prints on the wall, I should have obeyed unhesitatingly, or if I had found it written in the catalogue as a rule of the room; but, without any articulate process of reasoning on the matter, I had arrived at the conclusion that the library was subject to the authority of no living person. And I knew that, in so far as use and knowledge and enjoyment make a title of possession, I was more the owner of the place than any actual inhabitant of the house.

But I must not give an impression that I read very deeply, or thoroughly, in the books about me. Though, I believe, there was not a volume in the collection of which I did not know the name and position so well, that I could have found it almost in the dark had anyone asked for it, there were very few that I read through or knew well internally. I was fond of skimming metaphysics and moral philosophy, and of making sudden dives into poetry. I liked making journeys upon maps, and constructing historical characters on the lines of portraits; and of

these there were a great many, both in the books and on the walls above the ten feet of book-shelves. But, for purposes of connected reading, I eschewed solid books, I preferred novels and essays. The British Essayists, in dark red morocco and innumerable array of volumes, delighted me especially. So did the British Novelists, bound to match. I liked these outside and in. Among the Waverley novels, I remember reading again and again the "Talisman," "Ivanhoe," "The Antiquary," "Kenilworth," "Woodstock," and "The Fair Maid of Perth." But I never opened any other volume of the set. I had a passion for "King John," and "Julius Cæsar," and "Romeo and Juliet," and I am quite unable to say what accidents directed my choice to these plays. I only know that at these I stopped. I knew no more Shakespeare till I was grown up. I read "Paradise Lost," and found my way to the "Life of Milton" in a crumbling edition of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," bearing the date 1783. An early edition of "Cecilia," with portraits of the principal characters, and a carefully accurate plan of Delvile Castle, I was particularly fond of. And I positively loved two big volumes of "Æsop's Fables," printed in noble type, and "embellished," as the title-page had it, "with one hundred and twelve plates." Other books I remember liking chiefly, if not only, for their pictures. Among these was a many-volumed Gibbon, with plates, on which a number of heads, each a separate medallion, were grouped together in patterns; a Hume, with portraits of all the Kings and Queens; a life of Fox, with a good collection of

contemporary statesmen and wits and beauties; and a Pope's Homer, with Flaxman's illustrations. Other books, again, I loved as mere objects. There was a Latin "Utopia" of which I could not understand a word, save the name "Thomae Mori," and the date 1563. But I delighted in it none the less. I liked the type and the paper, the square blocks of ornamentation that held the initial letters of the chapters, and the pretty disposition of their concluding lines. And, above all, I liked the elaborate working of the vellum binding with the portraits in relief of Queen Elizabeth on its two sides, and the massive ridges across the back. I also liked very much the sixty volumes of Voltaire in very red and shiny leather, with gold edges and gold lettering in large sloping italics; the little Rousseau, too, in twenty-five volumes of smaller size. But, indeed, what books in that room did I not note and love, and do I not now remember, if not the contents, at least the outward appearance of?

Cui bono? B—— asks. And I do not attempt to answer him. Of what use to do so? All superstitions are not for all men. He believes in his pigeon-holes of daily papers: I in my grandfather's library. I doubt not he derives good from his superstition: I know that I connect mine with all that I value most in my culture. From companionship with those old volumes that nobody used and nobody talked of, I got in earliest childhood a sense of an imposing world behind me and beyond me. I learned to associate feelings of reverence and awe with the names of thinkers whose thoughts I could

not understand; and, if in many cases my reverence was misplaced in respect to individual writers, I do not think that matters much. It is better to give reverence sometimes where it is not due, than to grow up in the habit of not giving it at all save under compulsion.

And not this only. That little used and yet carefully kept library carried into the region of intellectual and spiritual things the wholesome lesson, which was suggested by all the other arrangements of the house. Like all else about the place, from George the Third's coach, and the willow from Napoleon's tomb, to the old straw hat that had belonged to an uncle long since lost at sea, the books stood on their shelves, and got their regular dusting and airing, not because they were wanted by anyone of the living generation, but out of recognition of some right of such high sanctity, as to override all considerations of utilitarian economy. My grandmother's wardrobe was exiguous, her ponies were infirm, her carriage was shabby and inadequate; all the appointments of the house showed that money was not over-abundant. The books have since been sold, and have realized a sum that would have been undeniably convenient to my grandparents in their lifetime. But, till both were under the ground, no article of property that had come down from the past ever went to the hammer. They wanted many things; for instance, I often heard my grandmother express a wish for some modern book, but I never knew her suggest that an old one should be given in exchange for it. Such sacrifice of convenience to tradition is not

according to the spirit of modern life, and I grant that there are excellent reasons for not attempting to bring the fashion of it back. But, just because it is a fashion so faded, and one not likely to be revived, it delights me now and again to recall the influence it had on the beginnings of my mental life; and I do not think that there can be any danger in expressing a wish, that the present generation of educators might see their way, without turning their backs upon recent improvements in the machinery of instruction, to finding place in their admirable systems for some corresponding monument of the past, under the shadow of which children might, unguided and unchecked, save by their own happy instinct of sympathy, "walk in spirit" with the immortal dead, and "fathom hidden wonders, and explore the essence of great bosoms now no more."

ON TRIFLE-BLINDNESS.[1]

"Hereby I learned not to despise,
Whatever thing seems small in common eyes."—*Spenser.*

SEMPER ego auditor tantum? I would gladly be so, for my own sake, and yours, but friends and fate have willed it otherwise. I am essentially a one-horsed man, a man of one notion, with which I have teased my colleagues *ad nauseam.* My notion is that of Condillac or somebody,—That poetry being a secretion of the brain, and religion of the lower viscera, a boy is in effect but a function of oxygen, light, and a few simples as nitrogen and carbon taken internally (it is long since I had anything to do with them myself, at least so as to know anything about them, but such is my recollection and impression); and that a master or staff of masters is but a clumsy and temporary substitute for a self-adjusting automatic arrangement of Erewhon and the future, ventilative, illuminative, nutritive, digestive, possibly worked by steam, more probably by magnetism or the odd force. Having never been able to keep myself in decent health of body or soul all my life, I have the most intense respect for George Combe, and would gladly see his "Constitu-

[1] A paper read to a Society of Public Schoolmasters [*Journal of Education*, December 1874 and September 1880].

tion of Man" (to whose impetus England owes more than she is aware), with Wilson's "Hygiene," Dr Parkes's "Manual of Health," and De Chaumont's "The Habitation in relation to Health," made the sole subjects of entrance examination for pupils, and of qualification for so-called teachers. Dr Liebreich should be made absolute Minister of Education, and none but experienced physicians, sanitary engineers, or head-plumbers, admitted to be Governors or Head-masters. It is true that one's best efforts in promulgating this gospel of externals are trumped ever and anon by the rejoinder that a really good workman is very independent of the quality of his tools; that the giants of former days have flourished and reared a Titanic brood amid far greater disadvantages; that really great lungs rather thrive on carbonic acid, and really great eyes become keener by innumerable impacts of ill-arranged light-waves. But, alas! there *were* giants, I suppose, in those days. We cannot, it is too true, carry our three bottles as they did. And, moreover, I humbly submit that the total drain upon the best of them was often about a tenth of what is required of men now; while, as to boys, there was a good deal of play given to the principles of natural selection and survival, if not of the fittest, at least of the hardiest and hardest.

This prejudication, that a good workman is independent of his tools, is, I am sure, even now too largely assumed, and is one which I would resist at the outset. It ought to be gibbeted along with those other fallacies in the "Essays of Elia," as that

ill-gotten gain never prospers, or, that the warmest of two disputants is always in the wrong. The hand does become all too readily subdued to what it works in, and the constant friction will tell, and tell fatally, at last. The mass of masters may be roughly divided into two classes: young vigorous energetic men, who drive their work, and less vigorous ones, who are dragged at its chariot wheels. And many of the countless little sufferings, irritations, and inefficiencies of the latter are due, I maintain, in numberless instances, to little matters which they have grown too dull to perceive, or too callous to rectify, until some outsider forces daylight in upon them: while of the former, some are apt to forget, in the plenitude of their strength, what may come home to them at last; and they forget, too, when esteeming so lightly the effect of these minutiæ of externals upon the weak or undeveloped organization of their pupils, that it is just because *they* were above the average in their general vigour, just because they had that kind of stamina which, in all but rare cases, is needed for a successful exit from the Universities, that they have come to be in the position in which they find themselves.

Besides these two classes, there is a small residue of persons who are keenly alive to all these flaws in the machinery, and, as they believe, the serious effects of them; not that they perhaps really know them better than others—everybody is supposed to know them — but that perhaps, being, like the present rambler, little occupied with the intellectual or moral sides of education, they have nothing else

to do but to worry themselves and their friends with the mechanico-physical. Such persons, I beg to believe, are invaluable, and from this class there ought to be appointed detached censors or inspectors, say one to every two great schools, with a salary of £1000 a year, and good house-room at each. When such appointments are made, I shall solicit your suffrages for the first of them.

A friend suggested: "Why not do an Essay on some 'morality,' *e.g.*, school veracity?" I have no objection to *this* being considered, not an essay, but a kind of humble haggis on *all* school morality. And I beg to submit the thesis that boys never do wrong, and that all seeming aberrations are really traceable to the fact that we are still in the morning of the times, and, despite all that we have done, have still left so many weak points in our little external arrangements. Of course it is understood all round that nobody is to blame for these things. It is all the doings of nature, or history, or the *genius loci*. But these are very malleable entities after all, and, by giving nature or the *genius loci* a timely dig in the ribs, we may hope for some better results in those far-distant days when even the indefatigable vigour of our friends B. and C. has melted away with their havannahs into the infinite azure of the past.

"But we know all this," grumble those members who are still awake; "it is not quite new, we have heard something like it before. The air has been full of it for years past, both theory and practice." True. But there is still, I maintain, a *vis inertiæ*

and a dull vision that wants quickening, and it is to deepen the impression of this, and to stir you to apostleship, that I am now hammering at my hobby. I concede the wonders that have been done for health and comfort and easy working. I can never sufficiently admire the way in which boys now-a-days are aided, for instance, *curare cutem*,—their fezes and flannels, their tubs and towels, and all the rest of it. Nor am I aspiring to read a treatise on any of the greater departments: gymnasiums, or sanatoriums, or the like. I can but gather up one or two more-neglected scraps, if perchance they may be a gleaning of Ephraim, trusting that this Society is like the elephant's trunk, not more capable of wrestling with the Demon of Socrates or Philological Roots, than of picking up pins, and enucleating nuts.

It is obvious that in my desultory illustrations of some of these trifles—of the blindness to, or under-estimation of, these trifles—I must not be understood as necessarily taking my experiences from this or that school or staff; they must be taken impersonally. Nor do they involve necessarily a culpable neglect on the part of a Head-master. A Head-master will see them with the eyes of those most concerned. And it is the obstructive blindness of those concerned which so often wants enlightening. I want to make every master more restless and fidgety under such trifles; more quick to detect them, and more querulous for the reform of them. Patience and contentment are virtues; but they are out of place when the stairs are on fire, or poison in the pot. And I want to see some of these trifles

elevated to their proper place in your hatred, with petroleum-gas, or sewage poison.

Air, light, food, school-fittings—I shall fire off a few shots about each.

As to air, everybody acknowledges the need of ventilation, and yet in hundreds of cases nothing is really done. Some ventilator, by which a patentee has made his fortune, has been put up—it has proved a failure; some supplementary holes are knocked at random; the room is made perhaps only five times as unhealthy as it ought to be, instead of six, and so we drive on culpably content. Now it is not only a *fact* that, as Dr Carpenter says, all nervous activity is immediately and directly dependent upon a due supply of oxygenated blood, but it is a fact of the very first importance. There is a very small percentage of school-rooms in the kingdom in which there is not partial asphyxiation of the pupils, and in a less degree of the master, going on increasingly during the whole lesson. The effect, as we all know, is to a great extent insensible. It is abundantly established that the senses of the victims are absolutely no measure whatever of the mischief that is going on. The dead loss to intellectual vigour, to attentive and retentive power, is most serious each hour; the total sum in the year enormously and astoundingly wasteful. The deadly products of gas consumption are poured into each boy's blood to back up the carbonic acid.[1] The strongest

[1] The products of the combustion of gas should never mix with the air of a room. Dr Franklin says,—"Only 4 per cent. of coal gas is illuminating; 96 per cent. is rubbish, which heats and pollutes the air."

brains could not effect one-third of their proper work under the conditions, much less the weak and undeveloped ones that we audaciously, cruelly, and criminally undertake to train. If the Athenians were, as Galton says, as much above us in intellectual vigour and elasticity as we are above the negro, depend upon it freedom from carbonic acid and sulphuretted hydrogen had largely to do with it—as the negro's chronic sunstroke and malarious swamps have to do with his debasement. And yet, with all that is known, spoken, written, in our century, this same ventilation is—you may deny it, but it is—still treated as a secondary, not a primary matter. It is treated with £5 notes and £10 notes, where it should be subsidized by the £100. The very first duty, absolutely the first, of a governing body in a public school ought to be to make air shafts, draught furnaces, wet screens, steam engines if needful, anything, everything, for this end, before allowing money to be spent on any other, or almost any other, object whatever. £1000 spread over ten years, or five, would be well spent in many of our great schools in this way. And among ourselves; for one man in a staff that really knows and will fight for this truth, there are five that think they know it and don't. These must be worried and educated (or improved off the earth's surface) till their standard is just ten times as high as it is now. Pure air is the first requisite of a school, next in importance to scholars, more important than teachers. I only remember one school in whose rooms I have met an approximation to it, and that was a school

of 1200 girls in Edinburgh. The vigour, clear-cut attention, and interest in the lessons of the scholars, the keenness, precision, and good temper of the teachers, were what might be expected.

I will only stop to supplement my remarks on air by two more. All gas pipes should be carried where they can be got at. It has been my lot more than once to make a row, day after day, about what I was sure was an escape of unburnt gas. Other people would not or could not smell it. But in each case I was justified, and escapes were found. But the pooh-poohing, the smile of compassion for one's sensitiveness or irritability, the yielding at last as though to a spoiled child—these are the things that must always be expected from servants, stewards, landlords, plumbers, and *id genus omne*, and, alas! too often from educated men. And yet, you have only to read the latest medical essays on the subject, to learn that, when the gas escape reaches the senses, it has already—this is particularly emphasized—has already been working mischief in the blood and brain, from which mischief it ought to be not our fifth or tenth, but our very first care to guard those who are entrusted to us. Here again the standard is miserably low. The other point in connexion with air, only half considered, is dust. I know a school-room, nay a set of school-rooms, in which *this* happens, and I dare say many of you do so too. The man comes round on the half-holidays, raises a vast cloud of dust—innumerable, ineffable, imponderable—by hasty sweeping. Then he casts away a peck of it in a shovel, the grosser, more capturable

nucleus. For ten minutes afterwards that lighter subtler cloud settles gently down into every nook and crevice, and the air is clear. From day to day the process is repeated, and the resident dust becomes finer, subtler, more penetrating, more insidious, a microscopic débris of old wood, of mud, and what William Johnson used to call *paidosm*. Each time that thirty boys enter the room to work, this is stirred up from all corners, and pervades every cubic inch of air they breathe. The old hands —those hardened worthies who are so hard to rouse, and whose insensibility so often forms the barrier between reform and the executive—recognise, perhaps rather like, the delicate aroma of the well-known fustiness. We, the apostles of attention to trifles, know that it is settling on every lung, filling and clogging the pores of every skin. It will not kill, it will not even, without the carbonic acid and hydrogen, do much harm to health, because the system can throw it off. But what does that mean? Why it means simply so much nervous energy detracted from the lesson, so much less interest, so much less memory, at the end of a year so much less growth all round. Now the trifle-blindness I speak of was well shown when I remarked on this to a colleague. He answered, "Yes, that thin film of fine dust is very annoying; but why don't you do as I do?" pointing to an elaborate holland cover drawn over his books on his table. As if it was the books that mattered a straw! But he couldn't see it. Now where this same resident dust affects certain apparatus, the master has

insisted on having wet tea-leaves used, as in households, and with good effect. But this sprinkling for all school-rooms would require more time, more work, part of the pay of another servant. Yet money could not be better spent. But as yet the demand would seem disproportionate. The subject has not been elevated to its due place. The trifle-blind still preponderate. Opinion recognizes big dust, but is not educated up to microscopic dust.

If anyone has a room in an old school building above another one, and the lower room pours into his its air vitiated by lungs and gas-burners, through a few holes and a long chink or two between the boards, he will find a fine test-object for the trifle-blindness of his friends. Let him point out that one-third of the air his boys are consuming has been consumed once already ; and for one that will catch his meaning, and vote the state of things at once intolerable and instantly to be remedied, five will pass it by with a smile, and say it has been so for thirty years, and So-and-so never said anything about it. While talking of dust, I may just mention the intense delight and relief with which in a certain very hot summer, in a certain large school-room, I remember we boys used to hail the advent each afternoon of a friendly watering pot, thoughtfully suggested by someone who was not trifle-blind. If such simple methods are so valuable, every facility should be given to them when once invented or suggested.

I must cut down the next three important subjects to mere headings or suggestions. Thus : Light is the most important of all school matters, except

perhaps air and space. Light is even now really ignored by scores of masters, who would be surprised to be told they were as crass about it as the last generation were about sewage poison. Hardly any money could be too much to expend on old schools, or, alas ! often on new ones, where there is either a glare in the eyes of the boys or of the master. Sometimes the radical fault is the directly adverse or opposite position of a window; again and again it is that the window is low, the light on a level with, instead of above, the head. Where this can be cured by a few shillings and a few hours' carpentry, by shutters, screens, or reflectors, it is a crime of the first order, on the part of all concerned, not to force the reformation at once. Where it would involve bricking up the lower part of a window and knocking out the upper part higher, it ought to be elevated by Governors and Headmasters from a secondary to a primary question, and hundreds should be spent, if needful, where sovereigns would now seem extravagant. These remarks are not the obvious truisms they seem. And men are most strangely ignorant of this, to the great damage of themselves, their boys, and the work. I have lately seen one such man who has gone too far, in whom a blinding light in such a radically bad room has contributed to ruin his eyes, or at least hastened their ruin by twenty years, and to whom it apparently had never occurred till I talked to him to interpose a dark screen as at least a makeshift. He consulted the natural science master and got it done—perhaps too late. Men are, as in

ventilation, insensible and not to be trusted. And the effect on the boys they will only realize in extreme cases, not in the every-day ones. A friend only the other day conceded to me that certain school-rooms were bad for the master's eyes, "but not for the boys," he said, laughing me to scorn, "not for the boys." And yet I could have shown him, at any lesson, one boy after another showing the unmistakable signs, if he could only read them, of the defect of light, which he would not have been able to detect. So much slight winking, shifting of head and book, rubbing of eyes, losing of place, slightly headachy, uneasiness, due to this cause solely,—it being a case where the lower half of the window should be bricked up, and the window heightened at some twenty pounds' expense, regardless of the not very valuable external architecture. Men think that boys' eyes can stand anything, and do not know that, as a fact, a huge number in our schools can be proved to have defective sight and incipient mischief, which we ought to strain every nerve to stop. This statement they would think an exaggeration, just as some do still the complaints of sewage gas or poisoned water. No master should remain ignorant of the gain, not only to England but to English education, in respect both to light and school seats and other fittings, from the migration here after the last war of Dr Liebreich.

On this head of seats and fittings I have absolutely no time to dwell. I will only take one example of trifle-blindness. In a certain school-room, in several ways adapted to ruin the health, temper, and work

of all who enter it, is an ancient fixed bench. It has no merit except the conservative one of existence. A joiner and an hour's work would abolish it. It is an inch or more too high from the ground, and is meant for small boys, backward and fidgety, to sit on. I have never seen it filled but with one result. After a few minutes the circulation in the lower part of the thigh is impeded. The physical *malaise* caused by being compelled to sit still goes on increasing. The boy begins to be inattentive, to move restlessly, to lose the thread of the lesson, to worry the master's temper, and finally to be punished. All this through a cause instantly and easily remediable, so soon as the fact and its immense cumulative mischief from month to month can find its way to the executive. I seldom mention this without raising a laugh; and yet it is intensely serious. The laugh is the measure of the trifle-blindness. I may mention, *apropos* of this, that even where the seats are perfect, immense advantage is gained, to afternoon lessons especially, by giving your boys leave to stand up whenever they like, or even move forward to lean against some adjoining desk for a while. They can easily be brought to do it without the slightest folly or disturbance, because it is such a relief that they will not readily forfeit the boon. And the gain to the lesson in attention is enormous. I commend this changing of position within reasonable limits, as one of the trifles worth attending to. Merely drawing your attention to Dr Liebreich's most ingenious and rational inventions, which will in another generation

become cheap commonplaces, I must pass on. I must just insist for a moment on my favourite trifle of light-coloured fittings. I never see black desks and walls without thinking, Within the navel of this hideous wood there are sorceries of the most insidiously destructive kind.

In regard to food, the proper allowance of interval between breakfast and dinner, the utter impossibility to a large number of boys of carrying any real abiding results from a first lesson without the brain stimulus, sometimes but not uniformly enough provided, of a biscuit and cup of coffee first (just one of those things which the trifle-blind hold an exaggeration, for want of physiological sympathies), and the violation, still too frequent, of the most elementary principles in allowing boys to take violent and competitive exercise close upon dinner, and immediately before exacted brain-work—these are points which are constantly only half dealt with, and to which I would call for more rigorous attention. As to the last, though some gentle exercise such as the invaluable punt-about at Rugby is requisite, yet I do not suppose there is an adequate medical authority in the kingdom that would not deprecate a real game of football either so close upon the principal meal as it is too often the custom to take it, or so close before the preparation of a lesson. Here again, men will only concede this in a general way. They take a light luncheon then themselves, or they are among those exceptionally vigorous whom I spoke of before, or they don't believe boys have digestions. I cannot stop to argue the point farther, but I am

sure, while acknowledged, it is often not acknowledged heartily and practically enough.

Bells and bills, paper and panellings, and a hundred other things might afford me illustrations. I will merely mention the possibility of a school going on for years calling over by two relays in a cramped room, before it occurred to anyone to do it out of doors (a most unmistakable gain), as an example of the necessity of keeping the trifle-eyesight awake.

I have now brought my rambling remarks to a conclusion. I cannot wish that they should all meet with your approval, for then I should have failed to excite that friendly discussion which would be my consolation for their poverty.

The Society is not given to recording its convictions, or I should ask you to register these for resolutions :—

1. That a boy, and we believe a girl,—that an adult or so-called teacher,—that the work commonly called education, — are all functions of certain material elements and physical forces.

2. That one able physicist at least (practical not ornamental), should be on each Board of Public School governors, and should come humming around the school-plant pretty frequently, to receive and give suggestions from and to all parties without reserve.

3. That officers, such as I above suggested, be appointed in the schools themselves, with adequate salary, and that I be one of those officers.

4. That no new schools be founded or old ones be tinkered without special consultation with Dr Roth, Dr Relfe, and Dr Liebreich.

"BLESSED ARE THE STRONG, FOR THEY SHALL PREY ON THE WEAK."[1]

By the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache.

IT is proposed in the first part of this essay to inquire whether the evolutionary difficulties in regard to the origin of morality and religion are as insuperable as they are sometimes thought to be; and then to notice, in the second part, how evolutionary and kindred theories have given a peculiar colour—a sort of neutral tint—to the writings of one of our chief men of letters, who is himself the representative of a class.

I.

A FRAGMENT ON EVOLUTIONARY ETHICS.

"Multaque tum interiisse animantum saecla necessest
Nec potuisse propagando procudere prolem.
Nam quaecumque vides vesci vitalibus auris,
Aut dolus aut virtus aut denique mobilitas est
Ex ineunte aevo genus id tutata reservans.
Multaque sunt, nobis ex utilitate sua quae
Commendata manent, tutelae tradita nostrae."
—Lucretius, on the *Survival of the Fittest.*

In the *National Review* for July 1893, p. 611, I remark that "the evolutionary beatitude, '*Blessed*

[1] *Journal of Education*, January and February 1894.

are the strong, for they shall prey on the weak,' has not a Christian ring about it."[1]

An eminent scientific friend writes to ask me, "Is not this a caricature of the fairest reading of Darwinism? 'Strong,' 'prey' and 'weak' may all be interpreted in so many ways, up to—law quelling anarchy; sense overcoming nonsense; beauty replacing ugliness; altruism superseding egoism, etc."

As my assertion has been challenged by so high an authority, I think it right to give a word of explanation. First, then, when I speak of the strong, I am not thinking merely of thews and sinews. I include under strength such qualities as skill, energy, and, above all, the power of combination—that power which (according to Mill), if lions and tigers had possessed it, would have enabled them long since to extirpate the race of men. It is plain that such a power of combination can exist only by enforcing a kind of morality, consisting chiefly in mutual fidelity and mutual forbearance. This morality is needful (as Plato has reminded us) to the success even of freebooters; and, when thus misdirected, it becomes what the French designate as *égoisme à plusieurs*, and the English as *faith unfaithful*, or as *honour among thieves*.

Secondly, my epigram has reference to those provinces of the animal kingdom over which Evolution

[1] It should be mentioned that this "evolutionary beatitude" re-appears in my *Memoir of Jowett*, and that Mr John Morley has given it currency by quoting it in his Romanes Lecture on Machiavelli.—L. A. T. (1898).

—with her two vice-regents, Struggle for Existence and Natural Selection—exercises her iron sway. She extends that sway over the brutes both in their relation to each other and also as dealt with by man—

"Of half the world the butcher and the tomb."

But in regard to the dealings of man with his fellows, her prerogative is limited; and it becomes more limited as civilization advances. Weak races and individuals are no longer stamped out. When Zenghis Khan thought of massacring the entire population of a large part of Asia, he was *not* an exemplary moralist; but he may have been in a certain sense a practical evolutionist.[1] This is, of course, an extreme case. Let me, therefore, give a simpler, or, at least, a more modern illustration of

[1] This was written before my feelings had been stirred by the appalling nightmare conjured up by Mr Pearson in his eminently suggestive book on "National Life and Character." If it is decreed that the yellow and dark races are one day to lord it over Western civilization—*Si res Europae nostramque evertere gentem Immeritam visum Superis*—will not our ousted posterity give to Zenghis Khan and Hyder Ali a place in the Evolutionary (or Comtist) Calendar of the future? To speak more seriously: such acts as Cæsar's summary treatment of the Gauls and his wholesale massacre of the Germans will excite less indignation in our descendants than in us, if they ever come to believe that natural selection among races can be brought about only through force of arms—only through the military superiority of the higher races asserting itself betimes and doing its work unsparingly. Nay,—to clothe a barbarous thought in no less barbarous diction,—may not the more headstrong of those descendants propose, ere it is too late, to give effect to the blessedness of strength by laying down the stern maxim: "Salus *civilizationis* suprema lex"?

the strife between evolution and ethics. A philosophical statesman will do what he can for the good of India; but will he not, in moments of depression, be haunted by the fear that, in ridding the nations of war, famine, pestilence, and man-tigers, he is staying the action, not of God's four sore judgments, but of the beneficent pruning-knives wherewith He keeps down a redundant population? At any rate, while he is diligent in promoting all sanitary improvements, such a philosopher will vainly try to forget that Nature levies a heavy tax on them by making them instrumental in preserving the sickly fathers of a sickly race.[1] In short, if free play had been given to natural selection, men would have been far worse than they now are, but they would probably have been stronger.

Amiel has noted the anomaly that Darwinians are generally in favour of equality, while yet "l'égalitarisme affirme le droit de n'être pas mangé par son prochain; le Darwinisme constate le fait que les gros mangent les petits et ajoute: *tant mieux*."

In fact, the ideal of Christianity and civilization is at war with the evolutionary ideal—the latter ideal demanding that the *meet*, and not the *meek*, shall

[1] I know not if it be too egotistical for me to quote some *versiculi* which appeared four years ago in a weekly journal, and which by their very exaggeration may serve to illustrate the question before us; they are addressed to *The Influenza*, which they apostrophize in terms of paradoxical or ironical praise:

> "Stern helper of an age abhorred by Darwin,
> An age when often they who weakest are, win;
> *Sparing the strong, the invalid thou hittest,*
> *And guardest the Survival of the Fittest.*"

inherit the earth. But, as I have said, the evolutionary ideal is giving way—is being more and more encroached upon by the ethical ideal. While, however, we rejoice at this encroachment, we may yet doubt—as Professor Huxley seemed to doubt—whether the benefit is an unmixed one. Renan maintains that the military strength of the Hebrew monarchy was lessened by the long peace that lasted through Solomon's reign; and he pointedly adds that such an enfeeblement is always the effect of a long peace. He evidently looked with disfavour on the ultra-pacific leanings of our most civilized races, and, in a word, on the prospect of the complete subordination of might to popular notions of right—on the extinction of evolution by ethics. Let us take a more cheering and stimulating view than this, even though at times we look wistfully back at Old World Memories, and though, after contemplating our

"Feeble and restless youths, born to inglorious days,"[1]

we are tempted to apply to our own forefathers the line—

καρτίστοι μὲν ἔσαν καὶ καρτίστοις ἐμάχοντο.

"Great was the might of our sires, and they mightily fought with the mighty."

Some years ago, an American minister at a European court, when conversing with an English acquaintance, said in his haste, "What a good thing it would be if every Irishman who comes over to us would kill a nigger—and get hanged for it." This pious wish, if seriously meant, would have shown a

[1] Clough.

steadfast and impartial devotion to the non-moral aspect of the Evolutionary Ideal — to Evolution *minus* Ethics.

From these saddening reflections a somewhat conservative corollary may be drawn. The impeded action of natural selection on man, and the consequent irregularity of his development, have done much to complicate all questions regarding him. In this relation it is abundantly evident that what Bacon has said of Nature is, above all, true of Human Nature: its subtlety—that is, its complexity —is greater by far than the subtlety of argument. David was better equipped with his modest sling than with the more pretentious panoply of Saul; and there is reason to fear that human society may fare worse rather than better if it is deprived of those safeguards which often appear antiquated and trivial, but which experience has shown to be effective. No doubt the force of such warnings is lessened by their generality. They seem to cover the same ground with James Mill's melancholy exclamation that human life at its best is a poor thing. Indeed, all general cautions are more or less dispiriting, and are wont to have a strong flavour of pessimism. A peculiar form of such pessimism has been indicated in a very original remark of Mr Galton:

"We find out of any group of a thousand men, selected at random, some who are crippled, insane, idiotic, or otherwise born incurably imperfect in body or mind, and it is possible that this world may rank among other worlds as one of these."

If this supposition be true, then what Clough's

paradoxical hero says of Rome may be applied to the round world and all that is therein ; our poor little planet may be no better than one of the

"Things that Nature abhors, the experiments that she has failed in."

Let us, however, observe that this pessimism is not of an extreme sort, but is rather an epicurean scepticism about progress. Those who maintain it will often look upon human life as a good and happy thing, as far as it goes ; but they will doubt whether it is likely to become much better or happier than it now is, and they will utterly deny that it can ever reach an ideal standard : *Non, si se ruperit, unquam Par erit.* Now, whatever we may think of such unexhilarating and unstimulating speculations, we must at all events admit that the human animal is in a sort of vicious circle. His morality, by protecting the weak, has crippled natural selection, and has thus set a limit to his physical and doubtless also to his moral development. As regards his physical development this is plain. When other animals are forced to migrate to a colder climate, their warmer clothing has, so to say, to grow on their backs ; in short, they must either adapt their bodies to the new conditions or perish. Man, however, has escaped both the horns of this dilemma. By means of houses, raiment, fire, cookery, and other appliances,[1] he, in great

[1] Among these appliances I should include the taking of salt with our food—a practice so habitual and so universal that we find it hard to realize how odd a thing it is that such a practice has become a necessity. A simple anecdote, related by Sir

measure, eludes the motherly or stepmotherly vigilance of Nature. The increase in his numbers and in his wants [1] adjusts itself to each physical improvement; and, in a word, his artificial condition begets artificial needs. Not but that, man being himself a part of Nature, all that is artificial in his condition is, in a wide sense, natural. So that all the bewildering results pertaining to civilization are in reality wrought by Nature; they are the fruit of evolution. All I contend for is that in this instance, the direct road having been shut against Nature, she has had to reach her goal through a by-path.

Mark Pattison once playfully rallied me on the persistence with which, when the tide seems to be setting strongly in the Radical or Iconoclastic direction, I am for setting up one breakwater after another. This half-serious banter of his may serve

William Gull, may bring this home to us. He said that an old friend of his brought his daughter, who was anæmic, to consult him. Gull prescribed iron; but the father protested that he had no faith in medicine, and that he wanted some "natural" remedy. "I knew him very well," said Gull, as he told the story; "so I said to him: 'You are very foolish. Your daughter every day takes salt, that is, chloride of sodium. Is there anything more unnatural in her taking iron occasionally than in her taking chloride of sodium habitually?'"

[1] Professor Bonamy Price told me that he once asked some female students how man differs from the lower animals in regard to emotions and aspirations. The best answer was a concise one: "Man has progressive desires." Alas! is not this inability to rest and be thankful a chief source of our woe as well as of our weal? Does it not render us often *tentantes majora*, but seldom *praesentibus aequos?* "Be content with such things as ye have" is the injunction of St Paul. "A state of discontent is a state of progress," is the rejoinder of Carlyle.

as a preface to an application of the foregoing reflections to the moral side of man's nature. Of the perils of a Radical inundation I shall say hardly anything. Mill has declared that, if men ever rise to the level of loving their neighbours as themselves, and those remote from them as those near to them, Communism will become the only possible form of human society. In saying this he was doubtless indicating the ideal which was to be kept in view; he meant that human society ought to be made to roll smoothly and steadily along the democratic lines. But perhaps a very different conclusion may be drawn from his principles. So plausible is the logic of democracy, so easily expounded, and to the masses necessarily so attractive, that one is tempted to ask: Why has the democratic triumph been so long delayed? Some of the *à priori* arguments commonly used by Radical orators would go to prove that universal suffrage and electoral districts ought to have been established among the early patriarchs, if not among the "missing links." Why, then, have the wheels of the democratic chariot so long tarried? Why, above all, does the communistic ideal still seem so immeasurably distant? Is it not possible that the causes which have so long retarded the democratic triumph — causes which have often operated so unexpectedly and so mysteriously—are only in part understood; that they lie deep in the nature of things?

Whether among these retarding causes are included the agencies already mentioned, namely, the impeded action of Natural Selection on man,

and the consequent irregularity of his development, and whether there may be, peradventure, some fortunate planet, wherein, like Righteousness and Peace, Natural Selection and Morality may have met together and kissed each other, it is needless to inquire. Suffice it to say that for us who bear the heavy and the weary weight of this disjointed and unintelligible little world of ours, it may be well, if so be that we are in haste to square the actual with the democratic (or any other) ideal—it may be well for us to think upon the lofty utterance of Æschylus that

οὔπως
τὰν Διὸς ἁρμονίαν,
θνατῶν παρεξίασι βουλαί,[1]

and upon Matthew Arnold's strong and sad conviction that we are compassed about with "the uno'erleaped mountains of Necessity" which neither faith nor force can remove.

And, carrying the same line of argument into higher regions, let us ask: If Worship be not a permanent need of the human heart, why tarry so long the wheels of the chariot of Irreligion? The results of science and criticism really bring to the front the anomaly implied in this question. Each fresh wound inflicted by critics and philosophers on Religion is so speedily followed by at least a partial recovery as to bewilder us with the sense of her persistent vitality:

"Non Hydra secto corpore firmior
Vinci dolentem crevit in Herculem."

[1] "Nought avail the counsels of men against the harmonious ordering of Zeus."

As I have here a strong case, I will forbear to dilute it by the infusion of disputable matter; and I will therefore say little about the further question, how far the constant need of religion raises a presumption in favour of the truth of any particular form of religion. All I insist on is that, whatever may be the case with philosophers, who, as a class, have a peculiar temperament and comparatively few temptations, never yet among large masses of men has morality been able to stand firmly on its own foundations, and to lay aside the buttress of religion.

Will this always be the case? It is hard to answer such a question in the negative. But it is at least as hard to answer it in the affirmative, as may be shown by quoting a weighty admission made by a chief apostle of modern thought. "It may happen," writes Dr Mawdsley,—"such possibly is the tremendous irony of fate—that the complete accomplishment of disillusion shall be the close of development and the beginning of degeneration." This foreboding has a flavour of the story of the tree of knowledge, and may suggest the queer corollary: *Quem diabolus vult perdere, prius illuminat.*

How can such a concession be reconciled with the principles of evolution? At first sight, it appears to be fatal to those principles. But in truth the difficulty may be lessened by referring once more to my universal solvent, the impeded action of Natural Selection on Man, and the consequent irregularity of his development. "The struggle for existence," says Professor Foster, "has brought to the front a brain ever ready to outrun its more

humble helpmates." Is it not equally possible that, in the long struggle for existence, the emotions and the imagination of most men and of all womanly women may have become as outrageously disproportionate as the neck of the giraffe or the beak of the toucan? May they not, at any rate, have outrun their less active helpmate, the reason? Goethe insists that Man would not be the aristocratic being that he is in the world, if he were not too aristocratic for the world. If so, is it not inevitable that a man of the "aristocratic"—the saintly—type (after a nobler fashion than Alexander the Great) *aestuat infelix*—is chafed and fretted by the pettiness of the world in which he lives? Does he not thus acquire an overmastering need to build up for himself an ideal world, a world of the imagination, wherewith to correct the cruelty and injustice of the actual world? Thus hope becomes to the saintly character an essential condition of happiness. It is not true that "Man never is, but always to be blest," for Man is moderately blest in the prospect of being immoderately blest. The Supernatural steps in whenever Reason fails to cheer us and to right us if we roam. In fact Morality's deficiency is Religion's opportunity. In the second part of this article I will add a qualification to the somewhat misty and depressing theory which I am driving to its extreme logical conclusion. At present, it is enough to say that most educated Christians would probably admit that our posthumous selves are likely to be less anthropomorphic, and heaven is likely to be less *geomorphic*, than, when we give free play to our

imagination and emotions, we are apt to expect and desire.[1]

I was puzzled in my youth by the promise that "the meek shall inherit the earth"; they may inherit heaven, I said to myself, but the earth is just what they do not inherit. Difficulties of a like nature have cropped up in the discussions on Professor Huxley's "Romanes Lecture." If Evolution, it is asked, in effect says, *Blessed are the strong, for they shall prey on the weak*, and Morality says, *Blessed are the meek: let the weak be diligently tended*—does not this contradiction show that the sources of Morality are to be sought elsewhere than in Evolution? In seeking to answer this question, I will offer two considerations, premising that the first of them is more open to

[1] In the last stanza of "Crossing the Bar," Tennyson speaks of the future life as outside "our bourne of time and place;" and yet in the same stanza he looks forward to "seeing" his "Pilot face to face." Can the reference to the power of vision outside space be more than a metaphor, and can any state of consciousness be conceived unconditioned by time? Compare with this the beautiful passage in the "Christian Year" (Sixth Sunday after Epiphany) beginning: "What is the heaven we idly dream?" On the other hand, Dr Pusey, whose conception of heaven might be expected to have been as spiritual as Keble's, on one occasion betrayed a realistic other-worldliness worthy of the wife of Zebedee. "Not many weeks after his son's death," writes Canon Liddon, "Dr Pusey said, in the course of conversation to the present writer, 'I cannot help thinking that if dear Philip is allowed, now or hereafter, to be anywhere near St Cyril in another world, St Cyril may be able to show him some kindness, considering all that Philip has done in these later days to make St Cyril's writings better known to our countrymen." Two great Evolutionary writers have insisted that religious progress tends towards *the de-anthropomorphization of God*. Does it not equally tend towards *the de-geomorphization of heaven?*

objection than the second. First, then, Evolution has so moulded us, that we, at least the best of us, are not satisfied with an ideal of brute force, or even of brute enjoyment. We want life to be interesting as well as happy. Social equality is the direct and broad road towards happiness, though (like another broad road) it may end in disaster; whereas a considerable amount of social inequality is, perhaps, needed to make life interesting and brilliant. Thus evil may have its use in the general economy. "If the devil were made away with," says a paradoxical French writer, "saints and sinners would alike lose their occupation. *On s'ennuyerait mortellement.*" In a flawless world we might be doomed *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.* Earth might placidly "stand at gaze, like Joshua's moon at Ajalon." If the mitigation of suffering is useful as a discipline, does not suffering itself form part of a complex phenomenon which gives variety and colour to life? Renan had a decided opinion on this subject; and clothed that opinion in one of those odd illustrations which impress and amuse when they do not shock us. The universe, he said, is like a huge oyster. It does not seem conspicuous for intelligence, but it has a sort of clumsy power of adapting means to ends. Pain is to the universe what the pearl is to the oyster. We may call pain the disease of the universe, but it is a disease of priceless value. This, then, is Renan's ingeniously-illustrated theory. He might have compared our modern civilization to a lofty pyramid, which, at its apex, touches the sky, narrowing as it rises, but which must rest upon a

broad basis of suffering. And it is not uncharitable to add that, on the whole, he wished the pyramid to stand firm. For an intellectual oligarchy is the ideal of men of culture as a class—at any rate, it is the ideal of the class enervated by culture, of the class represented by Count Pococurante in "Candide," and by the epicurean Cardinal in "John Inglesant."[1] But an ardent philanthropist would call on the man of culture to prove that a community cannot be at once brilliant and happy; and he would, moreover, add that, if the man of culture is right, if the intellectual distinction of the few is incompatible with the well-being of the many, every good man should unhesitatingly pronounce in favour of the commonplace humanitarian ideal—the ideal, so to say, of three acres and a cow.

Such, then, is what I call my first consideration, and such is the objection to it. So manifest is the force of this objection that, as I have said, I lay greater stress on my second consideration, which is as follows: Every community should be more or less leavened with meekness. I say "more or less," because every community also has need of self-help and self-assertion. But our poor human nature is already so much inclined to self-assertion that re-

[1] Nearly all elderly humanists have at times a whiff (so to speak) of that epicurean spirit by which Mr Andrew Lang—more vigorously than seriously—professes to be animated:

> "We whistle where we once repined.
> Confound the woes of human-kind!
> By heaven we're 'well deceived,' I wot;
> Who hum, contented or resigned,
> '*Life's more amusing than we thought.*'"

ligion is bound to throw all her weight into the scale of meekness. Is not this trimming of the balance absolutely required? It is required all the more because of the evolutionary arguments that might be urged in favour of stamping out the weak.

Those arguments, though plausible, are inconclusive. To stamp out the weak, nay, even to leave them to the tender mercies of Nature in the manner recommended by Plato, would cause more evil by making men hard than good by making them hardy. Thus, we may apply to meekness the metaphor that Bacon has used about a very different quality: it is "like unto varnish, that makes the ceilings not only shine but last."[1] In fact, meekness is a sort of antiseptic—a preservative against moral decay. After all, do not the manifold and enduring achievements of Christianity testify to the saving worth of this truly Christian virtue? They bear such testimony alike whether Christianity is regarded as a Divine revelation, or as a mere outcome of evolution. If Christianity is a Divine revelation, opposition is silenced; for the Divine revelation enjoins meekness, and against that injunction there is no appeal. If, on the other hand, Christianity is a mere product of evolution, there is still a presumption that the survival of the Religion of Meekness is the survival also of the fittest. At this point, therefore, the hostile parties may join hands. Orthodox Christians and uncompromising Evolutionists may agree in saying: *Blessed is the Religion of Meekness, for it has gained and has kept the inheritance of the earth.*

[1] Essay "On Vain Glory."

II.

RENAN AND RENANISM.

"Ces amis indulgents sont encore les premiers des bienfaiteurs qui prennent l'homme entier avec le rire, lui versent l'expérience dans la gaieté, et savent les moyens puissants d'une joie sensée, cordiale et légitime." STE. BEUVE.

The cheerful scepticism, the acquiescence in limitation, indicated in the first part of this article, rose to a height in the compositions of the greatest prose-writer of our generation. And, therefore, it may be worth while to bestow some thought on his account of his own experience. This is the more needful as in this country Renan is chiefly known (or known of) by his least satisfactory and one of his least characteristic works.

It is in the "Souvenirs de ma Jeunesse," and in some of the "Etudes," more than in the "Vie de Jésus," that he bears eloquent witness to the tender (if slightly patronizing) regret which he still cherished for his early beliefs. The sun of religion had set for him, but he loved to bask in the afterglow. And especially he loved to tell all the world how he came so to bask, and how he felt when so basking.

Perhaps I may more clearly illustrate Renan's state of mind by saying broadly that his imaginative youth throve on Christian aspirations. Great, therefore, was the shock to him when his beatific vision faded away. To fill up the void thence arising, he replaced the consolations of a saint by the consola-

tions of a poet. When in this mood he did not share Hamlet's objection to being "Promise-crammed"; rather, like Hamlet, he was fain to cry, "Stay, illusion!" At other times he played with what Shelley would have called his "wreck of a dissolving dream," by representing that dream to himself as nought but an idealized reflection of his hopes and wishes. Not that he at once acquiesced in being baffled and cajoled by this strangely reflecting or refracting medium, this magic mirror. Like the heroine of "Wonderland," he tried—but, unlike her, he failed—to penetrate through the looking-glass and to see beyond. Gradually, however, a sense of impotent resignation came over him. Or, rather, he still struggled, but struggled artistically. Out of his ineffectual longings he made literary capital. He let himself be regarded—sometimes perhaps he posed—as a bird impatient of his cage. He beat against its bars, not hard enough to hurt himself or to ruffle his plumage, but just enough to give a heightened effect to his song.

Renan thus became a glorified representative no doubt, but still a representative, of what his countrymen call the *fin de siècle* philosophy. I borrow this queer epithet because it seems to me not merely to announce the indubitable fact that our present philosophy is the philosophy of the end of our century, but also to have (probably by design) an ominous and a croaking sound about it—seems to carry with it a suggestion that the old and beloved order changeth, and that our wonted paths have

to be given up.[1] Renan himself thought that our lot is cast on halcyon days, not unlike those of the Antonines. He says we can hardly do better than "alternately love and hate" the age in which we live; for it is a very "amusing" and "charming" epoch, and yet "all Europe is suffering from a sore evil." I once reminded Pattison of his own forecast, that haply in two centuries' time the now despised Positivist will be more powerful than the now dreaded Catholic; and I asked him whether he thought that, if his prediction is fulfilled, the world will be able to adjust itself completely to the altered state of things. "I doubt it," he replied. "Human nature requires discipline. Renan ascribes the sound moral condition of Brittany to the stern discipline which was imposed upon them some centuries ago. But this discipline is being relaxed everywhere, and I do not see how it is to be restored without religion." A similar foreboding lurks beneath Renan's assertion that the societies of the ancient world had learnt that all is vanity; and he significantly adds that a society which has learnt this lesson is on the eve of perishing. And the worst of it was that he regarded this fatal lesson as no more than the truth. Thus, then,

[1] It is noteworthy that two writers of our time who, perhaps more than any others, undermined the chief bulwark of the social order, were nevertheless strongly Conservative. "History," said Strauss, "is a staunch aristocrat." And Renan, with even greater directness, declared that "les Conservateurs sont le sel de la terre." Without maintaining this paradox, the paradox that they *best* do serve who only stand and wait, we may yet think that such a proverb as *Headstrong goes headlong*, if it does not exist, has need to be invented.

we see how he came to think that the knowledge of the exact truth is often unwholesome for the multitudes, and how he was led to admit the principles of *esoterism* in religious matters. Scherer has probably hit the mark in saying that Renan was alternately fascinated by the ideal, and convinced that the ideal rings hollow. Scherer was a great admirer of Renan; so much so that on one occasion he paid him a compliment which seems to me extravagant, if not unmeaning.[1] I was, therefore, surprised when, shortly before he died, I received a letter from him saying that "Renan is a jellyfish without backbone."[2] He wrote this under irritation at the tone assumed by Renan in his strictures on Amiel; but I suspect that the severity of the censure was partly due to Renan's affectation of want of seriousness, his somewhat aggressive flippancy. It may be as well to touch for a moment on this quality of Renan, not merely because he has incurred reproach among most Englishmen, and nearly all women, on account of his levity, but also because this *légèreté* is the besetting (or "redeeming") vice of the exponents of the philosophy which we are considering. It is not, however, needful to recapitulate in regard to the genial cynicism of Renan the remarks which, in

[1] He compares Renan with Darwin, and speaks of Darwin as the one who, if either of them had to be thrown overboard, could most easily be spared. The comparison between two such dissimilar objects recalls the comment which the *sky-blue* young lady (so to call her) made on the Coliseum—"It is very pretty, but not so pretty as Naples!"

[2] I have lately touched on this point in a letter to "Literature" (Jan. 8th, 1898), entitled "Renan and Mark Pattison." —L. A. T. (1898).

my "Stones of Stumbling," are applied to the somewhat acrid cynicism of Pattison. Suffice it to say that even a serious thinker, if he sees the seamy side of things all round, is apt to become cynical in his own despite; for he must be partly entertained if he would not be wholly desperate when he perceives that the seams are often very ugly and very rough, and, moreover, that the seamy side of things is co-extensive with the presentable side—co-extensive, and, alas! fatally connected with it.[1] Hence arises that serio-comic contemplation of our sinning and sorrowing race which the French call *ironie*, but for which we have as yet no English equivalent. The clumsy compound "world-humour" will hardly serve: but the simple old word "humour," though still vague in its meaning, is being gradually narrowed so as to represent this very misunder-

[1] Is not cynicism sometimes a whimsical mode of asking for sympathy? An introspective man of the world, when his motives seem questionable, is careful not to proclaim them on the housetop. On the other hand, an introspective writer who has weak nerves and great need of sympathy, is oppressed by hearing of the exalted motives which unintrospective persons arrogate to themselves—motives more unalloyed than those of which he is conscious in his own heart. Wishing to set his too sensitive conscience at rest, he has a morbid craving to take his readers into his confidence by telling them that his own motives will not bear examination, and that theirs are no better. He is pretty sure to overstate the case; and, at any rate, his readers, irritated by what he says or implies against them, are too ready to take literally what he says or implies against himself. Embittered by being thus misunderstood, the most sensitive of men will sometimes become a *ynigue major sui*. This observation has special reference to Pattison. May it not, also, in some measure, be applied to Thackeray?

standable quality. Thus I sometimes think that, if it is true enough for an epigram that *Brevity is the soul of wit*, it is at least as true that *Levity is the soul of humour*.

Renan had this *ironie* or humour in the fullest possible measure, though in him it generally took the form of innuendo (ὑπόνοια). To speak strictly, he was neither a laughing nor a weeping, but a smiling philosopher. He had much of that "smiling toleration" which Goethe commends as the characteristic virtue of the Vicar of Wakefield, and of other good Protestant clergymen. Hence it always puzzles me that admirers of Goethe so often abuse Renan. Was there not much in common between the two men? Each of them, after breaking loose from the popular theology, sought refuge in a mystical religion —a religion hovering between idealism and scepticism. Indeed, Renan's philosophy, or rather his whole tone of mind and character, would have found favour with Goethe; for he was (to translate Goethe's own words) just the sort of kindly cynic

> "Who, casting at the world a scornful jest,
> Whispers: *I am no better than the rest.*" [1]

[1] Renan must have known both how to be in want and how to abound in respect of popularity. A French lady tells me that there was a saying in Brittany that, if one had to choose between two paths, Renan being on the one, and Satan on the other, the latter direction would be the more eligible one. The extreme opposite of this view was shown when I asked for one of Renan's volumes at a great publisher's in Paris. With easy assurance the shopman exclaimed in *staccato* English: "What! you desire a book of Mister Renan. He is not only a great *littérateur*—a great writer—but he tells you what you are to believe about religion!"

Such, then, is a brief explanation of the cynical humour—the "neutral tint" mentioned at the outset of this article, which is at once the result of some modern theories, and the cause of some queer modern forms of expression. The explanation should be borne in mind both by writer and reader, as we touch on some of the more bewildering of Renan's paradoxes. We should especially bear it in mind to prevent being overmuch startled by such utterances as the following: "A force de chimères, on avait réussi à obtenir du bon gorille [*i.e.* l'homme] un effort moral surprenant; ôtées les chimères, une partie de l'énergie factice qu'elles éveillaient disparaîtra. . . . Supprimez l'alcool au travailleur dont il fait la force, mais ne lui demandez plus la même somme de travail. . . . Ce n'est pas d'aujourd'hui que le bonheur et la noblesse de l'homme reposent sur un porte-à-faux." In fact, though Renan regarded the real world as nought but a play that is played, he, for that very reason, constructed an ideal world to satisfy the needs of his imagination and his emotions. He quaintly insisted on everyone's right *de tailler à sa guise son roman de l'infini.* He perhaps considered religion to be the clothing of morality—an artificial protection which (as was said above of ordinary clothing) the impeded action of natural selection on Man may have rendered necessary. He seems to have agreed with Fontenelle and Gibbon that the beginning of old age is often the happiest period in life. At that period, he says, one learns "que tout est

vain, mais aussi qu'une foule de vaines choses sont dignes d'être longuement savourées." He maintains that our beatific visions involve "une impossibilité physique et une nécessité absolue morale."[1] According to this view, the moralist must value human life and aspirations at something above their real worth. Or, rather, he must gaze on the world, as it were, through a stereoscope —through a medium which gives to appearances, to representations, the look of being substantial.

The only occasion on which I was brought into any sort of personal relation to Renan, arose from the surprise expressed in my "Recollections of Pattison," at his statement that the quality of humour—the capacity *de sourire de son œuvre*—is conspicuous in the sayings of Christ.[2] The late Lord Arthur Russell, a personal friend of Renan, shared my surprise; and, after referring the difficulty to Renan himself, he communicated to me what both he and I regarded as Renan's very unsatisfactory explanation. The explanation, in fact, amounted merely to this: The sayings recorded in the Gospels convey the impression that spiritual truths cannot be adequately apprehended

[1] The two last quotations are given from memory; but I am satisfied that they are correct at least in substance.

[2] Can Renan have been thinking of Luke viii. 10? If, in the middle of that verse, the words "that seeing" had been "lest seeing," the meaning would have been plain. But it is hard to doubt that, in the passage as it stands, there has been either a misreport or a mistranslation from the Aramaic, or some latent irony which neither the reporter nor the translator has brought out.

by the human intellect, or at any rate they cannot be adequately expressed in human language; whence it was inferred that what is said about those truths must be taken as purely symbolical. The foregoing ascription of humour to Christ is worth mentioning chiefly because it illustrates the common tendency among men to make the Object of their worship or veneration in their own image—to attribute to such an Object qualities akin to their own.

Somebody once complained that an Oxford Professor (now a Professor *Emeritus*) was too fond of "writing smartly about God"; and, in like manner, it must be owned that some of Renan's theological epigrams jar on an English ear. Thus, he says that religions are like women; nothing can be obtained from them by violence, but everything by politic concessions; in fact, *parendo vincuntur*.[1] Our author is on firmer ground when he contends that nature treats us like soldiers: she makes us fight and die in a cause which is not ours. He doubtless meant that, even as an old wasp shortly before her death is impelled by a marvellous instinct to store up for her young, whom she will never see, food of a kind which in her wasp-state she never ate, so we are impelled by means of illusion to provide for posterity.

[1] Somebody, being in a cynical mood, once said in conversation that to express a moral or scientific truth in terms of theology is "to translate it into the *Middlesex* dialect"—the dialect, he unchivalrously implied, which the more rational sex has to adopt in talking down to the more emotional sex! It may have been partly with a like aim that Renan has laid down for philosophers the general principle: *Au milieu de l'absolue fluidité des choses maintenons l'Eternel.*

The *splendide mendacia*, "the white lies," wherewith the Great Mother beguiles and entices her human children, would doubtless include the desire of posthumous fame and the fear of posthumous retribution. The ministers and propagators of this latter form of illusion Renan regarded with toleration rather than sympathy. A Catholic priest, he said, is like a bird in a cage. A Liberal Protestant clergyman, on the other hand, is like a bird one of whose wings has been clipped; he seems free, and so in fact he is—until he tries to soar.

From all this it appears that Renan was anything but an enthusiast about progress. He despaired of making human life much happier, and his optimism took the not uncommon form of wishing to make that life more interesting. "Happy," it is often said, "is the nation that has no history"; whence it would seem to follow that *Dull are the annals of a happy nation.* It is probable that Renan felt something of this sort, and he may especially have felt that, when busy with a bygone age of flat and languid felicity, a brilliant historian is scarce more minded to rejoice with them that have rejoiced than he would be if bidden to infuse liveliness into the chronicles of Paradise. At any rate, Renan writes:—

"Cet univers est un spectacle que Dieu se donne à lui-même; servons les intentions du grand chorège en contribuant à rendre le spectacle aussi brillant, aussi varié que possible.[1] . . . La

[1] Diderot, writing to Mdlle. Volland, says: "Le monde, une sottise! Ah! mon amie, la belle sottise pourtant! C'est, selon quelques habitants du Malabar, une des soixante-quatorze comédies dont l'Eternel s'amuse." One wonders whether the seventy-three other comedies are equally entertaining.

fête de l'univers manquerait de quelque chose si le monde n'était peuplé que de fanatiques iconoclastes et de lourdauds vertueux."

These passages are worth noting because they point to a favourite theory of Renan's. He held that there are in the main two clearly defined ideals of human conduct. There is the Greek or aristocratic ideal, which aims at achieving striking results; and there is the Hebrew or democratic ideal, which aims at producing the greatest amount of individual happiness. The former of these ideals, we may remark, corresponds roughly to the evolutionary ideal, which says, *Blessed are the meet;* the latter corresponds to the ethical ideal, which says, *Blessed are the meek.* Renan maintained that on the ideal which we prefer will depend our entire view of history and life; and, in particular, on this preference will depend our judgment as to whether the general policy of France has been excellent or detestable. He himself evidently, and indeed naturally, took the more favourable estimate. On the other hand, I (being an Englishman) felt some curiosity to know on what ground his very high estimate of France and her doings could be based. My perplexity was, however, diminished when I came upon some quaintly outspoken remarks addressed by Thiers to Nassau Senior :—

"What a nation is France! How mistaken in her objects, how absurd in her means, yet how glorious is the result of her influence and of her example! I do not say that we are a happy people; I do not say that we are good neighbours; we are always in hot water ourselves, and we are always the pest and the plague of all who have anything to do with us; but, after

all, we are the salt of the earth. We are always fighting, always inquiring, always inventing, always destroying prejudices, and breaking up institutions, and supplying political science with new facts, new experiments, and new warnings. Two or three thousand years hence, when civilization has passed on in its westward course, when Europe is in the state in which we now see Asia Minor and Syria and Egypt, only two of her children will be remembered—one a sober well-disposed good boy, the other a riotous unmanageable spoilt child, and I am not sure that posterity will not like the naughty boy best."

I think it is in *La Princesse de Babylone* that Voltaire makes his hero call the English the grown men of Europe, but the French, he adds, are her children, "And with them I love to play."

To return to Renan and his queer sayings. We should remember that in the examples given above he is (as the phrase goes) thinking aloud; or, rather, he is thinking on paper. Nay, his words, instead of half concealing his soul within, depict that soul in caricature. Allowance must also be made for such exaggeration when he seems to imply that mankind would have been more of a loser if some second or third-rate Italian city of the Middle Ages had been blotted out of history, than if the entire American continent had been so blotted out. After all, such an over-statement as the above merely illustrates the sort of picturesque surprise which imaginative historians love to impart. Macaulay showed a similar bias when he declared that the world owed less to the empire of Rome than to the city of Athens, and less to the kingdom of France than to the city of Florence. On the whole, an unfriendly critic, or haply a candid friend, might sum up Renan's teaching on this wise :—

"If all is vanity, is it not vanity of vanities to fret over the thought that all is vanity? If human life is a comedy, it is through thinking it anything but a comedy that mankind has made it rather a good comedy. If Nature has decreed that the welfare of bees should depend on fratricide, is it incredible that she may have decreed that the welfare of men should depend on illusion? *S'il n'y a pas un Paradis, il faut l'inventer.* "Ο πᾶσι συμφέρει τοῦτ' εἶναι φάμέν. Indeed, in according praise and blame, we habitually substitute practical truth (that is, convenient falsehood) for literal truth more than we suspect. A Necessarian philosopher, who says to an erring dependent 'You might have done better' is inconsistent, and sometimes knows that he is. And every philosopher, whether Necessarian or not, in the moral judgments of everyday life, makes little, if any, allowance for the enormous disadvantage under which many men labour through heredity, education, and the temptations of after-life; he has to assume life to be an even race, whereas he knows it to be a handicap race. On this and other grounds, it is, to say the least, difficult to clear of all logical objections the ground for the obligation of self-sacrifice.[1] Is it not, then, possible that our higher dreams may furnish the keystone of the Ideal arch—a needful, if illusory, sanction for a needful but fictitious sense of obligation?"

[1] In "Stones of Stumbling," p. 166, I have recorded the strong opinion expressed by Pattison on this subject. Did not even Bishop Butler hint at a doubt whether the sense of moral responsibility would bear the strain of severe logical manipulation?

To represent Renan as thinking thus would doubtless be to exaggerate his own exaggerations. And yet there is a large and increasing body of earnest thinkers who, like him, build, as it were, for themselves an Ideal home, resting partly on a foundation of make-believe. At all events, there are many men, half-poets and half-saints, who would be at one with the Rector of the Jesuits in "John Inglesant," when he says of religious beliefs, "These things are true to each of us, according as we see them; they are, in fact, but shadows and likenesses of the absolute truth, that reveals itself to men in different ways, but always imperfectly as in a glass." In a like spirit the saintly Dorothea asks of Ladislaw, "What is your religion? I mean —not what you know about religion, but the belief that helps you most?" Elsewhere, George Eliot contends that the truth which religious philosophers should pursue when seeking sympathy with the outer world is *truth of feeling;* which, after all, is much what Mark Pattison meant when he said that such philosophers should practise *economy of truth.* In other words, the outer world will never understand the point of view of philosophers; and yet it is of the last importance that these two classes of persons should have the same springs of moral action. It is therefore enough if they are united, not by *identity*, but by *equivalence*, of theological beliefs; the beliefs of both classes should bear the proper relation to their respective degrees of intellectual and moral culture, and should be such as to give an adequate support to the moral life. Perhaps it may be said

that religion is in the spiritual world what the atmosphere is in the physical world. It is needed by all, and is in a sense the same to all; and yet it is eminently elastic. At the lowest levels it is dense, and sometimes of the earth earthy; whereas on the heights it is attenuated and often cold, but it is pure, clear, and invigorating.

It would have been beside my purpose to dwell so long on the manner and matter of Renan if he had not been a representative of an important class of men—the class of men who, with Pagan heads and Christian hearts, aim at uniting the two beatitudes, *Blessed are the strong*, and *Blessed are the meek;* or rather who, if the strength, the lasting strength, of the community is their ultimate goal, seek that goal through the pathway of meekness. To this class belonged Amiel and Matthew Arnold. I once heard W. R. Greg express surprise that Matthew Arnold, being such a free-lance, was yet spared by the orthodox party. It certainly seems that by most educated Anglicans Matthew Arnold was at worst pitied as a wandering sheep, whereas Renan was abhorred as a wolf. And yet the theological standpoint of the two men was much the same. There was, however, a marked divergence between the paths that they followed. This divergence was due in part to causes outside themselves. Macaulay has lamented that the English Church, instead of expelling Wesley and his disciples, did not take a lesson from the truly Catholic forethought with which the Roman Church had turned to account the fanatical zeal of

St Francis and St Theresa. In this instance, then, the advantage was on the Catholic side. But, on the other hand, the Catholic Church has been less skilful than the English Church, or indeed than Protestant Churches generally, in the tending and the pruning of budding Rationalism. The Catholic Church cast off Renan, and practically dared him to do his worst; whereas Matthew Arnold remained to the last in an odd sort of communion with the Church of England, and more or less consciously wrote under the restraining influences of Anglican traditions. Not less strikingly did the Catholic attitude towards Renan contrast with the Protestant attitude towards Amiel. Renan piteously complained that persons with whom he would fain have been in sympathy met his advances by imposing the condition *Croyez comme nous*. In particular, nearly all women seemed to have an extreme antipathy to him. Very different was the experience of the author of the drearily, if not affectedly, melancholy "Journal Intime." Amiel was the centre of a circle of female comforters and admirers, drawn to him by the force of pupillary attraction; in illustration of which I will quote from memory, but I think accurately, a quaint passage from his "Journal":—"Pour rester vivant, il faut se rajeunir sans cesse par la mue des sentiments et par l'amour à la mode platonicienne." Let me add that Amiel was what I call a good Neo-Protestant, just as Matthew Arnold was a good Neo-Anglican. Even as the philosophical Pontiff, in Cicero's treatise "On the Nature of the Gods," was loyal to his national religion without

"assigning any reason" for the creed which he professed, so, according to Scherer, Amiel "est chrêtien, car il veut l'être"; Amiel's religion was "la forme de sa vie morale." So far is Scherer from blaming Amiel for his conformity that he thinks him fortunate in having been able to practise it—fortunate, that is, in having been born and bred a Protestant. In this case, therefore, as in nearly every other, Protestant toleration has shown itself superior to Catholic.

But let us be just to Catholicism. It is sometimes said that France, with all her faults, deserves credit for the sympathetic tie wherewith she bound to herself the hearts of the Germanic Alsatians; and, in like manner, it should be noted to the credit of the great mediæval Church, with her costly, sonorous, and incense-laden ritual, that the disowned and detested Renan never ceased to love and revere her—never ceased

"mirari beatae
Fumum et opes strepitumque Romae."

Nay, further: the beautiful passage of Renan which is printed on the fly-page of "Stones of Stumbling" shows that at times he was prepared to take as his motto *Nos Christianitas*. At this point, therefore, he would have joined hands with Matthew Arnold and Amiel. They all claimed in their different ways to be unwilling promoters of indispensable theological reforms—to be, as it were, the Whigs of religion, and, therefore, in the truest sense, Conservative. With many readers, such a claim may move laughter or indignation. To me the claim seems to be worthy

of consideration, and to be, above all, pathetic—pathetic especially because of the half-unconscious misgivings which those who put it forth are wont to mingle with their exultations. It is as if the forlorn Adam, after manifold wanderings, had been suffered, before his death, to visit Eden once more, and had found it still beautiful as ever, but beautiful after a serene and earthly fashion —had found it unplanted with magical trees, and untenanted by a talkative snake. More secure the holy ground thus transformed might have seemed to him than of old. Nevertheless, would not a sense of strangeness, of disappointment, have been present to him, and would not a whispered " Ichabod " have escaped from him ? Such a comparison may serve to illustrate the general outlines of the somewhat faded religion from which the disillusionized saint or sage seeks to draw comfort.

May not that religion be more exactly defined ? I was thinking of such a disillusionized philosopher as Renan or Matthew Arnold when I said, in " Stones of Stumbling," that a philosopher's heaven may be defined as *A state of blessedness symbolized as a place of enjoyment;* and I will now add that such a philosopher's religion may be defined as *The worship of the Ideal symbolized as the Supernatural.*[1]

[1] Writing about Renan, one catches the malady (if malady it be) of becoming Renanesque—of illustrating grave subjects by homely metaphors. Let me, therefore, say that, in the case of every modern counterpart of Marius the Epicurean, old hopes and illusions may be likened unto tadpoles' tails, which in mature life *seem* to be dropped, but are in reality absorbed. In

Such a philosophical religion, however, must needs be unsatisfactory. The philosophers who hold to it accept it in a non-literal sense, while they wish to be regarded by the outer world as accepting it in a literal sense. Doubtless there is high authority in favour of thus wearing a life-long mask. Not only did the worldly-wise Goethe recommend the wearing of such a mask, but even the pious Æschylus represents that earliest philanthropist, Prometheus, as boasting that he had deceived mankind for their good, and the poet himself, speaking through the mouth of the Chorus, seems to bestow praise on the salutary fraud :—

ΠΡ. *τυφλὰς ἐν αὐτοῖς ἐλπίδας κατῴκισα.*
ΧΟ. *μέγ' ὠφέλημα τοῦτ' ἐδωρήσω βροτοῖς.*

And is not a like conclusion suggested by Swift's cynical utterance—that happiness consists in *the perpetual possession of being well-deceived?* Still, however great are the names that may be cited on behalf of economy of truth, the practice of such economy, if it is often a necessity, must, at best, be a necessary evil. It is assuredly an evil to act on the assumption that *Natura humana non nisi decipiendo regitur.* Can nothing be done to lessen this evil? In the hope of lessening it, I would fain offer one consideration, merely for what it is worth, well contented if by so doing I can restore some lonely and stranded philosopher to sympathetic intercourse with his unstranded friends.

the case of Renan, the absorption was perhaps incomplete; in the case of Matthew Arnold and Amiel it was as thorough as in that of Marius the Epicurean himself.

"Blessed are the Strong."

It is (or used to be) often assumed that Darwinism pure and simple is subversive of our higher hopes. Does it in reality thus blot out the beatific vision? In touching on the question I shall try to show the diffidence which an inexpert should never lay aside when treating of scientific matters. To one such inexpert, then, it seems that evolutionists, when trying to establish our simian descent, are too solicitous to prove that every part of man's physical, mental and moral frame must have had at least a rudimentary counterpart in the gorilla and the chimpanzee. Nature, the evolutionists often assume, never makes a leap. But, on the other hand, Professor Huxley admits that practically Nature does leap. She leaps, for instance, when she unexpectedly produces a child with six fingers on a hand. She would be leaping even if, before achieving this unwelcome result, she had to produce a generation furnished with five fingers and a half. But, as a matter of fact, that complicated organism, a human finger, will plunge ready-made into being. In such a case, then, Nature makes a decided leap; and, when once she has shown that she *can* leap, who shall determine the limits of her saltatory powers? Of course, in reality such phrases as "leap of Nature" and "sport of Nature" are mere metaphors. We know that, when she appears most agile, she is in a manner propelled by the engine of Necessity. It is, however, enough for our purpose that from time to time Nature has the air of being frolicsome and irrepressible. And thus, when she *seems* to disport

herself by encumbering a child with the δῶρον ἄδωρον of a superfluous finger, we may fairly, though metaphorically, say that she is making an untoward leap and playing a mischievous prank.

Having prepared my way with this explanation, I will state my argument simply and shortly. An amazing leap, as we may call it, was taken by Nature when she said, in reference to this planet, *Let there be Life*. Of course a Perfect Intelligence would have discerned that, in the floating gas which was to become our Earth, the potentiality of developing living beings, nay, of developing Newton and Darwin, lay concealed. But to any quasi-human Intelligence it would, prior to experience, have seemed scarce more credible that Life could burst forth from inorganic matter than that the winds could come from the bag of Æolus. It should also be noted that the utter failure of all experiments to bring about spontaneous generation adds, in appearance at least, to the wonder of what Nature did of old. Once more: I know that it is well-nigh impossible to fix the point in the organic scale at which the lowest form of consciousness begins; but it may, I imagine, be safely laid down that at some point or other Nature took another amazing leap by evolving consciousness out of unconscious life. If, then, in the long history of our planet, Nature has made two such prodigious leaps, why not a third? In other words, may she not, when she first moulded Man, have drawn new materials and untried forces from her seemingly exhaustless store? Is it quite contrary to analogy that she may have developed in him mysterious higher

capacities—higher capacities with higher aspirations —from the soul-less life of the lower animals? [1]

[1] Not wishing to go astray in a labyrinth of Inconceivables, I forbear to speculate on the room that may haply be found for an anything but *exilis domus Plutonia*, if there can possibly be a fourth dimension of space. If there is a fourth dimension of Space, why not a fifth (*ce n'est que la quatrième dimension qui coûte*), and why not a second dimension of Time?

MENTAL CULTURE.[1]

By Prof. James Ward.

FOR illustration's sake we may divide the products of Nature and of Man alike into two classes :—those, on the one hand, in which a definite design or shaping idea has preceded and throughout controlled their production; and those, on the other, in which accident or the blind play of the elements have brought about a result neither foreshadowed nor foreseen. To the latter class we should refer, for instance, the formation of an island, where winds, rains, earthquakes, ocean currents, and the myriad blind builders of a coral Babel, now combine and now frustrate their unthinking labours till dry land appears. As an instance of the former, we might take the growth of a plant, in which we have first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear,—a steady unfolding of a definite form, a mutual adaptation of part to part, which we can only fairly represent to ourselves as the outcome of an indwelling and informing idea. Again, a similar contrast is presented when we compare a modern building, such as the Houses of Parliament or the

[1] Opening Address of the Session 1880-81, delivered before the Men and Women's College, Queen Square [*Journal of Education*, December 1880].

Law Courts, with one of those bizarre but picturesque piles in every variety of Gothic and Renaissance that are happily no uncommon feature of English scenery: the one erected in execution of a uniform and complete design, the other a strange medley of Norman stronghold, Gothic cloisters, and Elizabethan mansion—a multiplicity of parts, but no united whole. Thus, comparing these two classes, we find, in the one, no plan and no economy, and a result which is confused and disconnected; whereas, in the other, there is neither waste nor disorder, but the steady realization of a consistent and harmonious whole. So far as our bodies go, there can be no doubt as to which of these classes we belong to ourselves: what are we to say of our minds? Can we detect there, too, the same order and system, the same organic unity amid complexity, the same harmonious working, so patent in our bodily framework? Or do we find a partial chaos of ideas, some disjointed and unsorted, some half-formed or half-forgotten? Are there no mutually destructive principles reposing blindly side by side, though clearly portending future inconsistency and internal anarchy? Is there clear evidence of an informing law of development, selecting and moulding all its acquisitions, so as to produce a mind at once full and clear, lively, vigorous, and methodical? Or must we, forsooth, acknowledge, that ideas acquired by chance or caprice have remained unassimilated and so unfruitful, or have been so distorted or biassed under the stress of prejudice and superstition as to render at times our very eyes

blind, and our ears deaf, to what is taking place before us? Do we not sometimes—to quote Cardinal Newman—"fall in with persons who have seen much of the world, and of the men who, in their day, have played a conspicuous part in it; but who generalize nothing, and have no observation, in the true sense of the word"? "They abound in information, in detail, curious and entertaining, about men and things"; but "they speak of everyone and everything, only as so many phenomena, which are complete in themselves, and lead to nothing—not discussing them, or teaching any truth, or instructing the hearer, but simply talking. . . . Perhaps they have been much in foreign countries, and they receive in a passive, otiose, unfruitful way the various facts which are forced upon them there. . . . They sleep and they rise up, and they find themselves now in Europe, now in Asia; they see visions of great cities and wild regions; they are in the marts of commerce, or amid the islands of the South; they gaze on Pompey's Pillar or on the Andes; and nothing which meets them carries them forward or backward, to any idea beyond itself. Nothing has a drift or a relation; nothing has a history or a promise. Everything stands by itself, and comes and goes in its turn, like the shifting scenes of a show, which leave the spectator where he was."[1] And, as a set-off against these people, overstocked with premises, but incapable of drawing conclusions, do we not find many who have accepted the current

[1] "Discourses on University Education," 1852, pp. 215 f.

opinions on a thousand topics, and fearlessly apply them without a ghost of a notion of the proofs on which they rest or fail to rest—without, in fact, any feeling for proof at all: fools who rush in where angels fear to tread, and are equally at home in explaining a commercial crisis or a thunderstorm—men who out-Darwin Darwin,' are more Gladstonian than the Premier, and dizzier than the ex-Premier? Supposing we know of such specimens, what are we to say of them? It will not do to refer their lack of mental energy and insight, their mental confusion, narrowness, extravagance, and incongruity to mere ignorance or want of education, as ordinarily understood. For these humiliating spectacles are furnished by men allowed to be well informed, and to have had the advantages of a so-called University training. And it may well seem to some of you a piece of questionable prudence on my part to direct attention, even briefly, to facts so discouraging, at the commencement of a new session of study. Of what good is it, you may ask, for us to devote our scanty leisure to the pursuit of classics or mathematics, of science or literature, if our minds may perhaps be neither enlarged nor enlightened in the process? Well! at least the possibility of such failure will make a wise man ask about the cause of it, and consider how far it may be avoided. Why, then, does our modern education so often fail of its end? Because, I would suggest, the end has not been consciously present to direct and control it; because we have worked blindly, and without unity or method. It is not too much to say, of the

greater number of those said to be liberally educated, that neither they nor their teachers had any clear idea or plan of the mental fabric, or rather the living mental organism, they were seeking to complete and perfect. The result belongs largely to the class of accidental products, only very partially to the class of aims clearly preconceived and rationally pursued. And I cannot forbear expressing the belief, for which I trust I shall not be deemed too much a visionary, that the day will come, when, thanks to a sound theory of education, the average man will excel the men of our time in *capacity*, as much as they excel their grandfathers in information. What, then, should be the leading aim of intellectual education or mental culture? what do we mean when we propose to cultivate and improve our minds? These are questions which I venture to think concern you who are students of this college; they are not questions you can afford to leave to your lecturers and examiners, as a patient leaves his case in the hands of his physician. In this matter of education, you are not patients, but agents; and I might even say the prime agents: unless you have yourselves clear ideas of what you are aiming at, lecturers and examiners will not avail you much. What, then, I repeat, are we to understand by the improvement or cultivation of our minds?

This word "cultivation" is ambiguous; and there is a corresponding ambiguity in the notions in vogue concerning mental culture. The husbandman is said to cultivate the soil, and he is also said to cultivate the wheat and the vine. Now, although,

when the question is raised, it is plain that, in talking of the mind as requiring and capable of culture, we regard it not as a dead receptacle, but as a vital germ, that can unfold and flourish, or shrivel and be starved; yet, nevertheless, this dead-receptacle theory of culture is the one we are very apt to adopt in practice. In other words, we are apt to seek knowledge rather than intelligence, facts rather than judgment and insight—a mind stored with learning instead of a mind trained to think. But the simple fact itself is too commonplace to dwell upon; let us look for a moment at some of the probable reasons for it. One reason, I think, is this, that we are not sufficiently far from the time when the absence of printing necessitated—what the smallness of human knowledge rendered possible—universal or encyclopædic learning. We have not yet learnt when to use our books to save our brains, when to rest content with what Mr Latham calls the index memory, *i.e.*, with knowing where a thing is to be found when we want it. And so the once good custom lingers to corrupt the world. Again, this substitution of instruction for education is, doubtless, partly due to the fact that knowledge is so much more tangible than intelligence. All can appreciate the power which knowledge gives, while few stop to reflect upon the intelligence, without which the origin and extension of knowledge are impossible. Many admire the plays of Shakespeare, the discoveries of Newton, the inventions of Watt; but few consider how much more it concerns us, were it possible, to reproduce their minds, so to put

it, than to reproduce their works. I believe the world's intellectual advancement has been seriously retarded by what I may call its theory of genius. No doubt, there are geniuses, as there are giants; but to suppose that it is only given to genius to originate and discover, while average minds must be content with appropriating, is as false as the superstition that regards all prehistoric monuments as the handiwork of ancient Gogs and Magogs. Yet such a doctrine, however false, of a mighty few who can be thinkers, and a feebler multitude who are but learners at the best, must of course ensure its own fulfilment the more inevitably, the more implicitly it is believed. Where there is no faith, there will be no works. But this carries us to a third point: we prefer instruction to education, because it is easier: it is a pleasure to listen and read, it is a labour to think and write. And here, no doubt, one secret of genius peeps out. Genius, it has been said, is an infinite capacity for taking pains. This is what geniuses themselves tell us: we, however, are slow to admit what truth there is in it, because of the censure it implies. But not only is the process of instruction an easier one for the pupil than that of education,—it is a vastly easier one for the teacher too. Mangnall's Questions, Pinnock's Catechisms, and that sort of thing, though a little dull, are yet a delightfully simple business for both parties. But the chief reason is, I take it, neither the lingering tradition of the dark ages, nor want of faith in our own powers, nor want of energy to exert them; but ignorance as to what they are, and how they are to

be exercised. We have as good as no science of education, because we have little better than no science of mind; it is not likely we can direct a growth, the nature of which we do not understand. I must not, however, forget to say that, imperfect as psychology is, matters would be much better than they are if those who have to educate others or themselves, would apply even the little psychology has to teach. It is a little of this little that I must attempt to set before you now.

If it be agreed that the true conception of mental culture regards the mind, not as a receptacle to be stocked, but as an active power to be developed and perfected; what we have to learn, first of all, is the nature of this activity, and the grounds on which we say that in one mind it is more perfect and efficient than in another. Let us look, for a moment, at a couple of interesting bipeds—one with feathers and one without, a parrot and a philosopher. They can both see, walk, talk, and handle; they have the same organs, senses, affections, passions; "are fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer." They may hear the same learned discourse; and it would be hard to say who would repeat it most faithfully, the parrot or the philosopher. The difference between their minds then lies, not in the material, in the sensations and movements with which the external world and their respective organizations provide them. This common stock granted; just as we might have side by side so many thousand bricks in a heap, and as many built into a house, so we

should find a like difference in the arrangement and combination of this common stock of elementary impressions, if we compared the minds of our parrot and philosopher. And, as a general statement, we may say that *the activity of the mind consists in nothing else but this arranging and combining of the multiplicity of disconnected ideas, to use Locke's term, with which its organs of sense and movement furnish it.* The earliest form of this activity by which our stock of confused impressions is elaborated into distinct perceptions of objects, has no practical interest for us just now. At that stage, the process, though one of mental activity, and not of mere receptivity, can hardly be called voluntary. Up to a certain point—the level of ordinary common sense—heredity, our daily surroundings, and our mother tongue ensure the organization of our experience with little more activity on our part than that of attending and keeping awake. We are, so far, in the position of apprentices, who get their work ready tacked together, and have only to supply the stitches. It is at a later stage, when we have to do the cutting and fitting all by ourselves, that the difference between one mind and another appears. And that mind is the most developed, the furthest removed from the level of a mere parrot, that has carried this process the furthest, and brought most ideas, and brought them most intimately and completely, into relation with each other. We recognize this fact, in common language, when we say of a man that he cannot put two and two together, that he did not invent gunpowder, and will never set the Thames on fire. And these are

things we might say of some very learned people, without doing them any serious injustice. By these expressions we mean, that these people, whether they have the ideas or no, are mentally so powerless and inert, that they will never compare them together, and so advance to new truths. It may appear a startling and extravagant paradox, to represent the difference between a philosopher and a blockhead, or even between a philosopher and a parrot, as lying not in the greater extent of the philosopher's ideas, but in the closer and more intimate relations which he has established among them. You will say, the philosopher has more ideas, knows more, than the parrot and the blockhead. Yes, but the point is, that this additional knowledge consists not of fundamentally new ideas that he has received, like his other ideas, from without; but of ideas of relations and connexions among these—knowledge which he has by his own activity elaborated from within. That one man knows the taste of pineapple, or pigtail, and another does not, constitutes a difference in sense-experience which no mere mental activity will remove; but so far is the difference between the philosopher and the dullard from being a difference of this sort, that we might suppose them to exchange their stock of knowledge as they might exchange their coats or their patrimony; which done, the philosophic mind would by degrees introduce light and order into the chaos; while the living world of ideas, mutually enlightening, mutually quickening each other, which he gives in exchange, would soon become a dead and immo-

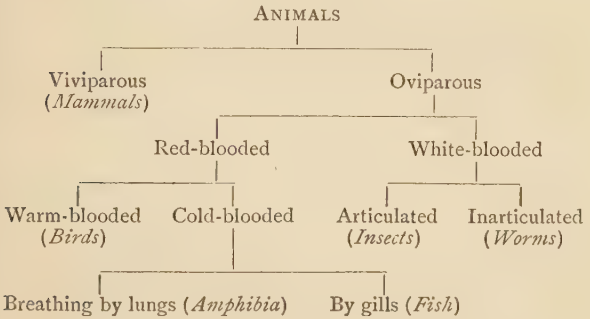
bile tradition, like the wisdom of Confucius in the mind of a modern Chinee. Nor is this supposition so altogether extravagant. Something very like it is continually taking place. On the one hand, we see the man that thinks worming out of stupid souls facts which they themselves could never turn to account; on the other, we see the best thoughts of such higher minds transferred still warm with life into sluggish brains, only to become so much dead learning and empty pedantry. It is utterly false, then, to imagine that the difference between a first-rate mind and a second-rate is at all measurable in terms of acquisition, as we may say the wealth or the weight of Smith is twice that of Brown. Everybody knows the story of Opie. Some novice, who supposed Opie's brilliant effects were due to his wider knowledge of the *technique* of his art, once asked him what he mixed his colours with. To which question he answered, "With brains, Sir!" There is a similar story attributed to another self-made man, Faraday; when pestered by some wretched fop or other, who fancied the secret of his marvellous discoveries lay in his stock of instruments: "Believe me, my young friend," he is said to have replied, "an ounce of brains is worth a ton of apparatus." All Opie's oils and colours, all the resources of Faraday's laboratory, would have been useless in hands that lacked their daring imagination and patient versatility of thought. *Thought*, then, it is which is the philosopher's stone, converting the most commonplace experiences into gold; thought it is which discovers the hidden ties

by which such commonplace experiences are connected together into that systematic knowledge which alone deserves to be called power. And to say that a trained mind differs from an untrained one mainly by reason of the greater intimacy and complexity of the relations established between its ideas, is but to say that the difference between the two lies in their power to think. For thinking consists in nothing but joining together the ideas of things because of some resemblance, or in disjoining them because of some difference, observed between them. Thus it was because of a resemblance he perceived on comparing the two, that Shakespeare said, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players"; or that Bacon called Riches the baggage or *impedimenta* of virtue. From science we may take the stock instance of Franklin's discovery of the physical identity between lightning and the electric spark, to which he was first led by comparing the two and noting their common features. Or, again, Newton's supposition, long afterwards verified, that the diamond would be found inflammable, because, on comparing the diamond and numerous substances known to be inflammable, he detected, notwithstanding their differences, that they were alike in strongly refracting a ray of light. Let us, however, take an instance in which the material of the thought was common property. All makers of matches knew that combustion was produced by applying friction to a mixture of phosphorus, sulphur, and chlorate of potash; they knew, too, that the other constituents would not ignite by

friction if the phosphorus were withdrawn; they also knew that accidents were of daily occurrence from the ready ignition of the mixture of all three. Here, now, was a problem, how to prevent such accidents, and the materials for its solution; but this time the solution consisted, not in putting two and two together, but rather in setting them apart. It was a Swedish match-maker who first saw that to put your sulphur and potash on the match, and your phosphorus on the box, would give you the mixture and the friction together when you wanted them together, but at no other time. Such was the discovery of the Patent Safety Match—such and no more. There is absolutely nothing new in it except the thought that 3 + 1 (phosphorus, sulphur, chlorate of potash + friction) are the same as 2 + 2 (sulphur, chlorate of potash + phosphorus, friction) when you add them, but not otherwise. But, instead of multiplying isolated instances, it will be better to try briefly to suggest to you that the whole of human science is built up of such identifications patiently and gradually repeated, beginning from concrete objects and occurrences, and rising step by step to the most general ideas and principles. As a sample of this process, we may consider for a moment what Bentham called "the matchless beauty of the Ramean tree."[1]—But of this character are all the classifications by which we are able to compass a knowledge of the immense variety of nature's productions in the mineral, vegetable, and animal king-

[1] Illustrated on the blackboard at the lecture. *Cf.* Jevons, "Elementary Lessons in Logic," pp. 103 f.

doms; it is from our inability to establish such an order and system among the disconnected facts we know of man and his institutions and history, that our knowledge on this side is so imperfect, so unscientific. We may, however, take another illustration, less severely beautiful, but more concrete:—Blumenbach's classification of



And not only may we say that the development of human knowledge has consisted mainly in bringing old and familiar, but isolated, experiences into relation; but our conception of this knowledge, when completed, is but the conception of this process of systematizing and unifying carried to an end. The dream of philosophy is not of new chemical elements, new forces, new stars, new forms of life, still to be discovered, but of a point of view from which everything shall be seen to be related to everything else, and no fact remain isolated in the whole universe of knowledge. But I have dwelt too long on this point. To sum up, then:—In answer to the question, What is the aim of mental culture?

may we not reply, The attainment of the power and the habit of thinking, of comparing all the items of our experience, so as to ascertain their agreements and differences, their relations of cause and effect, and so forth? In proportion as we have by this means brought unity and system into our ideas,—in proportion as our faculty of thus connecting our ideas is efficient and active, do we deserve to be considered men of reason and intelligence.

If this be our aim, we can of course, in pursuit of it, avail ourselves to the full of the products of other men's reasoning and intelligence, but our mode of doing this will be very different from what it would be if our chief aim were to gain information; just as the communication of it on the teacher's part will be very different according as he proposes merely to impart new facts or to train our minds, to make us walking dictionaries or coherent thinkers. Of course, our progress in the one case will be very much slower at the outset than it will be in the other; because collecting facts is very much easier work than connecting them, merely learning principles than fruitfully applying them. But we shall be able to advance very much further in the end. The mere learner, with his head full of useful knowledge, is like a man who carries all his wealth in halfpence; he may be very poor, and yet burdened to death; or rather, he is like the old woman with a big family who lived in a shoe. But the thinker who has digested and systematized his knowledge, might be compared to Moses, when, instead of sitting with all the people by him, from

morning unto even, wearing out both himself and them, he placed over them rulers of thousands, and rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens.

But it is not merely that the resolve to make mental training, not examinational proficiency, the first thing, enables us in the end to advance further and master more; it has still another and even greater advantage, on which I feel compelled to dwell for a moment. The habit of bringing every new fact or hypothesis presented to us into relation with our previous knowledge and experience, observing how far it squares with them, how far it modifies them, what old problems it helps to solve, what new questions it raises, what it presupposes, and what will follow from it,—this is the spirit to which the world's intellectual advance is mainly due. While the contrary habit of eagerly appropriating all that men more learned than ourselves have to tell us, feeling that they are as safe as the Bank of England —and no doubt they are, still—this habit of deferring to authority, even when sound, has been one of the greatest drawbacks to the world's intellectual advance. Men who habitually assume this child-like and receptive attitude of mind, are like an audience under the spell of a conjuror—they see what he tells them, or think they do, but they see no more; while minds of a more inquiring and critical mould, range freely over the facts and discern what is hidden from those led captive by a great name. I know I am on dangerous ground now, and might easily be misconstrued or misunderstood.

I do not, of course, mean that a wise and intelligent man will renounce the aid of experts, and set up as his own doctor and lawyer, any more than he will think of becoming his own tailor and baker; nor that, distrusting the traditions of all mankind, he will attempt *de novo* to construct the fabric of the sciences for himself. I simply mean, that he will not leave other people to do all his thinking for him, because they know more and can think better; but that, in availing himself, as he will do freely and thankfully, of their help, he will avail himself of it simply as aiding, not as superseding or suspending, the exercise of his own powers, be they never so humble. For, by so doing, these powers cannot fail to be strengthened and expand, so as, in all probability, to contribute their quota to extend the bounds of knowledge. Whereas, if not thus exerted, they would become flaccid and dwindle; and knowledge, instead of being advanced, would, so far as that man goes, begin to degenerate into dogma.

A most instructive essay might be written, illustrating by examples how much the world owes to men who, without extraordinary powers, have still dared to think, and had the sublime impudence to take "a free look," as Goethe called it, at everything which nature and human nature presented to them.

I am aware that all I have said so far, must seem to you general, if not vague; and you may say, Granted that the ruling idea in mental culture is the attainment of intelligence as an active principle, and of a clear and orderly arrangement of one's

knowledge as a permanent possession: still, when we see the end, by what means are we to realize it? Will any department of human experience and interest furnish a training in thinking, or must we exercise our minds on mathematics or on science or on classics, or will nothing short of philosophy suffice? To such an inquiry I should venture to reply, that any subject can be made a means of intellectual training that admits of intellectual treatment, *i.e.*, of classification and generalization, of the search for causes and reasons, or the ascertainment of effects and consequents. Literature, for example, will not afford an intellectual training, though it may still be a source of æsthetic and moral culture, unless the student criticizes, compares, and analyzes, unless he generalizes the characteristics of an author or an age, seeks out the reasons of effects that all can feel, and so forth. But, when he does this, he may make indefinite intellectual advance by means of literature. And even mathematics and science will not necessarily train the mind, unless studied in the same active and inquiring spirit. It is a simple matter of fact, that all the great divisions of human knowledge—mathematics, science, literature, history—have in the past been the means of training minds of the highest type, and can be so again. Each has its special educational advantages, no doubt, and there is much, very much, to be gained by having some clear and connected ideas about them all. But this is a point upon which we cannot now enter. Minds of different bents will attain intellectual efficiency in different ways, and I only

propose to make two or three remarks, which will apply to all.

First, as to the raw material of our knowledge; by which I mean the elementary perceptions and concrete experiences which underlie and form as it were the texture of our study. Since our intellectual activity consists only in ascertaining the relations of these, bringing together facts that agree, and separating those that differ, discovering resemblances in the midst of difference, and grounds of distinction where none were observed before, it is evidently desirable that there should be no vagueness and obscurity in the perceptions and ideas themselves. For many things we are obliged to trust to descriptions and diagrams, but as far as possible it is desirable to be face to face with the fact itself; without it our knowledge is sure to lose in freshness and impressiveness, and our after-thinking is more liable to be pointless and confused. In the training of the young, this is a most important point, and one too often woefully neglected. Children are put to deal with the ideas of things in books, without any actual acquaintance with the things themselves. They talk about lbs. and dwts., feet and furlongs, gallons and hogsheads; islands, peninsulas, mountains, and lakes; all sorts of birds, beasts, and creeping things, without any knowledge, not to say familiarity, with the actual realities to which the words correspond. No wonder their minds get thin, fed thus on shadows. For the sake of strong, healthy, vigorous ideas—ideas alive and astir, and with some stamp of reality about them—it is indis-

pensable we should get our material direct from nature herself. But imagination and the understanding are often opposed, as if strength in the one faculty meant weakness in the other; and, no doubt, imagination needs to be controlled—must always be the servant of thought, never the master. But an intellect that is not supported by a strong and lively imagination, will never accomplish much. It is imagination that marshals our ideas in procession before us, while we are seeking to determine some special relation of agreement or difference; and it is evident that the more forcibly and distinctly each is presented, the more various the groups into which they are thrown, the greater is the chance of a successful issue. Yet imagination does but revive and recombine the traces of past sensible experiences; there is nothing in the imagination which has not, at least in its elements, been received through the senses. Hence, as a first step towards a well-ordered mind, it is desirable to secure as vivid and as varied an experience as possible of the facts on which our minds are to be exercised. Anyone who has had to do at all with science-examinations knows how ludicrously false are the conceptions of even able students, who have got their knowledge solely from books. But it is not the greater liability to mistake, which this substitution of books for things entails, that I want to insist upon, but the comparative unfruitfulness of such knowledge, due simply to the faintness and unimpressiveness of ideas that have not been derived direct from things. The importance of first-hand

impressions is equally great in those cases in which the impressions are not merely perceptions, but already thoughts. It is ten times better to read Shakespeare than to read about him, to hear a great parliamentary debate than to read an account of it in the *Times*.

If we consider sense-knowledge the indispensable raw material of thought, we may call language the indispensable instrument—indispensable, at least, the moment we advance beyond the simplest comparison of things in the concrete. Accordingly, whatever be the subject that interests us, if we are to think to the best purpose about it, we must understand our instrument. As a preliminary to thinking, we must acquire the power to express our thoughts, and, properly pursued, this need be no preparatory drudgery, but itself both interesting and educationally valuable. If I might venture to advise, I should urge every student, whatever his ultimate study may be, to work at English Grammar till he can parse and analyse any sentence that can be given to him; and not to stop at this, but to practise composition till he can at least write English plainly. There is, I believe, nothing which will conduce more to clearness and accuracy of thought than the habit of thinking upon paper; without this, the power to think upon their legs, which so many covet, is an accomplishment of quite doubtful value. When occupied with a book that is really worth study, the old-fashioned plan of summarizing the gist of it in a note-book, though it makes large demands upon our time, is still time well spent. And as to

difficulties that may arise, the endeavour to give them definite expression will often bring us one step nearer to their solution, and so, by continually formulating an objection, we may eventually either dispose of it, or see clearly where our author has erred. Whereas, if we had been too indolent to attempt to embody our difficulty in black and white, it might have remained a stumbling-block to the end, with the inevitable result of multiplying obstacles for the rest of the way.

But, while such a mastery of the grammar and structure of our own language as will ensure a fair facility in composition is a requisite of intellectual culture, a knowledge of other languages is in no sense necessary to this end. Not only so, but all the advantages of the study of literature are well within the reach of those who know no language but English. Still, other languages may be made a medium of mental culture, if studied as the classical languages are supposed to be in our schools and universities; but the mental discipline afforded is very small, if other languages are learnt as modern languages are usually taught. For the aim of a teacher of French, German, or Italian, in nine cases out of ten, is to give his pupil such facility in the use of the language as will suffice to cash a bill, or secure a mutton chop,—not a training in grammar and composition as mental exercises; and this simply, because, in nine cases out of ten, it is not intellectual exercise, but some ability in the use of the new language, that the pupil wants. If he apply himself for a sufficient time, and with due diligence,

he may succeed in thus acquiring some knowledge of two or three languages; but, intellectually, he need not have advanced at all. But had he spent the same time in pondering Plutarch's Lives, or Shakespeare's Plays, or Mill's Political Economy, or upon an elementary course of Experimental Physics, he could hardly have failed in the end to be a better thinker. As a means to an end, such study of another language may be justified; but when that end is the intellectual training the literature of that language is to afford, it certainly behoves the student to consider that, unless he attains a very considerable mastery of the language, the literature would do him much more good in translations. There is no case, I think, in which it is more incumbent upon those who know to urge intending students to count the cost, than in this. To get half-way is worse than nothing; it is nearly as bad as jumping into a ditch, instead of landing safely on the other bank.

I have spoken of securing the raw materials of thought, and mastering the instrument of thought. I would just add a word as to actual practice in thinking. The science which treats of the general structure and process of thought, without regard to what is thought about,—of so much of thinking as is common to all thinking whatever,—is Logic. And as I believe all students, whose first and chief aim is intellectual efficiency, should give *some* time to English composition, so I think they should also give some time to logic. In power to analyze a thought, and sift arguments, the man who has

mastered even so elementary a book as Prof. Jevons's Lessons in Logic, has an immense advantage over one, otherwise his equal, but ignorant of logic; just as one who can dissect and compose sentences has an advantage in the expression of his thought over another ignorant of grammar and composition. Logic is a subject which, in modern times, has fallen into most undeserved neglect—undeserved, *i.e.*, so far as the subject goes, though a neglect justly merited by the extravagant pretensions of the mediæval logicians. Logic is not a substitute for knowledge, any more than a pudding-mould is a substitute for a pudding, or a map of the way a substitute for a journey. But it is at least as useful in giving direction and form to our knowledge as maps and pudding-bowls in the cases supposed. But, above everything, a course of logical exercises or problems is good as a training in thinking. Like drill before a battle, they will train the thinker in just those essential points of form and procedure which, in the heat and interest of a hard tussle for the truth, he will else run every danger of neglecting.

And now to resume, in the briefest possible space, all I have said. The intending student who purposes to cultivate his mind, must consider that, to gather in knowledge like the busy bee, will not suffice for mental culture; for knowledge has not to be stored like honey, but assimilated like food. The point about food assimilated is, that whatever it may have been before—fish, flesh, fowl, or good red herring—it becomes *me*, when I eat it: it may have sported on the Dogger Bank yesterday, but to-morrow

it must go "the Trumpington Grind."[1] But there are some that gorge like cormorants, and yet assimilate nothing; all they eat goes to fatten wens, or cancers, or parasites; they do but fetch and carry, while others batten on them. You see, then, the importance, physiologically, of keeping that life healthy without which the food you eat will not benefit *you*, but at best make you pabulum for something else. There is also a physiology of the mind. Here, too, the life is the chief thing, without which knowledge will but degenerate into unsightly excrescences, at best standing to others in place of books, as blind and dumb, but neither so clear nor so accurate. Take care of this life, then, and knowledge will take care of itself. In the mental world, at any rate, there is no lack of food. It is the digestion and assimilation that are weak. Therefore, I say, let your chief anxiety be to understand and think. Never mind, though at first you learn little, and seem to make but small advance. Healthy growth is always very gradual work. *Festina lente*, make haste slowly, is the sound maxim here. Only by thinking every inch of your way, only by thoughtfully employing what you already know to help you to master the unknown, will your mind be of a piece, as truly organized and fitted to discover, invent, and create, in the world of science, art, and literature, as your limbs are organized and fitted to shape and build in the factory or workshop.

Now, of course, there is somebody here saying or thinking that I have overshot the mark. As a

[1] The "constitutional" walk of Cambridge men is so called.

matter of fact, our sober friend reflects, not one man in a hundred ever does discover a new truth, invent an improved process, or display any creative wit or fancy, any really original humour. I grant all this, my friend. Not one man in a hundred ever *does*, because not one man in a hundred has been set to think, or acquired the habit. I only say many men in a hundred might attain that liveliness of ideas, that power of making ever new combinations, following out faint suggestions of analogy and resemblance, from which spring the sallies of wit, flights of fancy, splendid inventions, and masterly generalizations, that distinguish and adorn original minds. There was a time when few could swim, though surely all could learn who chose to get into the water and try. At present, it is true, few men can do anything deserving the name of thinking; but then few seriously and systematically make the attempt. It is partly through indolence, but an indolence that shelters itself under the cloak of our sober friend. But if psychology teaches anything, it teaches this,—that mental flexibility and vigour can be acquired by practice, as surely as manual dexterity and strength of muscle. Nobody, surely, will understand me to mean that it is in *any* man's power to reach by practice and perseverance to such a wealth of mental resource, as to be reckoned among the great of his generation when his day's work is over. Yet I do believe that many a great man is lost to the world as surely as many a great tree is lost to the forest, because trampled down or choked by underwood before it had a chance to raise its head. Still, all I

contend for now is, that just as all may learn to swim, though few can swim like Captain Webb or Miss Beckwith, so all can become philosophers in bent and habit, though not all can evolve philosophies—and not all, let us hope, will try. But what I mean by philosopher, you will be able to infer, I trust, from what has been the burden of my remarks to-night. He is also succinctly described in these words of one of the humblest, wisest, and most independent of men, Michael Faraday. "The philosopher," says Faraday, "should be a man willing to listen to every suggestion, but determined to judge for himself. He should not be biassed by appearances; have no favourite hypothesis; be of no school; and in doctrine have no master. He should not be a respecter of persons, but of things. Truth should be his primary object. If to these qualities be added industry, he may hope to walk within the veil of the temple of nature." Let the intending student work in this spirit, and he too shall grow to a philosopher, and have a philosopher's reward.

ART IN SCHOOLS.[1]

By Dean Farrar.

THE whole country is awaking rapidly to a recognition of the problems which lie before us in the growth of our great cities. The awakenment is not coming a day too soon. I have long been convinced that nothing but the torpor of familiarity on the one hand, on the other an immoral selfishness of heart, can cause any man to view with indifference, or even with acquiescence the ugliness and squalor of our great cities, or can blind us to the evils which must result from the constant growth of such conditions. Long ago, Cobbett, in his disgust at the condition of London, called it "a great wen." The wen has become an enormous tumour; in parts, even a dangerous imposthume; and towns, as huge as London was in Cobbett's time, and much more dirty, have now sprung up all over the country. The last census revealed the startling fact that the whole sweet rural life of England is more and more rapidly diminishing; that young men are flocking into cities in increasing numbers; that our towns already

[1] Delivered at the London Institution, November 1884 [*Journal of Education*, December 1884].

contain half, and may soon comprise two-thirds of our population; in one word, that while the country is undergoing a process of depletion, our towns are in danger of plethora. Now a physician recently told us that great cities are the graves of the *physique* of our race. That is a serious consideration; but it is a yet more solemn thought, that the *physique* of a race is closely connected with its *morale;* that health and morals act and react upon each other; that "if you rumple the jerkin, you rumple the jerkin's lining." A race, pale, weakly, stunted, miserable, will be the inevitable outcome of a race distracted, in childhood by over-pressure, in youth by spurious excitement, in manhood by grinding struggle, in old age by a miserable dependence on public charity. In proportion to the peril of a disorder is the value of each little element of cure. Let me then touch for a moment on the physical conditions of our English towns, and afterwards on the moral consequences, the social and national dangers, which those conditions inevitably involve.

No one can be unaware of the dreary dulness which reigns over whole regions of most great English towns. Speaking of London eighty years ago, Coleridge sings,—

> "I was reared
> In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
> And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars."

We can hardly say even that much now without a reservation. In Westminster, I fear that the days on which we can see the sky as God meant us to see it—a sky of the "sweet colour of the Eastern

sapphire" bathed in the pure serenity of air—are few indeed. We breathe an atmosphere eternally contaminated by smoke and fog, which clog the leaves of every tree, and actually blacken the lungs of permanent residents. Never, as long as I live, shall I forget the Christmas-day of 1882. London was covered, all day long, with a pall of grimy and intolerable midnight, rendered yet more frightful by gleams of a ghastly and lurid yellow. It was a day which seemed to have come straight out of Dante's Inferno, and it rested on the spirits like the smoke of the abyss. A large proportion of Englishmen do not know what it is to see a perfectly azure heaven, or more of sunset than they can catch a glimpse of through the tops of smoky chimneys. And then, consider the state of our streets! Nothing surely but necessity could make human beings content to live all their lives in such acres of dreary brickwork as Wapping, and Hoxton, and Stepney, and Whitechapel, and similar regions in all our manufacturing towns. Many of us reside in such places, first, because we must; next, because we grow indifferent to their dreariness; lastly, because we live in the hope, often frustrated, of escaping from them at the earliest opportunity. This accounts for the centripetal force which drives tens of thousands into town every morning, and the centrifugal force which drives them out again every evening. This systole and diastole of the throbbing heart of London is caused by the attempt at partial escape from smoke and dirt. But it has its dangers. The rich and the poor are no longer close neighbours.

The manufacturer no longer has his home among his "hands." Two worlds live in all but total ignorance of each other's methods of life. Not thousands, but tens of thousands of families, consisting of members of both sexes and all ages—"Misery's sons and daughters, and the multitude that are ready to perish"—live huddled together in single rooms under conditions in which delicacy and decency seem to be impossible. Masses of the poor are crowded, swept, crushed together in heaps, which I dare not characterise by the terrific epithet which a great writer has applied to them, but which has given to the English language the new and hideous names of "slums" and "rookeries." Clergymen know something of such rooms; their pestilential atmosphere; the offensive furniture; the foul surroundings; the walls spotted and ringstraked with perpetual leprosy; every breath of heaven's air rigidly excluded, even if heaven's air were to be had. These are the "homes"—if one dare give such a sacred name to the dens and lairs of human misery—in which myriads of English children, endowed with as much humanity and as full of eternity as the children of a palace, are suffered to grow up, or to die!

And what are the consequences?

The causes and the consequences, inextricably interfused with each other, like the creatures, half-human half-serpent, which Dante saw in the seventh chasm, are Drink, Disease, Degradation. The Huns and Vandals who shall wreck the prosperity and the institutions of England, are being trained—as we

have been warned—not on the steppes of Asia, but in the streets of towns. And we must not suppose for a moment that these consequences are confined to the immediate victims. The typhus, or scarlatina, or small-pox, which lurks in some horrible court, may be conveyed to far other regions by the dress, or the uniform which the District Visitor sees being made in an infected room, or giving warmth to a bed where the sick are lying. These blind alleys, poverty-stricken amidst wealth, criminal in defiance of law, dehumanised in spite of civilisation and of Christianity, are the hotbeds of the harlot, the felon, and the drunkard, who are to England her heaviest burden and her most deadly curse. They will be, as Professor Huxley has said, the great Serbonian bog of our future civilization. The rector of a parish of 20,000 poor people in the East End of London told me that, when he considered the hopelessness and wretchedness of the lives they lived, he felt certain that some terrible revolution must, sooner or later, come. If 1884 forgets the terrific lessons of 1792, and of 1848, and of 1871, the mountain which has begun already to mutter may some day burst, and "the thin blue smoke," which now rises as from a narrow fissure, may, to borrow the image of a great orator, become a river of fire, and "the bellowing thunder of a volcano which shall shake the world."

Now, this being so, it is the duty of every good man and of every sincere patriot to do everything he can, great or small, to remedy conditions which are fraught with individual ruin and national disaster.

The effort which the Association of Art for Schools is making is a small one, but it is an effort in the right direction, and will co-operate with thousands of other beneficent endeavours to alleviate if not to remove, to delay if not wholly to avert. For one element, undoubtedly, in the grim tragi-comedy of which I have spoken—a comedy with no humour in its grotesqueness, a tragedy with no dignity in its pathos—is the increasingly abnormal nature of the conditions of city life for all of us, but most of all for the poor. It is useless to say, with the poets, that

"God the first garden made, and the first city Cain";

or—

"God made the country, and man made the town."

Life in great cities is, and always has been, an inevitable necessity of the growth of civilization. Nevertheless, it is our duty, and all the more our duty, to restore, to the utmost of our power, the balance which we have destroyed in the conditions of life with which God meant us to be blessed. I rejoice, therefore, that it has occurred to some kindly and thoughtful persons to provide elementary schools, not only with works of Art, but also with plants and flowers. One of the most pathetic—one of the most powerful appeals which God has addressed to us is that which comes to us from the beauty which He has lavished upon the world. It is the very autograph of love. Without necessary things, we could not, of course, have lived at all; but with these necessary things God has, as it were,

thrown in the not necessary but infinitely blessed element of beauty. Consider the beauty of water—that pure crystal, that perfect diamond of God—in every undefiled form of it: in the mist upon the mountain side; in the rivulet which bubbles up amidst moss and fern; in the majestic river; in the inviolate sea; in the dew upon the grass; in the snowy clouds which catch a gleam of crimson in the evening sky. Consider the beauty of light: light is needful to us, but the infinite loveliness and diversity of colour—the hues of the rich unfolding dawn, the blue sky, the green earth, the splendour of the dove's neck and the peacock's plume, the sevenfold perfection of the rainbow's arch—these are a gratuitous gift of God. Consider vegetation: the commonest of trees, the commonest of flowers—

> "The great elm-tree, in the open, posed
> Placidly, full in front, smooth bole, broad branch,
> And leafage, one green plenitude of May.
> O yon exceeding beauty! bosomful
> Of lights and shades, murmurs and silences,
> Sun warmth, dew coolness, squirrel, bee, and bird,
> High, higher, highest! till the blue proclaims
> Leave earth; there's nothing better till next step
> Heavenward."

The rich could hardly render to the poor in cities a simpler act of kindness than by supplying with flowers the schools of their children. Even wild flowers plucked from the lavish prodigality of beauty on woodland banks, primroses and daffodils,

> "That come before the swallow comes, and take
> The winds of March with beauty,"

might preach to our little city Arabs such "Sermons on the Mount" as they have never heard before.

Before I proceed any further, let me give some very simple illustrations of the influences of things beautiful alike on pure and impure, alike on noble and ignoble souls. Kingsley tells us how once, in the streets of London, he stopped to look at a cage of humming-birds in the shop of a naturalist. "I was gloating," he says, "over the beauty of these feathered jewels, and then wondering what was the meaning, what was the use of it all; why those exquisite little creatures should have been hidden for ages in all their splendour of ruby and emerald and gold in the South American forests, breeding and fluttering and dying, that some dozen out of all those millions should be brought over here to astonish the eyes of men. And as I asked myself why were all these boundless varieties, these treasures of unseen beauty created, I 'turned to share the joy.' Next to me stood a huge, brawny coal-heaver, in his shovel hat and white stockings, and highlows, gazing at the humming-birds as earnestly as myself. As I turned, he turned, and I saw a bright manly face and soot-grimed forehead, from under which a pair of keen, flashing eyes gleamed wondering—smiling sympathy into mine. In that moment we felt ourselves friends. We only looked half a minute at each other, with a delightful feeling of understanding each other, and then burst out both at once with, 'Isn't that beautiful?' 'Well, that is!' And then both turned back again to stare at our humming-birds."

Again, a friend of mine tells how a boy, whom he

knew, was observed to make a point of always procuring a flower every day, not to wear in his buttonhole by way of personal adornment, but in order to lay it beside him on the city desk at which he worked. He never even told his father why he did it. He did it as a help against temptation. Unimaginative persons might have said to him with a sneer, "that God was no more present in the flower than in the desk on which it stood"; but, nevertheless, he found that that flower did speak pure and sweet thoughts to him. It reminded him of the sacred and august presence which compassed his path. It helped him to bear the strain to which he was exposed.

Or, again, consider the influence of external objects on minds very different from these. One day, not long ago, the warder of Millbank prison found one of the most abandoned women ever committed to his care leaning her face upon her hands, and weeping in some great sorrow. It was found that she was pressing to her cheeks a white blossom, such as bloomed every summer beneath the window of her home, in days when she had been an innocent child. That flower recalled—what perhaps nothing else could have recalled—to her conscience the fatal loss entailed by an evil life. Once more, take Charles Reade's description of a group of rough Australian diggers, wrapped into tender and human emotions as they listened open-mouthed to the song of a lark, which reminded them of the days when they had heard that song as white-headed boys in the sweet lanes of England, before life's pillar of fire

had turned to them its dark and stormy side. These instances, I think, will prove that, in things of beauty, there is, for all minds, if not "a joy for ever," yet at least a very potent, and even, at certain crises, a very regenerative spell.

Now set by the side of these proofs of happy influence the anecdote told by one of our inspectors of schools. A young lady was giving a lesson before him on "The Bee" to a class of children at Ancoats, and the tears stood in her eyes to find that the children only seemed to get blanker and duller as she proceeded. The inspector interposed, and found out the reason of their total want of interest in an interesting lesson. It was because these children had never seen a bee, and had no idea what it was like, or where it might be found! Never seen a bee! Perhaps you may ask, "What does it matter whether the children had ever seen a bee or not?" Well, only consider all that it implies: the immense loss of sympathy with some of the sweetest facts of nature, which have been known to man ever since man was. Even Homer had watched the

> Ἔθνεα πολλὰ μελισσάων ἀδινάων
> Πετρῆς ἐκ γλαφυρῆς αἰεὶ νεὸν ἐρχομενάων,

the dense swarms of bees as they flew out of their hives in the hollow rock, or hung in grapelike clusters on the blossoms of the spring. Even Æschylus sings with delight

> Τῆς ἀνθεμουργοῦ στάγμα, παμφαὲς μέλι,

"the gleaming honey-drop of the golden bee." As for modern poetry, it is full of the

"Murmur of innumerable bees."

Read the delicious lines of Keats:—

"'Mid boughs encradled, where the deer's swift leap
Startles the wild bee from the foxglove's bell;"

or Tennyson's—

"For now the noonday quiet holds the hill;
The grasshopper is silent in the grass;
The purple flowers droop; the golden bee
Is lily-cradled."

Thirty years ago I read some lines by some unknown poet, which I remember still:—

"Beautiful, O woman, the sun on flower and tree,
And beautiful the balmy wind that dreameth on the sea,
And beautiful the hushing of the linnet on her nest,
With her young beneath her wings and the sunlight on her breast;
While hid among the flowers, where the drowsy bee is flitting,
Singing unto its own glad heart the village child is sitting."

Even amid the gloom of London there sometimes flashes upon "that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude," a privet-hedge in my garden at Marlborough, behind which were some beehives, and under their stand I had planted a quantity of borage. To see the hundreds of bright blue flowers, with myriads of bees buzzing and revelling among them in the summer noon, was a sight never to be forgotten. And imagine the surroundings of children who have never even seen a bee! A little girl in Sheffield was sent a message the other day to a village two miles off, and, till that day, she had never seen the lambs in the fields. What do such facts mean?

They mean that thousands of town children have lived lives entirely ignorant of the lavish splendours with which God has adorned our earthly dwelling-place. Not for these are His fantasies of balm and bloom in the summer meadows. Not for these does His grass grow upon the mountains, and green herb for the use of men.

All the more, therefore, should it be our duty to teach them, as far as we can, by means of Art, what nature looks like, and what nature means; to provide them, for the loss of natural beauty, with such compensations as Art can give. For when a man, from childhood upwards, has been wholly deprived of these, when he hears little but what is debasing, and sees nothing but what is ugly and squalid, what can we expect of him? A true human being cannot be brought up in a sty. Finding no refuge anywhere from the meanness and ugliness of life, he will pass from the dull sty to the unlovely street, and from the bad street to the maddening gin-shop.

You will perhaps object that even in the country, where the poorer classes are surrounded by all nature's prodigal loveliness—where man can see the apple-blossom, and hear the lark sing, and stand on moors intertwined with gold and purple by the gorse and heather—that there, too, we find drink and degradation. It is true. There are shadows and storm-clouds even over Arcady. Nor is the reason far to seek. Amiel, in his remarkable "*Journal intime*," hearing a company of rustics howling disagreeable songs on a balmy summer

evening, under the starlit sky, and insulting the grandeur of solitary and tranquil night with this effrontery of grossness, attributed it to the sad and secret instinct which all men have of asserting themselves at all costs, and so confronting all nature with an egotism which flatters their lowest and coarsest pride. But this echo of Satan—this self-assertion of the ape and the tiger in human nature, the basilisk and the adder in the human heart—is but a distortion of the free will which is our noblest privilege, and beauty is one of the elements by which the freewill may be trained into subjection to the eternal laws of God.

Yet, on the other hand, the country is, as a rule, morally sweeter by far than the slums of our great towns. The child who can wander by the willows and primroses on the banks of such English streams as we have not poisoned with the scum of our manufactures, children who look into the birds'-nests with their blue eggs among the fragrant may, children whose tread has been on the yellow sands of the shore or on the mountain sod, are infinitely the gainers by the sights and sounds in the midst of which they have grown up. Except where drink has scorched up their happiness also with its demon finger, the squalor of country villages is less revolting, the crime is rarer, and less intolerably vile.

But we desire to see works of Art introduced into country schools also; and here several thoughts suggest themselves, which are of great importance for our subject.

The first is, that our country children, no less than our town children, suffer, because in them also the regenerating and ennobling instinct of beauty is left uncultivated. They are not rightly trained to see or to admire. When Professor Henslow went to take charge of a dull and lonely country parish, he said that, but for the continual interest of botany, he might have gone mad or committed suicide. He began to initiate the village children into the elements of botany. The result was remarkable. The village girls and boys increased in intelligence, and it was found that the girls were so useful in awakening the interests of other children in rural sights and sounds, that nursemaids from that village were sought for far and wide. The nation has of late years developed a most laudable zeal in the cause of education. I do hope that the education may not become too burdensome, too artificial or mechanical, too heavy a load upon the memory, too total a neglect of the imagination. I do trust that it may not multiply what has been called "the plague of fermenting imbecility, striving to make for itself what it calls a position in life." The whole Education Department might well take to heart the remark that "Education does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know—it means teaching them to behave as they do not behave. It is not teaching the youth of England the shapes of letters and the tricks of numbers, and then leaving them to turn their arithmetic to roguery and their literature to lust. It is, on the contrary, training them to the perfect exercise and kingly continence of their bodies

and souls—by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept and by praise—but, above all, by example." I have long ago, and often, expressed my opinion that the education of Englishmen of all classes, high and low, is in danger of being ruined and paralysed by the plague-spot of competition, the dry rot of artificiality, the mandarinat of incessant and wearying examinations.

Next, even in country schools Art is necessary as an interpreter of nature. Plato dismisses painters from his ideal republic, because he says they only make copies of external things, which are themselves but copies of the ideal; that is, of the eternal realities and archetypes. This was a misconception of Art altogether. The great artist has a far loftier aim than the mere copying of the external. His art, if it be merely imitative of surface, becomes essentially second-rate. His aim is, through the sensible object, to give us the inmost idea. "Art," it has been said, "is a perfected nature, which conceives of unity beneath variety; of the general within the particular; the moral within the physical; the absolute within the relative; and which strives to reproduce the object of the conception, but by means of forms more faithful." In one word, "Art is the representation of the ideal." It does not imitate, it interprets. It enables men to penetrate through the squalid to the idea which is dormant in it. The great artist teaches us to see, what to see, and how to see. He sees the infinite in things, and expresses it in the form of beauty. He enables us to observe, through the medium of his own

genius, that which to our own mediocrity might otherwise have been commonplace. He shows us, as Mr Browning truly says,

> "The beauty, and the wonder, and the power,
> The shapes of things, their colours, lights, and shades,
> Changes, surprises—and God made them all." . . .

Here, then, we have arrived step by step at one point—the great, the national importance of trying to educate the noblest side of the nature of our children, and of teaching them—that is, of developing their best natures—by means of good Art. Intelligent children in cities may and do learn something from the education of the shop-windows; but, unhappily, this education, since it leaves them the helpless victims of bad Art, does as much harm as good. Untrained minds, and minds perverted by familiarity with exclusive ugliness, will probably admire just the wrong things, if we do not educate them by the right ones. In shop-windows, if they see occasionally a good picture or a lovely water-colour, they also see pictures irredeemably vulgar and hopelessly meretricious. Of photographs and prints, which grossly offend against modesty, I will say nothing, but harm may be done by some which are ostensibly harmless. There is one very popular print in shop-windows of late, which seems to me quite demoralising in its subtle suggestion of baseness. It represents two French ecclesiastics, one of whom, with a sheepish face, has evidently been telling some dubious anecdote to the other, who is leaning back in his chair with

an explosion of wicked laughter; and the motto (if I remember rightly) is "Did she?" or something equally suggestive. The print is to me an embodiment of the tendencies which take form in the moral frivolity and cankering atheism of France. But coarser, if not lower, depths of vulgarism are common. For thirty years I have seen some odious pictures which first disgusted me in the room of an undergraduate, and which I never pass without a sensation of loathing. When one sees college rooms adorned with pugilists, jockeys, and ballet-girls, we see a frank confession of the tastes and calibre of the owner; but even pictures of ballet-girls are not so low as these. One is called "Bon Vin," and represents an abominable monk patting his stomach as he ogles a glass of drink; the other is, if possible, a still more dehumanised monk gloating over an oyster which he holds with both hands. The person who produced these monstrosities deserves a place, if not with Ciacco, in the Stygian slime of the Inferno, at least in the purgatorial circle of gluttony and drunkenness. Conceive the effect upon a man's mind of only seeing such pictures as these upon his walls! "Hang this upon your walls," said a wise Oxford print-seller to an Oxford undergraduate, as he showed him an etching of an old master, "and the race-horses and opera beauties will disappear from them"; and, to the great benefit of that undergraduate, they did disappear. Supposing that a youth had one or two good reproductions of Fra Angelico's angels, do you think that he could hang them by the side of the horses of the turf or

the dancing and posing vileness of the *demi-monde?* But, if my remarks about the danger and the prevalence of bad Art needed any demonstration, I think that they are illustrated in massive proportions by the advertisements which deface our railway stations and the walls and hoardings of our towns with acres of hideousness. We are fretted with miles of odious and obtrusive puffery. One would think that the main object of English life was to study the merits of Cadbury's Cocoa, Colman's Mustard, and, above all, Pears' Soap. This is a wholesale vulgarization of the nation's taste. I always see with indignation the corner house opposite our Houses of Parliament. It is plastered over, windows and all, with glaring theatrical placards, and some are as brutal and as vulgar as can possibly be conceived. The English nation has spent tens of thousands of pounds upon that noble site. There are our Houses of Parliament, Westminster Hall, and Westminster Abbey; and we allow the whole square to be irredeemably spoilt and degraded by the one object, which from every point of view most prominently catches the eye. It is an eating-house, covered with obtrusive representations of vulgarity and violence, where tawdry yellow strives with dirty red.

My conclusion, then, is that the decoration, with good pictures and engravings, of our Board and National Schools—a thing which the slightest local effort might everywhere effect at very small cost — would have an influence decisively and beneficently educational; especially if, as I assume,

they are occasionally explained by the teachers. Nor is it any matter of *à priori* conjecture that such objects may train the minds of some children in a genuine and wholesome sense of beauty, and exercise upon the minds of others an influence still more special and decided. Let me try to show you, first, that we have the highest authority for the theory, and then that it is thoroughly ratified by actual experience. In defence of the theory, I will refer you to the greatest poem ever written, the *Divina Commedia* of Dante. Notice how, from the precincts of the Inferno, he excludes everything which has in it a single redeeming touch of beauty. Notice his instinctive sense that there is an impassable chasm between the Infernal and the Beautiful. There you have foul rain, murky gloom, the red-hot pinnacles of the city of Dis, burning tombs silent and awful, scorching sand, rivers that leap into the abyss "in a Niagara of blood"; you have the petrifying Medusa, the wallowing Minotaur, the indecent fiends, the loathly Gorgon, the ghastly wood of the suicides, on whose gnarled boughs sit the obscene harpies of despair and misery, the hideous distortions, the human serpentry, Lucifer with his black, yellow, and vermilion face, and his frozen, tufted, bat-like wings. Dante seems to have felt instinctively that even one lovely thing in those regions would imply a redeeming touch of that mercy which mediæval theology compelled him wholly to exclude. And, therefore, when his poem requires the presence of an angel, he will not allow the ghastliness and squalor to be even for a moment banished or

relieved. The angel himself seems to be half transformed by the horrid medium through which he moves. He is not radiant and affable, but full of disgust and indignation. The ruined spirits fly before him like frogs before the water-serpent, and with his left hand he moves from his face the gross air of the abyss. He does not so much as notice the two poets; to the fiends he speaks only a few words of concentrated scorn, and then speeds away disdainful in a moment. Compare this with the Angels of the Purgatory, in their radiant beneficence, with their swan-like wings, and dazzling faces, and fair hair, and emerald robes, breathing immortal fragrance, and speaking in words of love; or with the spiritual splendours, the living rubies and topazes of the Paradise. Nor is this all; for in the Purgatorio the speaking sculptures on the marble floor of the Terrace of Pride are used by Dante, as expressing the strongest and most blessed remedial agencies. He uses art for the awakenment of sin-tainted, though not yet sin-ruined, souls.

I pass from theory to practical experience. There are scores of memorable instances in which the whole future destiny of children has been swayed for life by the objects of Art which they have seen around them. Vauban, the great engineer, attributed the mechanical bent of his genius to the fact that, as a child, he used to be shut up in a room which contained no single object except a clock. The destiny of Chatterton was decided by the old muniment room and mouldering documents of St Mary's, Redcliffe. Turner's genius was fired by the acci-

dental familiarity with a very ordinary picture. Darwin tells us that his bent for travelling had been decided by the picture of a tropical plant. Mr Ruskin has somewhere attributed his Art faculty to the circumstance that, as a child, having no plaything but a bunch of keys, he spent hours in tracing out the patterns on the carpet. It is mentioned in President Garfield's life that the wife of a farmer, far in the country, being astonished that her boys, one after the other, developed a passion for going to sea, the explanation was given when someone pointed to the picture of a ship at full sail, which hung over the chimney-piece of the room with which they were most familiar. We know, too, of actual schools where the children have shown themselves sensible to the influence of pictures on their school-room walls. The other day a kind-hearted lady invited to her house some of the children from Whitechapel. They soon began to talk freely to her, and one of the confidences was: "We've such a beautiful picture in our school; it's all about the sea." Mr Ruskin tells us that not long ago he gave to a school in a fishing village, a copy, of little value, of an angel of Fra Angelico, which he had bought out of charity of an Italian artist. Nothing could exceed the delight and gratitude of all connected with the school. It seemed to the children like a glimpse of Paradise.

I do not think, then, that I exaggerate when I say that such pictures may—especially in the hands of wise teachers—have an educational value of the highest order. I think that Tennyson felt this

when he wrote his "Princess," and shows how carefully Ida filled her college full of all rich memorials, so that the eyes of the girl-graduates might be daily and hourly familiarised with deeds and examples of pure and noble womanhood:—

> . . . "She
> That taught the Sabine how to rule,
> The foundress of the Babylonian wall,
> The Carian Artemisia strong in war,
> The Rhodope that built the Pyramid,
> Clelia, Cornelia, with the Palmyrene
> That fought Aurelian, and the Roman brows
> Of Agrippina."

I daresay that there is hardly one of us who cannot recall some picture which has exercised, at some time or other, an intense effect upon himself. Sometimes it is a mere wood-cut. I remember one of a monk, his head covered with a cowl, kneeling at the foot of a cross, which haunted me for weeks. The whole career of Count Zinzendorf was influenced by an *Ecce Homo* in the gallery at Düsseldorf. Dürer's engraving of "The Knight and Death" inspired La Motte Fouqué's admirable story of "Sintram and his Companions." An old piece of tapestry stirred in Mr Browning the thoughts which find such immortal utterance in his "Childe Roland to the dark tower came." Could there be a finer sermon on the unsatisfying effect of all human knowledge, apart from divine wisdom, than Dürer's marvellous "Melancholia"? Was there ever a more thoughtful comment on "Behold! I stand at the door and knock" than Holman Hunt's "Light of the World"? If you wanted to impress a youth with

the duty of making a resolute choice, not of pleasure, but of virtue, might he not be inspired by Raphael's picture of the "Knight's Dream"? Or, if you wanted to assure him of the certain victory of those who fight against corruption, could he see a grander allegory of it than in Turner's "Apollo and the Python,"—the beautiful sun-god, in his radiant circle of light, slaying the huge, hideous, envenomed monster, which bursts asunder in the midst under the arrows of the dawn? Once more — not to weary you — take the last picture acquired by the National Gallery, and attributed to Velasquez. It represents a little child, brought by his guardian angel to behold, and to seek the help and blessing of the Redeemer, who has been scourged and is soon to be crucified. Half-seated, half-lying on the ground, faint and mangled, He is fast bound, He cannot move; yet He turns his face and reaches as far as the cords will let Him to the little child, as if He would stretch out His arm to him and embrace him, only His arms are tied. He is helpless to help the helpless. And the child, shocked at the spectacle, half shrinks and half worships. And the peculiarity of the picture is this, that it is at once the most repelling and the most fascinating picture in the collection. There is not in the whole canvas a gleam of beauty, and yet so deep, and true, and awful is the parable of human life which it presents, that no one who has seen it can ever forget it. For, underlying all this picture of helpless and hopeless suffering, there is the pathetic reality of our helplessness and of our

hope, our pathetic insignificance, and the reality of all that was done to help us. That picture represents, in a way that art has rarely equalled, the humiliation which preluded the victory of the Lord of Life and Death, who is the Brother, the Friend, the Redeemer of mankind. You have only to stand before it for a little time to judge of the effect it produces on the minds of the passers-by.[1]

I have little to add. I have not consciously diverged for a single moment from the subject before us, and from that wise and generous aim of the "Art for Schools Association," which I would most gladly further. I began by showing how dull, how gloomy, how squalid are our cities. I argued how sad a thing it was that thousands should thus have no chance of reading those autographs of love and blessing, which, for our eternal instruction, God's own hand has thus inscribed in the stars of heaven and the hues of earth. I dwelt on this abnormal exclusion of every elevating and refining influence, this absence of natural beauty from the lives and from the very conception of our masses, as one source of the drink and degradation which meet us on every side, and I gave instances of the regenerative power of nature in awakening the expulsive force of purer affections. My next aim was to illustrate the truth that Art is the necessary interpreter of nature, and that in Art nature speaks to us as it were in the tongue of the sons of men. I showed that where good Art is neglected as an agent in education, bad Art will exercise unchecked

[1] See a sermon by Dean Church.

its vulgarising, demoralising, almost dehumanising influence. I brought instances to show that objects of Art do, demonstrably, exercise an extraordinary power over the imagination of the young, to the extent of even influencing their entire destiny; and that when rightly used, when duly explained, when frequently referred to, they may be made an engine of the best and loftiest moral teaching. It only remains to sum up, in a few last words, the practical bearing of the truths which I have been endeavouring to impress. Nothing can more clearly show the *doctrinaire* character of our educational system than the extent to which every truth and principle I have been urging upon your attention has been ignored. We have been for years paying tithes of mint and anise and cummin to the three R's, and have been totally disregarding the weightier matters of life, the admiration, hope, and love by which we live. You may go into a city school, and the children will tell you very rapidly how much seven-and-twenty pounds of bacon cost at ninepence farthing a pound, but they may never have breathed the fragrance of a lily or so much as seen a bee. We leave our schools, bare and ugly with

> "The master's desk,
> Deep-scarred by raps official;
> The warping floor, the battered seats,
> The jack-knife's carved initial;
> The charcoal frescoes on its walls,
> Its door's worn sill, betraying
> The feet that, creeping slow to school,
> Went storming out to playing."

Whereas we ought to take pride and pleasure in

adding to the happiness of children by making our schools lovely. We make them like prisons when we ought to make them as much as possible like homes, and better than homes. We leave our poor hard-worked masters and pupil-teachers to toil on in a wilderness of squalor, when we ought to surround them with things which would refresh the eye and relieve the heart. We make Art a mere luxury for the rich, when it should be our pride to make it a free gift for the poor. We reduce our schools to a *terra incognita*, because we leave in them no single object of interest or beauty which might attract any one to visit them. We spend three millions yearly on elementary education, and yet spare the mere fraction of expense which might help to make school-hours more pleasant and school-buildings less repellant; and which, if wisely utilised, might develop in children not only a higher intelligence, but also a sense of revolt against things brutal, and a sense of dislike to all that is morally and physically foul. It is but little that we can do at the best; and vast, and terrible, and deeply seated is the work of evil which has to be undone. We shall not, indeed, bring Utopia at once into existence by surrounding the children of the nation with objects of beauty, and with the reproduction of lovely scenes and noble works of Art; but all that we do in this matter will be work done in a right direction. Utopia after all —such, at least, is the only hope which can inspire any genuine effort—"is but another name for time"; and if anyone tells us that our present efforts will have but an infinitesimal influence for good amid the

weltering surge of human misery which threatens to sweep over the whole surface of civilization, we may answer, in the words of an eloquent divine, that God binds up even the grains of sand in the wings of the wind, that they may become a barrier for the raging of the sea.

WHAT IS A COLLEGE?[1]

By Mark Pattison.

I SUPPOSE the word calls up in most people's minds the image of a building, — a building of some pretensions externally, of stone,—no, not of stone, in deference to common sense it will really be built of brick, as drier and warmer, but in deference to the superstition of architects it will be veneered with stone, that it may look as if it were really stone, for were not "colleges" in the middle ages built of stone? There must be gable ends all about; the windows must have mullions and transoms; the glass must be very small, and inserted in iron bandings, in imitation of the lead lattices in use 300 years ago, before plate-glass was invented,—the glass must not only be small, it must be thick to let in as little light as possible, and the whole must be casemented in iron again, letting in as much wind and rain as possible. The edifice may have been built possibly ten years ago, but it must look as if it had been erected in the time of James I.

This, or something like it, is, I suppose, the idea which the word "college" excites in our minds.

Perhaps, to most persons it will seem a paradox,

[1] *Journal of Education*, March 1882.

when I say that the word College in its origin, and for a long time after, did not mean a building at all, and that its transference to that signification is owing to an accidental association. College is a term of Roman law, derived directly into our language from the Latin. It is in fact the Latin word itself "collegium" in the clipt indistinct English pronunciation of which we have formed the habit, out of fear that the cold air of our rigorous climate should get down our throats, if we were to open our mouths wide enough to enunciate our syllables distinctly. Collegium in the civil law means what we call a society, an association, a club, a chartered company, a firm, a corporation. One person or two persons could not be styled a collegium in Roman law, which knew nothing of the fiction of Corporation sole of our law, but required at the least three to constitute a Collegium. The term was only applicable to persons. Whether or no such a Collegium possessed properties in lands or buildings, and whether they were or were not lodged or located in a house, this was not implied in styling the society a College. Such, then, are the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge: they are not the buildings to be found in those localities, but a number of chartered corporations of men associated for certain purposes, and governed by codes of laws known as Statutes. The motive out of which these corporations sprang must be dwelt upon, as it is a part of the public history of our country. There was public munificence before the thirteenth century, but public munificence then took the form of founding a monastery for monks.

The idea was promoting the interests of the Church, not that of the Commonwealth. No doubt, the foundation of a convent, under the circumstances of those ages, was a benefit to the realm of England, though such was not the intention of the founders. The city of Oxford abounded in convents, abbeys, and priories. After the rise in the thirteenth century of the new idea of knowledge and its cultivation, as being an object possible and desirable, a new direction was given to public spirit. As monks had been congregated in monasteries for the ascetic life, and for Divine worship more fully to be carried out in common, so it was easily seen that a thorough, assiduous, and lifelong cultivation of knowledge could best be provided for by associating a number of like-minded men living together, and under a common rule. Such was the origin of Colleges. That the first Colleges were founded by wealthy churchmen, and that the persons who composed them were ecclesiastics, was inevitable from the conditions of education in that age, almost confined to the clergy. But this fact cannot hide from us that the spiritual element, which was thus being endowed and fostered in the new institutions, was that very element of human reason which was in the course of centuries, after long conflict, to vanquish the Church which had fed and fostered it during its infancy. Historians sometimes speak as if the College was a reproduction of the Convent. This may seem on first view plausible, but a study of the early statutes discloses to us that the resemblance went no further than the fact that all the members of the early Col-

legiate Corporations were ecclesiastics, as was inevitable at a time when the clerical profession included all callings that required a lettered preparation. The essential conception of the College was really anti-monastic, even though the members of the College were as churchmen bound to celibacy, and lived under the common rule of discipline.

As in the dark ages there had been a fashion of founding monasteries, so after the thirteenth century there sprang up a fashion of founding Colleges. So, if you want to imagine what the University of Oxford was like in the fifteenth century, you must picture to yourselves—first, a body of some three or four thousand students—not more, for the thirty thousand which the books talk of are legendary—boy students from fourteen to twenty. Secondly, you must picture some three or four hundred older men, graduates engaged in instructing or regenting the boys. These students were lodged partly in private houses, but chiefly in houses appropriated to this purpose, governed by a master, and called, in the Latin of the time, "Aulæ,"—a word which we have aspirated at the beginning, clipped as usual at the end, and now pronounced "Hall." Thus the building, or Hostel, for the board and lodging of students, which you now call a College, was only known as a Hall. To complete the picture of the Oxford of the fifteenth century, you must imagine, thirdly, a dozen or more bodies corporate, styled Colleges, in some of which as few as twenty, in others sixty, seventy, or more graduates, were incorporated and maintained at the cost of the foundation, for the purpose of devoting

themselves for life to study and learning. Thus the University of Oxford was a school or place of education, with boys and their masters, as schools are now, lodged in their Halls or Hostels; the College was an association for the endowment and encouragement of learning.

If we recur to the distinction I drew just now between the preservation of the acquired knowledge of a community, and the enlargement of its boundaries, we may say that the aim of the earlier founders of the Colleges was exclusively the preservation of the knowledge extant in their time. The large-minded ecclesiastics who founded Merton and New College at Oxford, were deeply impressed by the spectacle of the wreck and dissipation of the treasures of science by the influx of the barbarous tribes into the Roman empire. They sought in their Colleges to preserve what they could from the general ruin, and to create a new order of clerics, who, instead of being given over to the useless occupation of fasting and psalm-singing, should be the priests of this new cult, the cult of knowledge. The quantity of knowledge accessible to the human mind in the fifteenth century was large—not, as now, immeasurable. It was not impossible, with time, for one man to compass all that could be known, certainly all that could be known in one of the three great divisions of knowledge—theology, law, medicine. Fourteen years—that is, twice seven, a double apprenticeship—was considered the requisite length of time for the acquisition of this amount of knowledge. Accordingly, fourteen years' continuous study

was exacted as the condition of arriving at the degree of Doctor in one of the faculties. The College was designed to give a man a home and a maintenance during this long novitiate, and after it. The original object of a College was study, not teaching. What was offered the student was a maintenance for a distinct purpose, not an income to carry away and spend on his own gratification.

The fourteen years' novitiate was divided into two apprenticeships of seven years each. The first seven years was to be spent in the study of what were called the liberal arts, that is to say, that general knowledge which constitutes the basis of all education. The second seven years was restricted to the studies proper to the specialty, whether it were law, physic, or divinity, to which the student had decided at the end of his first period to devote himself. Such were the Colleges in their origin; the object of a College was study. The endowments were intended to relieve the cleric from the drudgery of teaching for money, and to enable him to live for the acquisition of this common fund of knowledge.

Gradually, and in various ways not necessary to my present purpose to explain, young students who were willing to pay handsomely for board and tuition got into the Colleges; pupils who did not intend to study, but who came to learn the elements. These pensioners, *pensionarii*, soon became the paying part of the concern. In human affairs it is well known that, when a pecuniary interest comes into conflict with sentiments, or with convictions founded on more remote utilities, the money interest always

carries the day in the end. The desire of knowledge is a natural instinct. The perception of the utility of the conservation of knowledge in the social body is a perception derived from easily observed facts. But both the sentiment and the perception of utility are crowded out in the struggle of life by the more urgent and persistent demands of physical existence. Thus it came to pass that elementary education gradually became the principal object, and, at last, the only object of the College residents. The Fellows—so the members of a College Corporation came to be called—the Fellows, who held their Fellowships on the condition of a life of study, dispensed themselves, by their own votes in the congregation of the University, from this condition, and even from its forms; and went off, most of them, to seek pleasure or fortune in the metropolis. Instead of a maintenance within the College walls, they drew an income from the revenues, which they made divisible. The Head, and a few Fellows who remained behind in the building, devoted themselves to the lucrative profession of taking boarders. This profitable trade is the sole occupation of every one of us in modern Oxford. We are able to extract from the parents of our pupils something like £40,000 a year in fees alone. But, besides these fees, we also make very considerable profits on the rent of our apartments, and on the sums we are enabled to charge our boarders. The utility and efficiency of each one of us is now measured, not by his proficiency in science or learning, but by the degree in which he contributes to earn this percent-

age of profit. For percentage it is—the endowments of the Colleges, which were given for the encouragement of learning, being now employed as the capital invested in a scholastic concern. And a most wasteful employment of capital it is. Take, for instance, a College endowed with a net annual income of £6,000—and several Colleges are so—that income represents a fixed capital of, say £250,000. Such a College is educating about 100 students, from whom it will be deriving a clear profit of between £3,000 and £4,000 a year, not 2 per cent. on the capital employed.

Thus it is that the function of the Colleges, as conservators of ancient knowledge, has dropped entirely out of sight. The commercial value of a going concern of this magnitude makes such importunate demands on our attention, that it has thrust out of sight the spiritual ends for the sake of which it exists. For the office of academical teacher—indeed, of every teacher—is eminently a spiritual ministration. No one has left a name in the annals of education who has not conceived of his office as such. As we ascend from the elements, from the village school through the various grades of schools, we leave behind at each stage more and more of the technicalities of teaching, and advance to the direct action of intellect on intellect, of character on character—the intellect and character of the teacher upon the intelligence and character of the pupil. At each stage mere instruction counts far less, and stimulation to self-effort far more. It is a familiar fact that it is not the man who knows

most who teaches best, but the man who has most interest in what he teaches. For the same reason, also, systems of schooling which aim at filling the mind of the pupil with stores of knowledge are less efficacious than the system whose principle it is to infuse the taste for knowledge. The mind and character of the young are formed by two influences, by contact in two directions—contact with his compeers and equals, contact with his elders and superiors. Competition with equals is to be had under the most advantageous conditions in our public schools, of which it is at present the saving element. It is for the sake of contact with his superiors in science and learning that a young man is supposed to come to the Universities.

Occupied as the Head and Tutors of a College are with the cares of domestic supervision and management, they have little time for the acquisition of fresh knowledge, and soon come to lose all interest in acquiring it. Having neither belief in nor enthusiasm for science themselves, they cannot infuse such into their pupils. But if the pupil, or his parent, did not get value for his money, he would cease to frequent the College, and we should be left without our occupation.

To avert this danger of the falling off of our pupils, from the drying up of the springs of knowledge, we have had recourse to the famous expedient of prizes. Unable now to guide the student in the path of science, we have instituted competitive exercises—opened a vast arena, in which the youth of the country may race against each other for crowns,

some of olive, some of gold. A youth of any ability now comes to Oxford for the sake of our honours and our prizes. He is early put in training for this end. A clever boy can begin to earn a living by prize-getting at fifteen or sixteen, in the shape of a school scholarship. To excel in examinations is a profitable art. Professors of this art abound in every part of the country; even the masters of the Great Schools are compelled to meet this demand. Parents expect the masters to watch for scholarships in the Universities, and to dispose of their sons in the market to the best advantage. "I will not take less than £100 a year for that boy," writes a master, "but I have another, a good useful lad, whom you can have for £70." What the parents and the master want for the boy, and therefore what the boy wants for himself, is the cash. That the matter in which the competition has to be stood out is literature, or mathematics, or science, or history, is in his eyes an immaterial circumstance. "I was studying law," said to me a youth who had just gained a scholarship, "but I am quite ready to read classics, if that is the condition of tenure of my scholarship." Occasionally a young man comes up to me uncorrupted, not having passed through the hands of the professional trainer; comes up full of ardour for self-improvement, and expecting, in his innocence, to meet with a like ardour in the so-called seats of learning. Such a one I had with me lately, full of enthusiasm, proposing to learn Sanscrit, and to read some of the best books in English literature. It became my melancholy duty to do what I could to

damp his ardour, and I had to say to him, "My young friend, if you have come here with the hope of devoting three years to the improvement of your mind, the sooner you lay aside such an idea the better; the College has bought you for £80 a year, and we have entered you for two Plates—Mods. and Finals; you have got to get a First in Mods. next November, and it will take you every minute of your time to practise your exercises in preparation for that." The whole time of the student is a preparation for the examination schools; and this preparation is not a free study of any branch of knowledge, but a drilling of the notes of his tutor into the form in which he will be called upon to reproduce them in the candidates' room. The examination is the measure of all things, and bounds the mental horizon of tutor and pupil alike.

For the relation of the pupil to the teacher is revolutionized. The teacher no longer stands to the disciple in the relation of an exemplar of wisdom and knowledge, of an inspirer of noble aims,—he is not there to mould, to raise, to educate; he is a coach who has to take the pupil as he is, and put his qualities, whatever they may be, to the best account in the way of earning marks. The pupil expects the tutor to give him the straight tip—that is, to dictate to his pen a formula of words containing a fact, or a proposition, which is likely to be called for in the examination-room. With as many of these tips as his memory will hold, the pupil goes armed to the ordeal. When they have served his purpose for writing out his answers to the expected

questions, the memory lets them go. They never were knowledge to him. This is the process we now call University education.

The public—that part of the public which is concerned in the matter, *i.e.*, the fathers of middle-class families—think it is all right. They are under the spell of this word "Education," which meets their eyes in every newspaper, and is dinned into their ears on every platform. The parent, who pays the bill, may be considered to be the employer; he employs us, the teachers, to do work for him, and pays us for doing it. But in this branch of industry the employer is, unfortunately, no judge of the quality of the article supplied him. If your butcher sends you in coarse Lincolnshire mutton, or uneatable beef, you are at once aware of what he is about, and take steps to make him know it. But it is in vain that we appeal to paterfamilias to see to the nature of the education that his son is getting. He sends the son to what he is told by someone is a good College—so he can say, "My son has been to College and had a University education"—and he knows no more than the man in the moon what is the nature of the training his son has brought away with him. If he catch some faint echo of our complaints of the mischiefs of the prize system, he satisfies himself by some such reasoning as this,—"It is true," he will say to himself, "that the highest motive of all is the love of learning for its own sake; the honest desire of self-improvement, and the instinct of the thirst for knowledge. But, in how few out of all mankind are these instincts found!

Where, in one of a thousand, such noble ambition exists, it is recognised as genius. But we cannot expect the average youth of the country to be inspired by such disinterested sentiments, which are very rare, even among men. Men will not work except for bread, and boys will not work but for prizes. A general system must be founded on average, and not on exceptional motives. And, after all, what does it matter what motive takes a boy to College, provided he goes; he gets the education all the same." That is just it! He *does not* get the education. If he did, we should say nothing about the motive. The burden of our complaint is, that a system of winning the prizes without getting the education has been invented; a system which simulates education and is not it—as Mappin's plate is not silver, but looks a great deal better; a system into which mind does not enter, in which the written answer is provided for the written question in a mechanical way which makes it no evidence of knowledge. In this system the aim of the teacher is, not that the pupil should learn, but that he should be able to perform the exercises set for the competition. Hence the true teacher—he who knows, and knowing would make others know—is thrust aside by the young sophist, an expert in the dodges of the school. The professor is, in this system, an entirely useless and ornamental appendage. What avails it to have spent a lifetime in the acquisition of knowledge, to have made himself a master in his science, there is no call for it in the University. From the public such a one may receive recognition; he may instruct

the public through the press; in the class-room his presence is useless, the student will do well to keep out of his way.

The University of Oxford is more active now than it has been for a century past; but, in the scientific movement which is going on in the world outside, our University takes no part. While science is advancing from discovery to discovery, from invention to invention; while the study of antiquity has been transformed, the methods of history transformed, the science of philology created in the last quarter of a century, we have been busy in correcting exercises and awarding prizes. It is quite time to ask—Why should there be any University endowments at all? The teaching part of the University is in abeyance, and its function now is only to examine and award prizes. The proposition has been made in more than one quarter, that Oxford should, like the London University, become an examining body only. The candidates for examination might more conveniently, and at much less cost, get their preparation at their own places of residence. The whole of our large endowments, reserving a few thousand a year to pay examiners, might be converted into prize money, and distributed annually among the youth of the country according to marks ascertained by paper answers. This has been seriously proposed, and something has been done in this direction by the last Oxford Commission. The time perhaps will come when the same policy can be carried consistently through.

CHILDREN AND POETRY.[1]

THE time has happily gone by when Dr Watts' hymns were regarded as the proper beginning of a child's poetical education. One of these effusions in particular, beginning, if we remember rightly, "There is a dreadful Hell," suggested very undesirable ideas to the youthful mind. There are, however, one or two mistaken notions, which still seem to lurk in the minds of many of those who make selections of Poetry for the young. The first of these is that poetry about children must needs be attractive to children. As a matter of fact, the very opposite of this is the case. If any choice is given to them, boys, and we fancy girls too, though on this point we have slighter grounds of confidence, will with one consent avoid "We are Seven" or "Lucy Grey." The reason is easy to find if one considers it. Such poetry appeals to the parental instinct which exists to some extent in all grown-up people. To them the simplicity and helplessness of childhood are full of pathos and, in certain circumstances, of humour too. Children of healthy mind and body are not conscious of weakness. They feel themselves able to hold their own with other children, and with grown-up people it never occurs to them to

[1] *Journal of Education*, August 1883.

compare themselves. Such poetry as "Lucy Grey" does not therefore touch them. It may be doubted whether any poetry dealing with the facts of every-day life is suited to the tastes of children. Power of seeing the beauty of common things is the last, as it is surely the best gift of culture, and literature of the domestic sort does not in any way appeal to or stimulate a child's imagination. "I would teach children only what is not true," was the point of a recent lecture of Mr Ruskin, and, shocking as the dictum may sound in the ears of some, it is confirmed by experience. Romance, not reality, is the best literary food for young minds.

In the particular case of Wordsworth's poetry, the temptation to use it is made stronger by the simplicity of the language in which it is expressed. Surely, it is often argued, no poetry can be fitter for children than that which contains scarcely a word beyond the grasp of their unaided comprehension. If words are the only things to be considered in poetry and in literature generally, this argument is tolerably conclusive. Otherwise it seems scarcely judicious to put before children a poem containing no word which they cannot understand, and no thought which they can. We have often been tempted to set before children by way of experiment the parody of Wordsworth in "Rejected Addresses," and have only been restrained by a sense of the unfairness of playing such a trick. We are quite sure that no child who knew Wordsworth's child-poetry would have the least suspicion of the fraud.

It may perhaps be replied to this, that no child—

and we are writing of children not more than twelve years old—could be expected to distinguish between an original and a good and not too ludicrous parody, if it were gravely presented to them. This argument is based on the assumption that children have only the very slightest power of appreciating purely literary merit. We have seen selections which appear to have been compiled on the principle that poetry to suit children must be such as no intelligent grown-up person would care to read. Versified tracts, foolish stories with an obvious moral attached, take the place of good poetry, and the inferiority of such stuff is excused on the plea that children can understand it. But what is the use of their understanding a thing if the thing is not worth understanding? Besides, the implied assumption, that they cannot understand or appreciate what is better, is untrue. If any teacher who has taken pains to make his poetry lessons good and interesting, will at the end of the term ask each child in the class to write down the two pieces which he likes best of all that he has learnt, the result of the voting will show very considerable appreciation of poetical excellence. The present writer remembers well his own surprise, two or three years ago, when he first tried this experiment, at finding that Campbell's beautiful little poem, "Lord Ullin's Daughter," had twice as many votes as any other piece which had been learnt during the term by a class of boys whose average age was under ten years. Yet the term's selection had included, among other things, "Young Lochinvar," "Casabianca," and some of the most spirited sea

songs and war lyrics in the language, and, in another style, Goldsmith's "Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog." "John Gilpin," too, had been read, and in part learnt. "Lucy Grey" was the only poem which could possibly be called superior to the favourite, and it was disqualified by the fact that it could not appeal to children's feelings. The result of the voting was the more remarkable because the tragical conclusion of the poem had been unpleasing to many of the boys. This was, however, atoned for by the spirit of romantic adventure that breathes through it; and it appeared, from subsequent questioning, that the force and directness of the narrative, and the vivid reality of the landscape, had been felt and appreciated. "It seems as if it was true," said one little fellow. What we want, then, in poetry for children, is picturesqueness. The thoughts must be clear and simple, and the expression direct. The sense must not be veiled in allusions which require tedious explanation; but, on the other hand, unknown words whose meaning merely requires to be pointed out once for all are no disqualification. Indeed, there is no better way of increasing a child's available vocabulary than by presenting new words in circumstances where they, and they alone, are peculiarly appropriate. Above all, the poetry must be purely objective. Avoid Wordsworth, suspect Shelley; Campbell never fails to please; and some of Shakespeare's songs may serve as an introduction to his plays later on. For young children, only short pieces should be chosen. Their powers of sustained attention and interest are so soon exhausted,

that frequent change in subject, style, and metre are necessary, if the lessons are not to become dull and lifeless. It is a great advance in mental development when children are able to study, without weariness, a poem which will employ them for a whole term. To set them to work upon such a poem is a step which should not be taken until they can work fast. When boys can, without difficulty, learn fifty or sixty easy lines in a week, they may safely begin such a poem, for instance, as Macaulay's "Horatius." It would not be easy to find a better poem for the purpose than this,—at any rate, for boys who are learning Latin. It is interesting, very easy to learn, and good of its kind. We have often heard it objected that the kind is not of the highest—an objection which would be valid enough if it were proposed to make educated men spend their time in learning it. For boys it is admirable, and, moreover, just long enough to occupy a term. After this, perhaps "Marmion" or the "Lady of the Lake" is a good and not too sudden step in advance. The greater variety of Scott is felt to be a relief after Macaulay's brisk but monotonous march, and atones to youthful minds for the greater difficulty found in learning by heart. The new element introduced by the prominence given to scenery and natural objects is an important step in poetical education; and the subjects of the two writers are nearly enough akin to add force and point to comparisons of style and method. Take, as an example, Macaulay's lines—

> "In yon strait path a thousand
> May well be stopped by three,"

and Scott's description of the pass in the fifth Canto of the "Lady of the Lake,"—

> "An hundred men might hold the post
> With hardihood against a host."

In the contrast of these two passages may be seen the whole difference between rhetorical and natural description.

When the first freshness of Scott's poetry has worn off, weariness will, so far as our experience goes, come on apace. Perhaps here we may break our rule, and prolong the study for some little time beyond this point. Such perseverance will be useful in showing why Scott wearies. One may point out his extreme diffuseness, and the slipshod character of much of the workmanship; and it may be shown that couplets, and even stanzas, might often be omitted, or inverted, without much loss to the poem as a whole. Thus some knowledge of what good poetry really means, and some faint conception of the poet as an artist, may be impressed upon young minds. This lesson may be enforced by choosing "Gray's Elegy" to succeed the "Lady of the Lake." It will be necessary to go through this carefully and slowly, but the poem is worth the pains; and, in spite of its difficulty for children, we have almost always found it understood and appreciated, especially after a long spell of Scott. Of course, some account of Gray's life and circumstances is absolutely necessary, and is always listened to with a wondering interest. Perhaps there are few more striking lessons than the contrast between the fluid copiousness of the one writer and the fastidious minuteness of the other.

By no example can the worth of a little really good work be better shown.

After some such training as this, children may be set to work on Shakespeare. This is surely the goal towards which all previous teaching should tend. It is often delayed too long from the belief that Shakespeare is over the heads of children, but we have not found it so. A previous reading of Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" is a good introduction to the Comedies and Tragedies; while for the historical plays, which are perhaps the best to begin upon, the knowledge of history which every child of eleven or twelve ought to possess is enough in the way of ground-work.

It is, perhaps, needless to say that in suggesting the lines of study which we have just sketched, we have no desire to dogmatize on matters of detail. Other schemes as good or better will no doubt occur to many. This one has at least proved interesting to teachers and pupils, and has led many boys to read for themselves, which is, after all, the best test which a teacher can apply to his work. Methods of teaching must of course vary, and no one can say for another how he should teach this or that subject. There are one or two points which we would venture to urge strongly. The first is the value of copious illustrations from English Literature generally. Children often fail to answer questions afterwards put to them about such illustrations, but it must not be supposed they are therefore thrown away. Children have naturally greater powers of assimilation than of reproduction, and may often be unable

to put into words the impressions which they have received. They should also be encouraged and helped to make use of their English reading in translating from Latin. Many a happy turn may be given to a line of Ovid or Virgil by reminiscences of a poetry lesson, and any touch of this kind is thoroughly appreciated by intelligent boys, who will soon begin to vie with each other in such contributions to the work of the class. Another question is that of learning by heart. A good many people in these days seem to regard memory as a mere slavish faculty not worth the pains of cultivation. We hear a great deal about the danger of burdening the memory, and comparatively little about the advantage of strengthening it. In poetry, at any rate, the best way to know is to know by heart, and the power of so learning may be easily acquired and almost indefinitely increased. Comment and illustration are much, but they must have the material to work upon, not written in books but present in the minds of learners.

Something perhaps should here be said about the manner of reciting poetry. It would be superfluous to argue against the practice of regarding repetition merely as a means of discovering whether the work has been prepared, and of allowing the lesson to be mumbled or chanted through anyhow provided that it be known by heart. But many teachers, in their anxiety to have poetry said in an intelligent manner, go to the opposite extreme. "Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves," is a very misleading maxim in poetry. On the

whole, we prefer a child's sing-song, which is due, after all, only to a misguided sense of rhythm, to the stop-minding, prosaic fashion of recitation which reduces poetry as nearly as may be to the level of prose, and prepares the way for a wholesale acceptance of the opinions of Lamartine and Carlyle. Very few children are entirely without an ear for musical sounds, and the particular kind of sing-song into which they fall in saying any piece of poetry represents with considerable accuracy the rhythm which is most natural to that particular metre. The varieties of rhythm of which the same metre is susceptible do not occur to their unaided intelligence, and must be pointed out to them. By selecting only the best examples for their study, it is easy to show how sound may be used to aid and enforce the sense. If this lesson were more generally learnt, we should not hear Shakespeare's verse murdered as it constantly is on the stage, even by some of our best actors. If clearness of utterance, due attention to rhythm, and some intelligence of expression are attained, one may safely leave the children to develop a style of recitation for themselves. Our main object is to get children to appreciate poetry themselves, not to teach them to speak to an audience. A reciting child is a fearful bane in a household. Only we should firmly check any symptoms of self-consciousness or affectation, and never tolerate any approach to the rant of a third-rate actor, or to the unctuous intonations of a field preacher giving out a hymn.

Poetry lessons are well worth all the pains we can

bestow on them. No other lesson offers nearly so much opportunity of imparting to children the rudiments of sound taste—that power of appreciating all that is best in literature and art which is one of the most important elements of happiness in the life of an educated human being. Moreover, in the case of boys preparing for the Public Schools, one has a comfortable assurance that English poetry will not be a subject for competitive examinations.

GAMES: A "U. U." ESSAY.[1]

By E. E. B.

I AM going to write a plain, practical discourse with no jokes or paradoxes or epigrams, and one which will be intelligible to the meanest capacity here. I had thought at first of describing, after the manner of Swift or Erewhon, and with a view of suggestive contrast, a school in which the development of the body was the primary concern with boys—was, in the time-honoured phrase, "what they came there for,"—and the cultivation of the mind was considered laudable and useful if only undue time were not thrown away upon it; but I stopped this train of fancy, on finding that I had drifted into something curiously like the education of ancient Athens. I also had it in my mind to put before the meeting an imitation of a Platonic dialogue, in which it would be shown from first principles that the sort of person who is fit to bowl is also the sort of person who is fit to bat, and should combine the two functions simultaneously (why how not? Theaetetus would say),—and, that a high score being the right thing, it would follow—would it not?—that the best and more perfect hit was the hit which went highest (it would seem so, says Philebus), and so on. Racks

[1] *Journal of Education*, February 1884.

shall not tear from me the reason for which I in the end abandoned this brilliant idea. And, in the end, I fell back upon the plainest prose, and am much confused by having just read in Ruskin that the man who can do things best is always the man who can discourse upon them worst; so that, if this essay is tame and barren, it follows that my cricket average is likely to be something quite out of the common. I have often been told that the mind is superior to the body; I do not think this has ever been proved. It seems to me to be of the nature of those things which are called pious beliefs. As a rough test, let us think what it is that we most value our friends for: Is it for their delicate choice in optatives, which my friend the composition-master assures me is the loftiest mental development which we can put before our youth; or is it for their temper—in other words, their digestion—which is their body? That isn't fair, says the composition-master: no cogent argument ever is, in the opinion of the *cogee*. He will urge that the optatives are not the tip-top greatness, but only go with it and connote it. Well, drop the digestion itself too, and put instead the fine complexion and something round the chest and proper coloured hair which connote it. I don't think the scale has turned. Tom Hughes says somewhere that your real friend is the man whom, if you saw him alone and penniless and naked in the street among the carriages, you would take and dress and feed and be a brother to. Well, everyone knows you wouldn't if he had a decided squint. Anyhow, you wouldn't merely because you knew he was clever. How is it

practically with us? I certainly don't think I have any one really *very* ugly friend (I smile to myself as I write this, to think how when I read it I shall see everyone furtively glancing at his neighbour to see if *he* is looking at *him*). I repeat, I haven't any *very* ugly friend. And, on the other hand, I must say of some of my friends, with all respect, that their minds and intelligences are at any rate no better than they should be.

Well, then, let us assume, till the contrary is proved, that body is as important as mind (I speak popularly for convenience: gentlemen who have been reading their magazine literature diligently can of course translate this into the proper dialect)—that a well-developed tendon Achillis is about equal in value to firm grounding in grammar, that you may put into the same sort of category a tendency to false quantities and to freckles. Now, will anybody here please to be good enough to tell me why we schoolmasters should give all our care and thought, from one end of the year to the other, to one side of this equation, and leave the other to take care of itself?

I seem to hear the tinkling of many answers,—"Because boys like bodily exercise well enough as it is."—Why don't they like their lessons? "Because things do better if left to work naturally."—Just go and apply this to Greek. "Because you can't make all boys strong and active."—Whereas you *can* make all learned and clever? "Because some of the choicest intellects would be ruined by being forced to play and run."—And are no fine animals ever ruined by being made to conjugate and compose?

If anyone comes and says,—"Well, then, do you propose to organize athletics like school, or to disorganize school like athletics?" I reply to him that it is I who am writing this essay, and not he; and that I am the best judge of what questions it is convenient to answer. But this much I will say, that I don't know whether the system of letting boys do what lessons they like has ever had a fair trial, and that, with a few limitations and laws, I should uncommonly like to see it tried. And, whether it is tried or not, I declare upon my honour as a U. U. that the consideration, which I have been pointing out, seems to me to be serious and enormously suggestive.

Whether to any extent, and to what, the schoolmaster should scholasticize athletics, let us now consider. I will treat the question without any reference to particular schools, or any particular customs; and I would suggest that, in our subsequent discussion, we shall gain more light in proportion as we avoid individual instances, and speak of common customs. I begin by the proposition that the common English school games are of indescribable value. Without any exaggeration, I declare that in our whole system there is nothing which, in my opinion, approaches them in value. I merely mention that the Battle of Waterloo was won in the playing fields of Eton, because that remark will have been generally expected, and it will now not be necessary to make it again. But I have no objection to add to it, that the existence of the playing fields at Eton has been much more to the advantage

of the world than the winning of the Battle of Waterloo. There will be none here who will deny that games are good, of course; but there may be some who will not join in the strength of my language; and I will enlarge upon this thesis for a few moments.

In the first place, a good run at football is absolutely a good thing, and grand and beautiful, simply because I say it is. It is good in the same sense as an eloquent speech. When it forms part of an organized game, and is seen and appreciated by others, the world is *ipso facto* a gainer. The body for ever! *Sursum crura!* I do not see why this argument or assertion should not be true, though I cannot take the trouble of putting it in that particular metaphysical form which would dazzle and convince. These games are a joy for ever, and that is the long and short of it.

Next, they give a vast quantity of pleasure.

Next, the social gain is beyond calculation.

Here one drops perforce into truisms, except that truisms spoken in the ordinary tone do not sufficiently express my opinions, and I am driven rapidly towards capital letters. I who write have seen and played probably more school games than anyone now alive; and my verdict is "Very good." It would be tiresome to dwell on this; but consider rapidly the habit of being in public, the forbearance, the subordination of the one to the many, the exercise of judgment, the sense of personal dignity. The day I began to write this essay, a captain of a house football eleven asked me to go down to his

house-game that day. There was a small local trouble: two important boys had a quarrel on, and it was very awkward, and in short, he wanted to be advised. I played; everything went on as usual. After it was over, I asked about the quarrel. It had vanished into the delight of exercise and the glory of play.

Think again of the organizing faculty that our games develop. Where can you get command and obedience, choice with responsibility, criticism with discipline, in any degree remotely approaching that in which our social games supply them?

Think of the ethico-physical side of it; temper, of course; dignity and courtesy. I asked a new boy this quarter what, on the whole, struck him most in school life as being unexpected and remarkable; he said, the politeness with which boys spoke to one another as compared with preparatory schools.

Has it never struck us all, when looking on at a game or playing in one, that now is the very moment one would choose for getting something heroic done? Does it never occur to us, in the flush and glow of play, how little and unimportant things boys' offences are?—a consideration which always (and *not* its opposite) seems to me to constitute the finest atmosphere of moral school life, and which always presents itself to me with amazing force when I see a boy sick or hurt. Has it never happened to us to find, in a walk home from cricket or football, but especially football, the very best and choicest time for saying the particular thing that we want a boy particularly to take to heart?

And, once more, I offer it as my deliberate opinion, that the best boys are, on the whole, the players of games. I had rather regenerate England with the football elevens than with average members of Parliament, who are, of course, our wisest men. When I reflect on the vices to which games are a permanent corrective—laziness, foppery, man-of-the-worldness,—I am not surprised at being led to the verdict which I have just delivered. And, having known more than one period, at one school at any-rate, when cricket was distinctly recognised as being on one side, and very serious evils on the other, I find a cricketball or a football becoming in my eyes a sort of social fetish, of which—it is difficult to realize the fact—our ancestors never dreamt the value.

There be three occasions which fairly overcome my sensibilities—yea, four—when you might borrow a five-pound note of me. One is, when a master has been leading up to the solution of some small intellectual problem, and has had the skill to make it interesting and fairly easy, and the moment has come when the form has to find it out, when every single boy is attending, when brainwork is going on from one end of the class to the other, and when every face in the room gets a sudden brightened look as the guesses shape themselves to a solution. Another is, when something very good in its way has been done or said among an assemblage of companions, and there leaps forth that burst of clapping with the hands which in its high key seems to pervade space and almost to speak. And, thirdly,

when, on the day of the long-expected football match, the moment has really come, and that which was to be, is, and the ball is really kicked off, and *now* the play has begun. *There* is education. *There* is enlargement of horizon: self sinks, the common good is the only good, the bodily faculties exhilarate in functional development, and the make-believe ambition is glorified into a sort of ideality. Here is boyhood at its best, or very nearly at its best. Well, after all, to what was the greatest of the Beatitudes allotted—*οἱ καθαροὶ τῇ καρδίᾳ*? Not to unsensualness only, as the commentators think, but, higher still, to simple-mindedness. And when you have a lot of human beings, in highest social union and perfect organic action, developing the law of their race and falling in unconsciously with its best inherited traditions of brotherhood and of common action, I think you are not far from getting a glimpse of one side of the highest good. There lives more soul in honest play, believe me, than in half the hymn-books.

Quo, Musa, tendis? Let us get back to controversy. "I distinctly prefer that my son should not be an athlete," said a friend of mine, who is also a parent, to me the other day. "I don't want all that excitement and display. I want him to have quiet family tastes, to care for beetles and butterflies, to be sober-minded, reasonable, domestic. Your games are a mere excrescence on a properly disciplined life, are a factitious pleasure and an artificial employment of energy." "Thou fool!" I said to him (I am not habitually unpolite, but I have been pursuing my

theological studies a good deal lately), "is not all school artificial to the last degree? 'So much the worst for it, is it?' 'That is just what you complain of?' Why, is not *all* our life a purely artificial product from the lives of past ancestors, and is not the business of each generation, if Darwinism be true, nothing else than to artifize its successors? Beetle me no beetles! I am not going to give up what I see visibly to be the food of health and virtue, because you consider that a Swiss Family Robinson could do very nicely without it. There were not enough for an eleven in the days of Adam and Eve, so they had to do without. But, if you find people nowadays trying Locke and Rousseau in practice, and deliberately preferring them after trial, it will be time enough then to talk of domesticity."

Well, but there may have been a grain of sense in what my friend said. It is possible that the present form of some of our games may tend just a shade too much towards self-display. So far as this is the case, I should like to point out that it is not the games that are to blame. A person who did not happen to be a little behind the scenes of the athletic world would hardly believe what an eagerness there is in it to *exploiter* the schools, to get hold of them and make them minister to the distinction and the purses of enterprising gentlemen in London. In schools near London, it needs constant watchfulness to parry these attacks, and it is impossible altogether to defeat them. In such matters as this, authority has a legitimate function. It may

regulate with despotic control the conditions under which a game shall turn into a public exhibition, in cricket, rowing, football, athletics, shooting, racquets, or even the lawn-tennis of the future. Ticket this as Number One.

Akin to this is the danger of extravagance. Cricket and racquets both foster this a little, and they have an excellent counter-agent in football, which, in the outer world, tends in the happy direction of cheapness. I didn't say—I did *not* say, vulgarity. In matters of expense, then, the master is useful and necessary. This is Number Two. "Sumptuary laws," said someone to me, in the tone of a Pallas Minerva, last time the subject was uppermost here, "sumptuary laws always are unwise." I found it hard to select the most appropriate answer; and I think I have remarked upon some of my friends that their heart was sounder than their head. My friend might as well have said that moral enactments are out of place, or that a regulation of locking up at dark had failed when tried in the form of curfew. The truth is, that sumptuary laws are fitted for children exactly to the same extent as all other laws are—until, that is, they can do without them. A master does not do his duty to his games who does not enact how much shall be paid to cricket professionals, within what limits the tailor and hosier may have their fling, what shall be the maximum value of cups given as prizes.

There is one large question of practical organisation which fairly falls under the control of masters —that of compulsory games. "Brethren, in the

primitive school"—so will hereafter run the service of the Religion of Corporeal Humanity—"there was a laudable custom that all boys were obliged to play at games, and, if they didn't, were beaten;" and then Professor Harrison or Beesly will wink a noble wink as he goes on to lament that it can't be revived again. Now, what is our duty by this custom? Evidently it leans for help upon a worthy idea, that boys form a community, that every member of the δῆμος must play his humble part, that *incivisme* is the worst of vices. This idea is the most pregnant and the most formative that schoolboys have. It has immensely wide affinities. *Atque utinam ex vobis unus* is, I suppose, next to longing for Chloe, the most passionate sentiment of our nature. But, though leaning, as I said, on this sentiment, the custom rests, I imagine, on an intelligible practical foundation; it began when schools were smaller, and when play languished if there were too few players, or if many boys grew up unfamiliarised to games. That boys should, under these circumstances, oblige each other to play seems reasonable and right; whether it is their wisest plan is not to the point. If they think that the general happiness gains from individuals joining in football, they have as much right to impose it as we should have to oblige Samson to pay police rates, though the police were of no value to *him*. Just up to this point then, as long as the custom is natural, masters should recognise it; when it goes beyond this, when it takes some shape of superstition or priggishness, or simply ministers to

tyrannical love of power, they should regard it jealously, or even interfere against it. Number Three.

Health, again, is obviously a matter for superior control. You may with propriety, if you think it wise, prevent cricket before Lady-day, or abolish pole-leaping, or forbid races over a mile long, or modify bathing rules, or enforce the wearing of hats or caps. In particular, you may with advantage insist on the substitution of civilized football rules for barbarous ones. If you are wise, you will interfere as little as possible, and as cautiously; but, when you do, you must enforce your decrees with the absolutism of a Peter the Great, and leave no food for grumbling in the shape of a hope of reversal. I think I must drop the counting.

How far, however, may masters go with advantage into the region that lies midway between authority and fellowship? Some head-masters almost directly organize games; some assistant-masters teach very elaborately the art of good play; a great many assistant-masters join in games if nothing else. I fear that nothing but common-places modified by experience will answer the question. Masters should not teach boys to do what they can do for themselves; and self-organisation we all allow to be half the good of the play. But in many cases, boys, and chiefly small boys, need to be helped to self-organisation as they are helped to construing. Big boys have traditions to guide them, and have more sense and versatility; but even they are often very stupid and uninventive, and, if you don't help

them, they go on unimproved,—small boys *à fortiori*. If, then, we say that you mustn't be unnecessary, you mustn't be officious, you mustn't vulgarize yourself into a professional coach, you mustn't seem ostentatiously unintellectual,—outside of these limitations you will very often do good by giving your help; and a game well directed gives much greater happiness to the players than one of which the organisation is suggested by the untrained heads of a single generation. Don't do all or nearly all for the boys; but don't be afraid of doing something.

As to mere joining in the games, do so on two conditions of the utmost strictness:—(1) That the boys like your doing so; (2) That you are perfectly sure of keeping your temper. Avoid thoughtfully such rocks as these:—Becoming a partisan on one side with too argumentative eagerness, *hurting* the boys at football, taking personal lead in cases where others can do it, wearying them by an overlong innings for your own amusement. Seek social relaxation in it even more than exercise. One hears the phrase used at times,—So-and-So, a master, is popular because he plays at games. That is purely ridiculous. To play is no more popular in a man than in a boy. To play genially, modestly, good-temperedly, is popular in both; the more so, perhaps, if the player is really worth looking at for his skill, though this is of quite secondary value. And I suppose that, if a man is strong-minded, sensible, unselfish, brave, sympathizing, lively, these virtues will have their course, work their influence, reap their fruit, as much in games as in school.

Now, each of us believes that, as it so happens, these are the particular virtues which he himself possesses in perfection. That being the case, I advise everybody, subject to the two conditions named above, to play with the boys if he can.

One incidental question,—If we play in school games and hear boys use words and phrases, which —well, which are compatible with faint praise, but not restricted to it, what are we to do? I myself am one of those who think swearing rather a bad vice; we all know that it is in reality hardly a vice at all, and the fact merely is that the Teutonic race is, in moments of excitement, prone to the employment of the medial mutes; but it is specially wicked because the criminal knows it is a little wicked, and could stop it if he liked. Well, then, in the middle of a game we hear some young St Athanasius making a characteristic remark. Shall we go away from the game as if shocked, which is ridiculous hypocrisy; or punish him, which is contrary to the theory on which we play—namely, that temporarily and for the purpose of the game we partly divest ourselves of our cap and gown; or shall we pretend not to hear it, which is a suggestion of the devil? I should say, behave exactly as you would wish one of the bigger boys to behave. If it is *not* a special moment of excitement, abuse the boy openly, a little angrily, without any shyness; if you are shy and underspoken on the ground of being a guest, things will seem unpleasant. If the offence was almost excusable, even still abuse him, but don't exaggerate; you are not a prig or a Puritan. If the moment isn't adapted

for moral exhortation, put it off till it is, and then take him to task, and, if he is a big boy, take him to a good deal of task.

How very little organisation by authority after all! How very free it is! How largely nature and instincts, limited only by a few big rules, is left to itself for the purpose of training the body! Can you imagine now, gentlemen, an arrangement by which this shall be otherwise; in virtue of which these muscles shall be trained on one day and those on another, in this manner the back shall be straightened, in that the sinews shall be developed, in a third the lungs shall have their work cut out for them? Can you conceive that the master shall lay down and enforce the degrees and the order in which physical energy shall stiffen into rule, and pretend to be physical enjoyment? I can; it is gymnasium. There it is; it exists. It is recommended by no scientific authorities of repute; it appeals to no traditions of past enjoyment; it awakens no social interests, and trains no administrative faculties. It is the mere Greek Iambics of physical training; has its element of truth, as all pedantry has, and has in its physical results a certain poor degree, as all pedantry has, of success. But what a substitute for football, and what a reflection for us, that men who know and have tasted the powers and the pleasures of play should yet in cold blood drive the children into this dead and barren routine! Don't suppose that great traditions can be trampled on with impunity. How do we know that the school games are so immovably fixed in school life that

the meddlesome intrusion of formal gymnastics may not in some degree blight and spoil them?

O pauvres chers enfants, qu'ont nourris de leur lait
Et qu'ont bercés nos femmes;
Ces blêmes oiseleurs ont pris dans leurs filets
Toutes vos douces âmes.
Si nous les laissons faire, on aura dans vingt ans,
Sous les cieux que Dieu dore,
Une France aux yeux ronds, aux regards clignotants,
Qui haïra l'aurore!

We must not exaggerate; it will take a good deal of authoritative gymnastics to spoil cricket; but I do feel, towards anything which goes in its influence against the games of which we are so proud, a jealousy and an aversion which almost make me blind to its merits.

THE HOUSE OF RIMMON.[1]

By E. D. A. Morshead.

IT is reported, I think, of Claude Duval or some equally celebrated highwayman, that he used to apologise, in courteous terms, for the self-imposed necessity under which he laboured of presenting a pistol at the head of innocent travellers, while he demanded their worldly goods. I should like to imitate the courtesy, as I shall seem, I fear, to be imitating the villainy, of his proceedings. We have, I believe, assailed before now the Universities, the governing bodies, and the head-masters. The Latin Primer seems, under an accusation fostered by this Society, to have been condemned, respited, and finally sentenced to a reformatory—to that penal servitude which it has so often inflicted on others. Not without trembling, I invite the Society to consider some defects, or the possibility of some defects, —not in head-masters, not in Universities, not even in school-boys or school-books, but—in ourselves.

I wish, in fact, to ask whether public school education does not suffer, on the moral and intellectual side, from an undue timidity, in several matters, on the part of public school authorities. It may be well

[1] A Paper read before a Society of Public Schoolmasters [*Journal of Education*, April 1885].

to add that, for expressing an opinion in a positive and peremptory manner, my experience has been far too narrow, too locally limited. My object is to elicit opinions on a subject which is admittedly momentous, and, if my own views appear rather provocative in their expression, I hope it may be ascribed to this source, and not to over-confidence.

It may be thought, perhaps, from the title of this paper, that its purport is theological, and that some attack on the religious teaching at public schools is intended. That, however, would limit the scope of the discussion to exactly the most irritating points. It would be absurd to *avoid* the religious question before this Society, and perhaps it should come first and occupy the post of honour. But it is not, to me, the main point, and, as far as the title is concerned, "The House of Rimmon" might have been called "The Temple of Mrs Grundy."

First, then, let us ask how far the modern aspect of a public school conduces to the teaching of religion in its most candid, and of morals in their most courageous, form. Here, if I appear to digress from facts, into inquiry into their causes, I hope to show the relevancy of such inquiry.

We are mostly agreed, I suppose, that morals and religion cannot be taught effectively by the same method as that by which Euclid, or history, or Greek Iambics are taught. Dogmatic theology may be thus infused, perhaps; but the religious instinct and moral enthusiasm come by a different channel, when they come at all. In childhood, they are a sentiment more or less dominant and secure;

in youth, a sentiment besieged and hard-pressed by assaults of intellect on one side, of passion on the other; in middle age, a sentiment resisting lassitude and disillusion, and the "yawning fit o'er books and men," of which Mr Browning sings;—but always, and at all ages, a sentiment, a tone of character, which can no more be drummed into us by routine, than the piano can be played with a hammer.

Eventually, as we all know, we must guard or lose this sentiment for ourselves. But, until that eventual time arrives, who are the natural guardians and fosterers of this sentiment in the young? Obviously, one would say, the parents. No one else can speak with real, as opposed to delegated, authority; no one else can really reinforce his authority with the domestic reverence so powerful in the young. Furthermore, can it be doubted that the moral and religious training of the family is the appointed education for middle age? I believe that the delegation of this duty to a profession is a misfortune — though, perhaps an inevitable one — to the young, and still more to the older.

But—it is replied—the thing may or may not be desirable, but is impossible. The pressure of modern life is so great, the race so hard, that fathers absolutely *cannot* support their children *and* give them their moral and religious training in person.

I am well aware how much truth lies in this rejoinder; well aware also how many parents succeed in keeping a paramount influence on their sons' character, in spite of their long separation at

preparatory and public schools. But yet, when all allowance is made, one must remember that men of complete leisure, of perniciously complete leisure, do none the less send their sons to others to train, in large numbers; and those sons take away with them the one stimulus which would save those parents from a dreary and often demoralised *ennui*. We must remember, also, how very precarious the hold, even of the wisest and most revered parent, is, and must be, over a boy in long periods of absence. It seems almost innate in boys to be able to live a double life,—one at home and one at school,—and this without any conscious hypocrisy or intentional concealment. I cannot feel any horror of this fact; it seems to me inevitable that the young should be especially impressible by their surroundings. Hence, I entertain graver and graver doubts, the more I think on the subject, of the wisdom of cancelling for so long so much of the *home* surroundings.

But the boarding-school system is largely in possession of the field; and, though I decline to join without reserve in shouting *beati possidentes*, I pass from what I regard as the cause of one of our difficulties to its effects and inconveniences.

Whoever it was that first described the boarding-school master as "a professional parent," his sardonic phrase, I think, touched our public-school system at a very vulnerable point. A professional parent, whatever his personal merits and influence may be, has not that instinctive authority to direct a child, religiously and morally, in the way that he should

go, which belongs to the actual parent. Delegated authority has this inconvenience—that it is felt, by those subjected to it, to be delegated, to be official, to be only half-natural. Much of the silly and tiresome resistance of boys to very reasonable rules is, I cannot doubt, owing to a dim half-conscious sense that they are being ruled by a viceroy, not a sovereign. But, of late years, a new element of difficulty has been added. Little as I like the normal plea, in intellectual and religious difficulties, that "we are in a transitional period"—as if all periods were not transitional!—it is idle not to recognise a sharp and rapid change of the *personnel* of these viceroys; they were almost wholly clerical: they are now, by an increasing predominance, lay men.

The significance of this change has not, of course, escaped the notice either of our ecclesiastical or our educational authorities. The Church Congress of 1883 was largely occupied with it: most of us will recall with pleasure the paper on the subject read to that Congress by the Headmaster of Wellington, whether we agree with its conclusions or not. Neither is the phenomenon, I believe, a temporary one. Public schools, like the universities, are passing into the hands of a lay teaching body. There may be slight reactions, temporary hesitations in this tendency, but if clerical head-masters, who cannot and ought not to extrude the clerical element from their theoretical staff, still find it harder and harder, in practice, to secure more than a minority, yearly diminishing, of clerical assistants, it looks very much

as if the finger were writing on the wall: as if, in a measurable number of years, the teaching body will be a lay body, so far as assistant masters are concerned. Then lay head-masterships will follow perforce. To many of us this prospect may seem brilliant and attractive; the lay teachers come before the mind's eye as Argonauts of the future, *nimis optato saeclorum tempore nati Heroes*—I must not add, *salvete, Deum genus:* they will be laymen. But the cold medicinal hand of advanced middle-age cures us of the pleasant malady of hopefulness; and, for my own part, I neither regret the passing away of the old system nor shall rejoice uproariously in the arrival of the new. It is not regret nor exultation that I feel, but curiosity, how the casuistical and other difficulties of the situation ought to be surmounted,—how they will be surmounted. And here, after (I fear) much toiling through desert sands, the spires and minarets of the Temple of Rimmon come at last in sight.

It has been already indicated that, in the opinion of the writer, there is in our system of public boarding-schools an undue delegation of parental duties: and especially in the matter of religion and morals. To bring the matter sharply into the concrete, nothing but necessity can justify a system whereby five hundred parents, who are not agreed about religion, delegate the religious teaching of their sons—for which religious teaching they are *severally* responsible—to the combined yet diverging influences of twenty or thirty masters who are themselves even less than the parents agreed

about religion. Under the old system, where the teaching body was wholly or virtually clerical, and safely anchored upon the Articles and inspiration, and the Church system generally, the situation had the merits, with the defects, of a candid and open denominationalism. But it is idle to suppose that the change of the staff of public schools, from clerical to lay, involves no change in the religious opinions of the staff. We may fence and gloze upon this matter, but to no purpose; the very uneasiness of the Church Congress upon the subject shows that the clergy mistrust their lay successors in the public schools, in the same way (though with less humorous ferocity) as the Dean of Chichester mistrusts them at the universities. (Let me hasten to say, parenthetically, that by "mistrust" I do not mean narrow or unfriendly jealousy: I mean honest and candid alarm and anxiety lest education may have fallen to men unqualified to support one of its gravest duties.) The Headmaster of Wellington, for instance, thinks that the more laical the schools become, the greater will be the danger of a certain *cooling-down*, in religion and morals, to a mere respectability. It is, without doubt, a serious and ever-present danger—nor have I any reply to make to the argument, except that the remedy suggested —more clericalism—has not proved, in the past, capable of curing the evil, which has dominated both schools and universities in their most radiantly clerical periods.

The gayer and more fantastic spirits of the Congress apprehend even graver things: the gradual

enthronement of a cold, half-intellectual, wholly unmoral, spirit in the seat of education—a sort of Belial, in fact—graceful and humane, but either indolent or, if energetic, energetic only in matters intellectual, and void of moral or religious enthusiasm.

However little we may share in these apprehensions, they are based, like other forecasts, upon *some* evidence, however insufficient; and I venture, more in order to elicit opinion from others than as feeling at all confident of my own, to formulate a view of the case.

I do not see any serious danger, present or future, that the new educating class will worship Belial, even in the more decorous and fashionable forms of his cult. I do see both present and future danger that they will worship Rimmon. And by worshipping Rimmon I mean that in matters religious they will, for various motives, mainly but not entirely creditable, pretend to more orthodoxy, more agreement with the average parental views, than they really possess; that in matters intellectual they will tend to that intelligent quietism that dares the premisses but shrinks from the conclusion, and substitutes, in Mr Morley's phrase, for "grim intellectual trenchancy," "as much trivial low-minded geniality as you please"; that in social matters they will shrink from any real struggle with the dominant public school ideals, but will try to modify them just so far as is compatible with popular prejudices, and sing tuneful incantations over the evil that needs the knife. In the matter of religious teaching, I admit the large

casuistical difficulty. So long as we maintain the theory that religious belief differs in some way and some conditions from other belief, and that an opinion usefully and harmlessly held by the teacher would be rank poison if communicated to the pupil, so long we shall be between the horns of this dilemma —either boys must be taught certain things by people who do not believe them, or must be entirely taught by people who believe just what boys are allowed to believe. The old state of things took the latter horn of this dilemma; the present time seems inclined to embrace the former.

Is the dilemma a necessity? Is there really any ground for the extraordinary timidity prevalent?

I believe firmly there is not. I hold that there is one principle by which these dangers mainly, if not entirely, disappear. On the one condition that the teacher absolutely believes what he says, even extreme opinions are not really formidable. Boys, after all, come into communication sooner or later with many minds and men, and no *one* master's opinion will eventually pass for more than it is worth. If one be evangelical, if another be rationalistic, if a third be keen on ceremonialism, still, in the long run, the platitude, the latitude, the attitude, will all be useful and vivifying, provided they enforce real convictions, not the faint echo of somebody else's, not the decorous bowing in the Temple of Rimmon, not mere acquiescence in what Mr Kegan Paul speciously calls "the spirit of the place." But the endeavour to draw to a common level of safety the opinions of laymen who are not really agreed

either with one another or with the previous clerical tenants of the office to which they have succeeded, can only lead to "adjustment," a kind of average, in such things as men "with much toil attain to half-believe."

"But," one is told, "such careful reticence as is practised is unknown to the boys, and cannot therefore hurt them." I demur to both conclusions. I am sure that boys do detect unreality instinctively, though they are hardly conscious *what* is amiss, and would label it very badly. And, if it is *not* detected by them, I say they suffer still more: they are deprived of the most educational—I had almost said, the *only* educational—thing in the world, a man of ability telling you his exact opinion, and his reasons for it, on a difficult subject. As an illustration of what I mean, let me recount a scene I witnessed several years ago. One of our most brilliant public school teachers preached a sermon before the University. His reputation made us flock to hear him, and he selected a subject—I do not specify it—from the Old Testament: one of those passages now regarded by many as allegorical and "not to be pressed," as I think the phrase is. Well, for five-and-twenty minutes we were warned against this terrible scepticism; the glory and impressiveness of the original was dwelt on, the many good men who had unhesitatingly believed it, and so forth. I think a little surprise was felt at his unexpected attitude to the subject; still, he seemed to have nailed his colours to the mast, where they flapped gallantly. Will it be believed that at the end—having left the unhappy

sceptics and allegorizers hardly a rag to cover them —he suddenly reversed his action, backed water, conceded in a dozen sentences all, and more than all, I should say, that his more free-thinking hearers had ventured to hold, and, collecting his previous fervent appeals for literalism in a bundle, "*porta emisit eburna*," dismissed them by the gate of dreams.

Such a somersault before a very critical audience appeared to us almost ludicrous. To the preacher, however, it was evidently not so. He was used to preaching to boys a literalism which he did not himself hold. He rowed (against the stream) for his school; he backed water down stream for the University.

That is an extreme case. I do not want to dwell on it, except as illustrative of the wrong way out of a difficulty which presses now, and will press harder yet, upon the public schools. I know there is danger in a sharp jar or discrepancy between home and school teaching. I know how easily the young pick up the foolish idea that there is something fine in differing from their fathers and grandfathers. I know that out of purely negative views comes no help. But I know also that by far the greatest insult you can pass on your ancestors is to pretend to hold their opinions when you do not. I am sure boys are not profited, but seriously weakened, by absorbing orthodoxy in its most timid, nervous shuddering form—full of appeals to the moral sentiment, but with little to say to the intellect, except to warn it against its own perils—as though you

should keep a child rickety to save it from tumbling over a cliff.

Matters may seem to have mended slightly in recent days, but there appears still an unduly large gap between the actual convictions of teachers on these subjects and those they communicate to boys. I do not raise theological points, nor wish to argue if Adam and Eve be allegory or fact, if Noah's Ark be or be not a Christian verity, or if Jonah's whale was a whale or only very like one, and so forth. As everyone knows, very literal views on these subjects have no bad effect, on one condition—which is not, I think, usually fulfilled nowadays—that is, that the men teaching them shall believe in them. If this be not so, the solemnity and bated breath with which these and kindred subjects are mentioned is a masquerade, though one for a charitable purpose. If you are really awed and impressed by a belief in the Ark, you can rightly and duly impress boys therewith;—if you are not, if you only think they ought to be, *pro tem.*, impressed so, you will fail to impress them, try as you will.

But, we are told, parents do not desire their boys to be taught *your* opinions, but theirs, or those they approve of. There is some truth here, though I am not sure that parents are all alike. But I cannot admit that parents are the final court of appeal, except in the sense that they can choose a school or a new school for their boys. The trimming of our intellectual course so as to hit the *juste milieu* of parental views is hopeless; the desire that we shall *seem* to be "all in a tale," all agreed

on theology, cannot possibly produce the effect that our *being* all agreed would produce. And, after all, are we so certain that all this worship of Rimmon succeeds even in its temporary object? Is there anything in our own opinions, *pro* or *con*, so unfathomably profound or unimaginably subtle, as to be incapable of being imparted, by common-sense, with safety, to old or young? The illusion comes from supposing it to be necessary to speak *positively* on all subjects when you do speak. I cannot see this necessity, any more than I can comprehend why it is the truest modesty to brush away, as unworthy of consideration, doubts and difficulties which puzzled Hume or Mill. If you are merely negative and sneering, like Mephistopheles, I comprehend that you will do much harm and no good; but it is really a cheap trick of third-rate pulpits to identify this with an intellectual conscience that shrinks from paltering in a double sense, and using language which has one import to you, and quite another to your hearers.

And there is an even graver consideration. Are you sure you are meeting boys' needs by being normally so reticent of your own wider opinions? I give a case in my own knowledge. What is the use of quiet, persuasive talk about inspiration—which is a very definite idea to boys, however it may shade off in older minds—to a young mind which has just woke with a start, in the Psalms preceding the sermon, to the ghastly and impious ferocity of "*Let there be no man to pity him nor to have compassion on his fatherless children*"? Rimmon will fail us here: candour, which can venture on the "ever-

lasting no," is the only help. The glozing "partly yes, and partly no"; the steering (in Newman's phrase) "through the channel of no meaning, between the Scylla and Charybdis of Aye and No" —these will fail, and all the more because they may seem momentarily to succeed.

It may be fanciful, but I have always ascribed to this early worship of Rimmon some responsibility for a phenomenon which must have struck us all. I mean the fumbling way in which the periodical collisions between ecclesiasticism and what (following an illustrious example) we may call the "Zeitgeist" are dealt with. Such incidents, *e.g.*, as Maurice's condemnation, as the proceedings against Colenso, as the celebrated note to the Athanasian Creed, strike us with wonder, not so much that they happen, as that they happen through wise, moderate, and enlightened persons. It may well be doubted, *e.g.*, if those who condemned Colenso really entertained unswerving confidence in Noah's Ark. But behind these men stood their religious constituents, so to speak, unconscious worshippers of Rimmon, trained from their youth in that odd conception of religion that in it two and two can make five; that the same proposition can be true and untrue; that the Christian verity is, in its conditions, different from other verity; that to persecute an atheist is not religious persecution, because he is not religious; lastly, in the words of one of their great journalistic champions, that "there are some things which, however true they may be, a Christian bishop is forbidden to think or say."

This is, perhaps, the richest cloud of incense, the lowest salaam, ever offered to Rimmon.

Against this immoral, unintellectual view of religion, I believe we are bound to fight from the first, not to leave it to the universities. The intellectual conscience cannot be divorced from the moral one; you will never successfully cry *sursum corda*, unless you can cry *sursum mentes* at the same time. When I am told that a purely intellectual view of religion is sure to be cold and unenthusiastic, I sometimes wonder if it be not equally true that a quite unintellectual one is sure to be hot, unjust, and absurd.

But, for my own part, I think the worship of Rimmon in the social management of a public school is a more serious and indisputable evil. Here, perhaps, one may use direct language with less risk of giving offence than on the religious question. But here too I put forward certain views as targets for discussion, merely premising that when I speak of a danger, or a tendency, I do not necessarily mean a universal epidemic, nor even an evil at present widespread. When I say a danger, in fact, I mean a danger—something to which our public school system has come to lend itself detrimentally, unless counteracted. Rimmon, in fact, is only an evil if he is actually worshipped; as a statue, he may very likely be artistically effective. Seen for what he is, he has his uses and perhaps his charm.

Sixty years ago, in pre-Arnoldian days, public schools were, as far as the boys were concerned, oligarchies, with the virtues and vices of oligarchies.

At the bottom were helots; above them a mixed multitude graduating towards the clique that ruled the school, partly by official and sanctioned power, but largely by "physical prowess," as, with a low bow to Rimmon, we always call tyranny when we wish to stand well with the tyrant. The head-master, if a man of power, had his intellectual and moral influence, but his social influence was usually slight, and that of his assistants was nowhere—they were pretty nearly devoid of social influence, and, indeed, of any social position at all.

The result, of course, was that the school formed its own ideals, worshipped its own divinities, and devised its own moral and social code, which was that of its oligarchs or slave-drivers. Such a body of rulers has always one peculiarity—it knows to a hair's-breadth what vices are gentlemanly and to be tolerated, what are condemnable; what virtues are manly and admirable, what are effeminate and odious. The ungentlemanly vices are those which, on the whole, it is not seriously tempted to practise; the ungentlemanly virtues are those which, in such a community, it would be at all hard to cultivate. The ideals will be those which seem to crown the gentlemanly virtues, and to allow a pleasant admixture of the gentlemanly vices.

It is not necessary to point out how great a change has been worked on the medium, the atmosphere, in which these things happened. Since Arnold, every head-master has striven to acquire personal as well as official influence; assistant-masters have been quintupled, at least, in number

and status. It is sometimes questioned whether, instead of being too few, they are not too numerous. This change, though it has come about gradually, sprang, of course, in the main, from Arnold.

Nevertheless, in spite of Arnold's vigorous iconoclasm, and that of his distinguished followers, I am not sure if the social Rimmon is quite in the fragments to which he should be reduced. The ideas and ideals of a long past generation of schoolboys seem to be far too dominant still. The full power of magisterial influence—I need not point out how great it is, when we reflect that almost every boy now has a definite, friendly, personal relation with at least one master, and usually more, —the full power, I say, seems not yet brought to bear upon reforming the ideals and adorations of boys, but rather aims at bringing their religious beliefs to an average, and establishing friendly relations with them individually. To speak frankly, the result appears to me to involve much sacrifice, sometimes a whole hecatomb, to Rimmon. It is not that I regret in the least the *old* relationship between boys and their natural enemies—I saw enough of its last stage to regard it with complete detestation. But the bad side of the good change seems to lie in the retention of the very deficient ideals which boys formed under the old *régime*, practically in the same condition. Leave boys alone, and they will form, of course, and did form, purely physical ideals, and a purely gladiatorial hero-worship; but if we feed and encourage these ideals under a different *régime*, where sympathy

and personal influence are potent, we stereotype the evil. And that the evil is moral as well as intellectual, hardly needs showing. Let me give an instance. Nine schoolboys out of ten have a purely hedonistic idea of the virtue of manliness: ask them what they mean by the phrase, and they will explain it in terms of a game. The idea of manliness takes shape in their minds as the virtue of being absorbed almost entirely in—what? In the very thing of which they are naturally fondest! A more certain method of producing mediocre morality than this cannot well be imagined. Manliness is a word to conjure with; its attraction for boys amounts to a spell. But, like the Lord's Prayer read backwards, it is capable of producing distressing, not to say alarming results, if mispronounced. Nothing will persuade me that boys are, as a rule, too dull to comprehend that manliness consists in doing what you do not like, not what you do. The boy whose soul is in cricket is seen at his manliest when struggling—good man that he is—with that form of adversity called Iambics; the boy whose heart is in languages and a library, is seen at his manliest when struggling, before a curious and diverted crowd, to acquire some physical accomplishment. But take either side of the virtue and ignore the other, and you will speedily produce a vice. The purely physical idea of manliness is the natural seductive illusion of boyhood—not a crime, not a catastrophe, no more deplorable in itself than any appetite. But if allowed to

grow unchecked into an institution, an object of worship, to boys, — and, under modern conditions, it can only become so if masters offer rich baked meats on this particular altar of Rimmon, — it is, I think, in some degree responsible for the defects in what is called school morality : for those occasional explosions of moral dynamite to which all schools are liable, and which we are apt to think of as unaccountable epidemics. The pathetic thing about public school society, when one considers the high character and purpose of so many individual boys, is its tendency, collectively, to worship fifth-rate idols. We have all seen, as boys if not as masters, the ring of awed worshippers round these deplorable shrines. Excellence in some form of pleasure will secure worship from many (with little remonstrance from any), for a youth whose influence is and must be detrimental, —half a sot morally, two-thirds a dolt intellectually, three-quarters a clown socially. How such an object became in the past reconcileable with any idealism, I have tried to show ; that it remains a possibility even now is the worst of Rimmon's gifts. But the genial and sympathetic view, as it is called, of all this—that it was so in the beginning, is, and ever shall be—seems to me mere lazy cynicism. Nothing will persuade me but that boys, properly and vigorously stimulated by friendly vice-parents, are readily capable of recognising Stephano for what he is :—

> "What a thrice-double ass
> Was I, to take this drunkard for a god
> And worship this dull fool!"

Opinions must widely differ, of course, as to the comparative prevalence of shabby ideals at public schools; but we shall agree, I think, that, if they are prevalent at all, the responsibility lies largely upon masters. Boys, after all, have not a fixed and immutable disposition; they are, as we have been truly and eloquently told, "of imagination all compact," touchingly susceptible to the influences and ideals of others, and especially of those with whom they are on friendly terms. The supposed horny and impervious devotion of boys to the traditional objects of school worship, their supposed unswerving attachment to the ideals of a school life wholly unlike the present, is, I believe, a nightmare, a grinning mask of Rimmon—not a reality.

It will be said, perhaps, that to speak in this way is to take an unduly unfavourable view of the present. Well, a paper like this is meant to be a kind of Aunt Sally to throw missiles at, and we all know what a gusto it adds to that game if the image has a distorted countenance and a pipe stuck in very much awry. But perhaps, in conclusion, I may be allowed to point out one reason why the worship of Rimmon seems a danger particularly incident to our profession in its modern shape.

To reform boys' social ideals appears to involve a good deal of swimming against the stream—a good deal of struggling against passive resistance. This becomes more disagreeable now that boys have become, so much more than they used to be, domestic guests, closely and personally associated

with masters. It seems as if life would be hardly worth living if we were to be always cutting boys against the grain. We all feel this, though with varying degrees of acuteness. We feel how beneficial, on the whole, the change has been. Cannot we rest in it and be thankful? or, at any rate, proceed slowly and undisturbed? It is part, I suppose, of what the witty showman called "the general cussedness of human affairs," that even the very best changes introduce new dangers. The worship of Rimmon was probably an improvement on some elementary worship of a "deboshed fish, half a monster"; but it played the mischief between Naaman and his conscience after all.

I think the danger of masters being too subservient to boys' standards a grave one. I do not wish to be misunderstood as suggesting that, to secure pleasant domestic intercourse with boys, eyes are wilfully shut and struggles against the school idols wilfully shirked. I am thinking rather of the unconscious influence that does so easily beset us in these matters—the disposition to be a little bored with intellectual things because they bore the boys: a little insincere in our public attitude towards the Bible because parents are very timid: a little inclined to talk games, and nothing but games, because we suppose nothing else interests or can interest the boys (as Mill says, things will happen unless something is done to prevent them): a little nervous how we condemn betting and gambling, because boys are supposed to love them by predestination, and to be wholly unable to see

the harm of them. It is Rimmon, nothing but Rimmon, this decorous conventional deity. Boys are often silly, and deceive themselves easily, but they are not easily deceived by older people; and, to take the last case as an example, I don't believe there is, or ever was, a boy of fifteen unable to grasp the fact that to want to win your neighbour's money is to covet your neighbour's goods, and that to obtain your ends by provoking him to do ditto, is simply to form a duumvirate against that section of the Decalogue. Any boy can see this, though, of course, I do not say that any boy can easily resist the temptation, even though his eyes are open to it. But, in any case, we increase their difficulties by being hazily undecisive about such things, on purely fashionable grounds. It is precisely because it is rather a fashionable and respectable failing that boys develop a premature appetite for it; it is, precisely for the same reason, the sort of failing about which we should be decisive. Boys, I dare-say, will worship Rimmon somewhat in any case; but, if masters serve Rimmon a little, boys, of course—Jehus as they are,—will serve him much, until the day of hewing-down arrives. Why should it be considered positively necessary to let the worship outlive school life? That is why it does outlive university life too.

Let me sum up very briefly a tedious disquisition. Let us assume that now we are perfect: is there not a danger that, in future, public school masters will pretend to be somewhat more clerical in opinion than they really are? Is there not a danger that,

from desire of domestic and social peace and quiet, and freedom from worry, they will rather patch and cobble at boys' ideals than strike boldly out for fresh ones, improved in the direction of intellect and morals, and less enslaved to the conventional, and mediocre, and muscular?

If these dangers do not exist, neither does the House of Rimmon as I have dreamed of it. I earnestly entreat the Society, by discussion, to dispel my dream.

IDEALS OF WOMANLINESS.[1]

By Sophie Bryant, D.Sc.

IT is impossible to doubt—though easy to forget—how effective are the ideals of a race or an age in shaping the development of the youth brought up under their influence. Generation after generation, fresh human energy springs into life and pours itself forth in conduct and character, as freely as the waters stream down the mountain sides; but, just as the direction of the rivers is predetermined by the configuration of the land through which they run, so does the energy of each generation form itself according to the thought of the age into which it is born. The thought of the age works on the imagination of the individual, and his imagination of what he should be goes far to determine the manner of man he will become. As a popular novelist puts it, in the course of describing his hero, it is often of much less importance what a young man actually is than what it is that he gives himself out to himself to be.

Now the spirit of the ages—in common language, public opinion—expressing itself through law, custom, and literature, has dealt hardly with women in this matter of ideals. The ideal of manliness has

[1] *Journal of Education*, February 1893.

developed steadily, on clear well-marked lines, from age to age, and few men have been born into the world, with any fair chance of knowing its opinion, who have not known well enough what manner of men they were expected to be. Men have always known that they ought to be, at least, brave and resolute; and all early, as well as later, literatures teach the supplementary lesson that gentleness is needed to humanize strength, and sympathy to temper resolution. Even in the old Norse literature, where the worship of manly strength seems to reach its highest point, the strain of chivalrous feeling is by no means lacking, and no literature, ancient, mediæval, or modern, surpasses the bardic literature of the early Celt in conceptions of heroic "sweetness and light." The progress of civilization shows itself less in the development of the manly ideal than in the ever-widening extent of its influence. This is marked more especially by a closer approximation of real to ideal on the side of the virtues of gentleness, so that one whom our forefathers would have admired for his strength we abhor for his fierceness and brutality.

Women, on the other hand, have enjoyed no such constancy of instruction, except as regards all those gentler virtues rooted in quick sympathies, which have been allotted to them from the beginning. A woman might be a coward, might, in some cases, even shrink from telling truth at her convenience, but she must be gentle of speech and aspect, she must be kind of heart, faithful in affection, and sympathetic always. These good gifts

were never conceived as the growth of chivalry in her; they were, and are, her very nature as a womanly woman. And to this day these requirements lie deep down in our souls as requirements that must be fulfilled by the real woman, under penalty of forfeiting all our kindly regard. The sense of them makes us shudder at the shrill voice of the virago, and turn in dislike from a woman's platform oratory, if it run into such mild excesses, either of vehemence or flippancy, as can be easily tolerated in a man. And similarly, though we despise the cowardly woman, our contempt for her is not like our scorn of the equally cowardly man. There is some essential difference of ideal here which instinctively we all recognise. The woman *must* be gentle, though surely she *ought* also to be brave. The man *must* be brave, though no one doubts that he *ought* also to be gentle.

It would seem that there should be something of a parallelism in the logical development of the two ideals. The manly ideal starts, as is natural (considering man's circumstances and his essential gifts), from the side of the virtues of strength, and annexes in addition the virtues of sympathy. The womanly ideal starts, as is no less natural, from the virtues of gentleness and sympathy, and should tend to put on also the virtues of strength.

But this second development has been fitful, and therein the trouble lies. For women, the stalwart virtues come into fashion and go out, just as it is sometimes fashionable to be "tall and gracious," sometimes to be "little and arch." The heroine of

one decade may fly screaming from a mouse, and be rescued by the hero without contempt. The heroine of the next saves her lover from shipwreck by courage and skill. This is very confusing to the modern girl's mind. Is it, or is it not, womanly to have skill and strength and presence of mind when danger threatens or overwhelms? Is it, or is it not, womanly to have a soldier's instinctive dislike to turn one's back on an alarming situation? Ought women to expect the virtues of courage and resoluteness from themselves?

An example will make clearer what I mean by this simple soldier's instinct that forbids flight and leaves room for real courage. It is, doubtless, at the base of character in all brave races, and is closely bound up with a sense of personal dignity. I have often thought that the first occasion on which one is induced (quite rightly, no doubt) by reasonable considerations, to run away must carry with it a great moral shock. The simple instinct was once shown to me very prettily by a little baby girl who followed me into my room one evening when it was quite dark. I did not strike a light for some minutes. The little girl did not like the dark; it clearly stirred in her vague ideas of danger; but she was coming after me as usual, and would not turn back. So she came along, all by herself, not seeking in the least my protection, but saying aloud emphatically to herself, "I'se not afraid, I'se not afraid." She was afraid, but she *could* not run away. Perhaps the event is pretty enough to be considered womanly even by the least advanced.

But, granted bravery, is a woman more womanly for being also strong? Strength and bravery go together in ideals generally. When bravery is a virtue, it is natural that strength should be regarded as a god-like gift, and so it is in the ideal of manliness. The poor modern girl, however, when she wonders what she ought to expect herself to be, will get uncertain guidance at this point from the womanly ideal as presented in literature. Not only does the ideal heroine vary in all degrees of weakness and strength—from Thackeray's Amelia to Sir Walter Scott's Rebecca—but, if the inquiring girl tries to deal with the subject historically, she will find that the ideal in this respect shows no sure line of progression in time. If she read the ancient Norse love-tale of Sigurd and Brynhild, she will see the strong wise heroine at her strongest and most attractive, and, indeed, the strong wise woman is a favourite in both Norse and Celtic literature, though with a difference in the two. And there are women of old in the Bible, also, who were praised for resolution and strength; nor are they absent from the classic literatures, nor from the works of our own great writers—such as Spenser and Shakespeare, and Scott. More modern literature, on the other hand, abounds in weakly heroines—lovable enough, and that is the worst of them. In the last century they suffered from a malady called "the vapours"—whatever that may have been. Fainting has had its day of grace and attractiveness, and headaches and neuralgia have an attraction to some minds even now. Another form of the desire

for weakness, which modern education has brought into sight, is an insidious notion that there is elegance in being overworked.

Now a hero in literature may have ill-health as a foil to his numerous virtues, but a heroine's fragility is often part of her attractiveness. Therein lies the difference; but the inequality lies in this—the hero is never praised because he is deficient in the qualities essential to the heroine, her gentle ways, her sympathy and affection. The ideal for him progresses, for her it flickers. Hence, the real men are urged to be gentle and sympathetic, more than the real women are encouraged to be wise, brave, and strong.

There must be a cause for this, and the understanding of this cause might help the modern girl to make up her own mind as to whether it would or would not be well to aim at adding, so far as in her power lies, the virtues and graces of strength to the virtues and graces of sympathy and tenderness.

It seems necessary that we should here go back a stage, and consider briefly the essential contrast between these two groups of good qualities, and the reason why they are assigned, or, as we might almost say, assign themselves, the one to be the essential virtue of the man, and the other to make up the essential virtue of the woman. I doubt that the thought can be better expressed than in the words of an old Irish law-writer, who, in the course of his dry annotations on the Brehon Law, bursts forth into a derivation, perhaps more quaint than true, of the

Gaelic words (*fer* and *ban*) for man and woman. Thus they are called, he tells us, "from the *kindliness* of a woman, and the *dignity* of a man; and *to reach these qualities they exist.*"

Now I take it that the "dignity" of a man consists in his capacity to hold himself together and stand firm under all, even the most difficult, circumstances. His sense of dignity underlies his bravery in war, his endurance in distress, his general inability to run away, or give in, under any stress of hostile circumstances. And the gifts of strength are associated with dignity, because they give the power which the strong-souled man assumes in himself. Dignity, then, turns on this strength of soul or resoluteness, and its manifestations depend for their force and amplitude on the possession of strength in all departments of action, so that the strong-souled man must of necessity desire every kind of strength, and seek to acquire these so far as he may.

So much for the man and this essential manly quality. I have already pointed out how this comes to be qualified certainly and steadily by the perception that great individual strength of character needs, in proportion to its magnitude, to be tempered by sympathy and a chivalrous care for the weaker ones. Hence we find that, in all idealistic literature, the hero is depicted as gentle and tender just in proportion as he is strong and masterful. He has to be strong against fate and the external world, able to guard himself and his home; but within the home, and to all weaker outsiders, he is gentle as

a child or as a woman. That he should be both truthful and true goes without saying: it belongs to his dignity that he should scorn deceit, the breaking of treaties, and disloyalty to friends. The growth of the chivalrous instinct, moreover, emphasises, and still further sanctifies, this virtue of loyal faith, as an essential part of sympathetic affection. Self-respect and other-respect alike make breach of faith impossible to the manly man.

Coming now to the woman, it needs but brief reflection to show that the different circumstances of her social position throughout history lead to a different emphasis in the ideal of her character; and the emphasis becomes disproportionately one-sided in the *semi*-ideal types that abound in literature. This happens because the semi-ideal heroine *must* have those qualities which are essentially womanly, and is not required to have their complement of strength as much as the semi-ideal hero is required to have that complement of chivalrous gentleness without which his strength becomes a positive social mischief.

Here we seem to reach the kernel of the matter: the womanly virtues of gentleness need no counterpoise, and mere weakness, as a passive evil, in a woman does not cry out for remedy, like brutal strength in a man. Hence, not striking the imagination as an active evil, however much it may destroy the real comfort of a home, the literary artist is not, and probably never can be, urged to make general war upon its cultivation, as he makes war on the absence of gentleness in strength. All persons, with

any experience of life, have doubtless, at all times, known well that the limp heroine, whom, in a story, it is so delightful to dash in and save from shipwreck or fire, would probably, in real life, prove somewhat impracticable, even in the matter of being saved, and that, for the wear and tear of everyday existence, whatever its work may be, the capable woman, whose head is cool and will firm, provided also her heart be warm, is as much to be preferred to the other type as is the capable man. Persons of experience have, in short, always known practically, *i.e.*, in particular cases, that a woman is the better for the possession of any and every human virtue, gift, and grace. But the literary artist, writing chiefly under æsthetic motives, has not been guarded from one-sidedness in this case, as in the other, by the self-evident need of balance in the type; and the inexperienced, whether young men in their choice of women to admire, or young women in their choice of ideals by which to live, fall readily into the snares laid for them by the literary artist, whose only aim is, at bottom, the production of a picturesque effect. Parenthetically, it may be said, at this point, that the simplest cure of these erroneous views—granting them to be erroneous—lies in the production of the living concrete capable woman. I never yet knew a man who, *other things being equal*, did not prefer the companionship of a capable to that of an incapable woman, when it came to reality—at least, provided the woman were not more capable than himself; but I have known many men who declared, in the abstract, that they did not like clever women, or athletic

women, or women specially capable in some other respect.

The literary artist aims at picturesque effects. We are all of us more or less artists, with an eye for picturesque effects; and ideals of character, as they present themselves to us, and are portrayed by the literary artist, are apt to be affected as much by the æsthetic as by the direct and serious ethical motive. We have seen how the ethical requirement for counterpoise in manliness is, of necessity, more urgent and uncompromising than the ethical requirement, which yet, in a certain sense, is equally authoritative, for that counterpoise of womanly dignity, in the sense above described, to womanly sympathy and bound-up-ness (if we might coin such a word) in others. The proper use of æsthetic effects in these matters is to reinforce the ethical principle at work, nor is it possible to depart far from the ethical truth without peril to the æsthetic truth also. It would not therefore, I believe, be possible to work æsthetic effects with feebleness as an essential part of the material, unless there were some special reason for its use in art.

That special reason is not far to seek. The principle of contrast counts for much in itself. As a foil to the strength and independence of the man, an exaggerated weakness and dependence in the woman can be used with picturesque effect in a story. Since the contrast of nature when both are at their best is, in truth, sufficient if treated effectively, the resource of exaggeration is a mark of feebleness; and the greater artists would, no

doubt, always rise above it were they not under the influence of habits begotten by the influence of inferior art. Mere contrast, however, is not the only principle at work here. Development of character is expressed through the development of a drama. In the older stories, the hero, with his independent control of life, played the leading part, as a rule, and the heroine's part was apt, unconsciously, to become a mere opportunity for the further development of the hero's story. Later on, story came to take note of hero and heroine as more equally concerned in its making, at least, when a story of love in its main intent. Not till the last century, when women themselves took to writing stories, did the story become common in which the main interest centred in the heroine, and the development of her fortunes and character. The latter kind of story is apt to have a heroine with a mind of her own, however completely she may surrender herself in due course when the hero appears. But the two former, and even now much more common, types are pretty sure in the main, by the very law of their existence, to subordinate the less stable ideal of womanly goodness to the necessities for the dramatic exercise of the more stable manly type. There is no doubt that a hero must be brave and kind; therefore, in a story he must have occasion to exercise his chivalry, and the most picturesque way of doing so is in the service of a heroine. Hence it is necessary that there should be a damsel in distress. Monsters and giants were once most useful means of supply for

the distress, but, with the progress of science, civilization, and general humdrumness, damsels in distress from overwhelming external circumstances, became more rare. Law, order, policemen, and the disappearance of monsters, enabled women, under most circumstances, to take care of themselves. Thus the resources of fiction were seriously crippled. The ills that still remain to us are at once fewer and, even to a woman, less overwhelming. Hence the dramatic utility of the incapable woman. If a girl is an excellent swimmer she need not drown when a boat upsets, and so the hero loses a chance of risking his life to save her from a watery and *certain* grave. There are, indeed, many graceful acts by which the hero of the modern novel can show, in subtler ways, that valour and chivalry are by no means dead; but striking situations of the romantic and sensational type can no longer be created in any variety without the introduction of heroines who are deficient in the qualities and virtues of strength. In short, the dramatic exigencies of chivalry are responsible for much of the common literary depreciation of a woman's strength, and for that leaning which supports this, to some extent, in most of us—both men and women—a dramatic liking for the picturesque effect thus produced. To the man, the exercise of his chivalry is delightful and morally ennobling. To the woman, the experience of his strength stirs her with delight and admiration, but may operate as a great moral temptation—the temptation to let her powers lie dormant and dwindle for want of exercise, so that she may have

the more pleasure in this superiority at her service which so pleases her. Thus the woman gets the worst of the lesson ethically.

The artist, and we all, as desiring the artistic effects, must make up our minds, first as to the ethics of the matter, and then demand for our working ideals that they shall be true to ethics first, and the artistic effects obtained within the lines prescribed as right. For my part, I have no anxiety as to the æsthetic result, even from that limited point of view which makes the dramatic interest of story and of life centre in the development of the hero's character in action. The best art will not suffer by laying aside those extravagant contrasts and extreme occasions for the exercise of courage and strength which are afforded by the existence of the more or less incapable heroine.

But even were it not so, there is ample compensation in the interest of the strong, or shall I say complete, heroine's own development of character. The stories which have the heroine, so to speak, for their hero, supply abundant instances of picturesque effects, due to the contrast of firmness and sympathy, strength and tenderness, self-dependence and self-surrender, "sweetness and light," in the central figure. The strong, independent woman, quite able to take care of herself—and other people, too—becomes transformed, without being changed, into the loving, dependent woman who finds her chief joy in thinking the thoughts, and feeling the aspirations, and taking on the will of another than herself.

There is plenty of picturesque contrast in a story

showing this. Probably indeed, in real truth, the intensity of the second phase is proportional to the intensity of the first, so prone is the individual human mind to balance itself by the development of opposites, much as a skater maintains his balance by equal strokes on his two feet. A transformation from one of these phases to the other is not a change. The loving woman is still the strong woman, able to stand alone if need be, or, if more happy, to stand strongly together with another, or even to take up the post of guardianship for a season should misfortune require it.

Real women of this kind everyone knows and everyone admires. Nor is it too much to say that the ideal thus briefly sketched is true to the nature of romantic things, while the incomplete heroine of the story, who is merely the hero's opportunity for heroism, is not true. And this can be explained. Weakness cannot appreciate strength as strength appreciates it, ignorance is insensible to learning, genius is invisible to stupidity—nay, more, it is even true that cowardice cannot value courage at its worth. To the feeble, merely dependent, woman, all a man's manly virtues are at an infinite distance, or lie even, as it were, in a fourth dimension of space; they appear to her only as benefits, which she freely accepts. Of what they are to him she has no conception, that inaccessible fourth dimension being quite unthinkable to her. But the other woman knows and understands; because she has the manly excellences in her degree, she values superiority in them wherever it occurs. When she benefits by these virtues in

another, it is not her mere *experience of their use*, but her *imagination of their exercise* that stirs her the more — the power, the effort, the self-denial, the thoughtfulness, the endurance. And so, since it is essential that the heroine of romance should appreciate the hero, the merely dependent woman is not, for the most part, true to the nature of romance. I admit exceptions—rare and beautiful exceptions—but such women add to their sympathy and tenderness a rare strength of soul amid their weakness, and so should not be counted as real exceptions.

No writer has described the Nemesis of graceful feminine weakness more fully and yet more tenderly than Dickens, in the character of Dora. Dora was sweetness and tenderness itself; she was not selfish, she was not vain; she was only very very incapable. There are few things in literature, to my mind, more pathetic than poor little Dora's well-meant attempts to be useful and sympathetic. But "darkly wise and great" indeed poor David remained to her throughout. Everyone will remember how her aspirations ended in the discovery that she could hold the pens while he wrote. The moral of the tale lies in this, that if Dora had known earlier the value of ability, she would have trained herself to a higher level than that which she reached; and if David had valued feminine capacity at its true value he would not have made the mistake of substituting Dora for Agnes. The latter is the moral which Dickens draws, but I submit that the other is even more vital.

For types of the capable heroine we may turn to

the pages of George Eliot. Few writers have made the lovableness of strength more apparent. She, too, in the story of "Lydgate and Rosamond," has a lesson of warning about the folly of affection based on the incomplete romantic ideal. In Rosamond, Lydgate sees or imagines the typical woman, supplementary to himself the man, capable of unlimited devotion to him, and sympathy, though not understanding sympathy, with his feelings and views of life. But all these are in the fourth dimension for Rosamond, and sympathy is impossible where no basis exists in reason and imagination. Lydgate, of course, should have found the ideal in Dorothea, but, under the influence of his false traditions, he judges her, at the outset, to be intellectual and strong-minded, and *therefore* deficient in feminine softness.

It is often supposed that those who set up the complete human ideal as the type of womanliness, have chiefly in their minds the independent woman, and her need of a personal use of the virtues of strength. It will now, I hope, be apparent that this need not be so, for throughout we have been considering women in, rather than out of, their special sphere, and with reference to a romantic rather than a utilitarian view of life. I am content if I have shown that the complete human type is needed in that sphere, and that its exercise produces more beauty, as well as more use, in the common course of social and domestic life. If I have dwelt on the beauty rather than the use, it is because I have been dealing with literature and its picturesque

effects; and I have chosen to deal with the matter thus, because beauty makes itself felt far off in anticipations of romance, while use appeals only to actual experience of its goodness. The imagination of youth will, therefore, always fasten itself on the ideals of romance, and be guided, unconsciously, by picturesque effects; and the imagination of youth forms the character for maturity. At least, this is so in the absence of a strong and clear ethical conception to the contrary.

Such a conception, however, there is; and we now see how it can be conciliated with and made conducive to æsthetic effects in romance. Think of a woman first as an end in herself, and incomplete ideals will be no longer possible. Perfection of human character in all its aspects, becomes an end that should be realized in her. It is true, indeed, that the best women, as also the best men, think always more of their work in the world than of their own graceful goodness in doing it; and this great principle of the *objectivity* of moral action should never be forgotten, while our claim is made that the *individual subjectivity* of each person should be regarded as an end, and for all equally an end, in itself. This recognition of individuality, in each by every other, implies the completeness of the true womanly ideal. But each woman for herself grows best towards that ideal by playing as efficiently as she can the part she has to play in the economy of nature and society.

And thus we reach the conclusion of the whole matter. All human virtues are virtues for the

woman no less than for the man. Let the woman, therefore, develop her sense of individual dignity, with a view to the complete ideal of human excellence. Let her value all good gifts, improve every talent, and scorn every deficiency in herself. But let her also keep her face turned towards womanly duties and womanly responsibilities, with a modest pride in her household efficiency, her skill of hands, her social tact, her helpfulness in sickness—her womanly ability to make life within the house full of comfort, peace, and beauty.

It is this ability to do work well within her own sphere, and the difference of that sphere, which makes the human excellence of the woman seem so different from that of the man; and this ability, with the special development of qualities which it implies, is gained better by doing the work than by reflecting on specialities in the ideal of womanliness. She who improves her talents, keeps her conscience fixed on the great ideals of virtue, and also does her work well as it comes along, she will become a womanly woman, and be easily recognisable as such.

Suppose we could throw into a composite photograph all the ideals of manly virtue that have ever been depicted, and suppose we did this also with the ideals of womanliness. Each photograph would show all the features of human virtue, but the virtues emphasised in the composite ideal man would not be those emphasised in the composite ideal woman. The contrast noted by the old law writer would appear, and must appear as a consequence of divergent spheres of duty—the individual

dignity of the man, the sympathetic kindliness of the woman.

Let us now suppose the two composites superposed, and a third composite thus developed. The strong features of each would supplement the weak features of the other, and the complete human ideal, balanced and harmonious, would appear. Now, the conclusion to be drawn from this rambling discussion of ideals may be stated thus. Let each of us, whether man or woman, look to the complete ideal as that which we mean to become, and let each, at the same time, do well his or her own work. Character is the aftergrowth of activities under the influence of ideals, and so manly men and womanly women come into being. The differences which nature has decreed lie very deep, in subtle contrasts of abilities and purpose, which the unity of ideal serves rather to heighten than to suppress. So, while each grows more like the other in the wholeness and unity of reason and right, the sweetness of diversity remains to all time, "making one music, as before, but vaster" and more harmonious.

Mock-Essays.

THE SPARROW COLONEL.

(*After O. W. Holmes.*)

By Beatrix Tollemache.

AMONG the shifting population of the table d'hôte meals, I remember that one guest regularly appeared at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, Biarritz, and also that he had the habit, at the end of a meal, of gathering up the broken bread left on the table, and stuffing it into his pockets. Presently, as I sat at my window, looking on the garden, I saw the old French Colonel, for such I found he was, scattering crumbs to the birds; they came flocking round him, and he seemed quite happy and contented. But how fierce and warlike he could appear if a cat, attracted by the delightful prospect of a meal, *not* of breadcrumbs, ventured to prowl round. She was quickly routed from the field, and the sparrows were able to dine in peace.

My further acquaintance with the Colonel grew out of our common taste for poetry, for the old soldier now spent his leisure in writing, gardening, and such-like peaceful pursuits. He wrote in French, while I wrote in English; what, therefore, more natural than that he should beg my help in laying his verses before the bi-lingual readers of the *Petit Courrier*. He had written a pretty poem

describing his rescue of a nest of birds from some cruel youngsters. One of these birds became his pet and companion; he would carry it in his pocket, let it sleep on his pillow, and it grew so fond of him that it would not fly away when liberty was offered to it. This was gracefully described in thirty-two stanzas. I did my best in translating to preserve the charm of the original, but with all my good-will I could not avoid compressing the poem into about half the original number of verses: English sentiment is too inexpansive. He could not bear to see boys teasing sparrows by tying a string to one of their legs, and a lady having remarked that if she saw a boy doing that she would offer him ten sous and then let the bird loose, the Colonel replied, "Moi, je lui donnerais un soufflet, et j'emporterais l'oiseau." I have said that the Colonel often carried a sparrow in his pocket, but whether the bird was wet or dry he did not seem to care, for when he was out walking and saw a nice puddle, he would take it out and say, "Pierrot, va te laver." He had laid out a nice garden to the house he had built, and there was a shallow basin and fountain in it, where the birds could bathe in safety. Someone having suggested to him that he seemed to like birds better than men, he growled, "Les hommes, je les deteste." This misanthropy may have been the result of disappointed ambition. He told me that he had offered his services to the Government in 1870, but was considered too old, and his offer refused; certainly his misanthropy was only skin-deep, and really indicated his sympathy with his

fellows, for, as Chamfort says: "No man who is not a misanthropist at forty has ever loved mankind." In truth, he was always ready to give a helping hand to anyone in trouble, and I remember his asking me to translate into English his French appeal for subscriptions to buy a horse for a one-armed coachman who earned his livelihood by plying for hire in the streets.

There was something of Don Quixote in the Colonel. In figure he was tall and spare; he wore high boots, and a coat so short and cut away, that it hardly seemed to protect his lean body; in fact in cold weather he threw a shawl over his shoulders. A soft felt hat completed his attire.

He had known Biarritz in the old Imperial days, and a Republic was not at all to his taste. I remember that he looked coldly on me when I avowed my preference for a Republic in France, and I was only restored to favour when some time after I expressed my indignation with the Republican Government for refusing to allow priests to visit the hospitals. He then offered me his arm, and marched me into the dining-room.

On another occasion he had written some verses about the Empress of the French and her son, describing the young prince as her joy and consolation in her exile. This he gave me to translate, and when I had incautiously brought in the words *Empress* and *Napoleon*, I was told such words might bring him into trouble with the Government. I then spread a transparent veil over their meaning by saying Eugénie and her boy. It was only a few

weeks after that the news came of the tragic death of the Prince Imperial. . . . Perhaps the Republic felt safer then.

For years the Colonel's familiar figure stalked into the garden of the hotel at luncheon time; but the end came at last, and after his death his heirs, who were at a distance, ordered an auction to be held of his few household goods.

How pathetic it was to see the garden where he would stroll and compose his verses, invaded by rough men with pipes, while a crowd of women, some with their knitting, sat in rows of chairs in front of the steps leading from the open salon window.

And yet there was a touch of the comic, as the auctioneer, who was something of a buffoon, and wished for his credit to make the sale amusing, came forward and threw over his head and shoulders a burnous brought from Algeria by the Colonel; he then waved in the air some towels before the eyes of his audience. "Here are English bath towels," he cried in French, "such as are not to be got even in Bayonne"; then again he produced some books, "Here is 'Art's Army List; who will give anything for this valuable book?" For the old Colonel, though he did not venture to write in English, was able to understand it, and his library contained some quaint little editions of English books. And now his kindly spirit has fled where we trust there may still be birds and flowers, such as he loved to tend, and I will close my sketch of my old friend by quoting his familiar words of parting: *Sans Adieu.*

OF CYNICISM.

(*After Bacon.*)

By the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache.

I PURPOSE not to write of the Cynicism of Diogenes, nor of his rough speech to Alexander of Macedon, nor of the elegancy of the King's answer. For these be things known unto all men. Likewise, the cynicism of our day is not sharp and aculeate, like the cynicism of Diogenes. For, inasmuch as the word *Cynic* deriveth itself from dogs, the quality of him that dwelt in the tub was such as belongeth to snarling curs. Whereas the cynicism of our days, which Frenchmen call *finis seculi*, putteth me in mind of silky-haired and mangy lap-dogs, the sickly offspring of sickly parents, that have been through many generations tendered and cosseted. A Cynic of this breed is often perfumed like a milliner, and, after the manner of Agag, he walketh delicately.

We will speak, first, how cynicism is often discovered among men of parts; secondly, whence it ariseth; and, thirdly, to what sort of persons it should be limited and confined, so as it may be contained from mischief.

I stand not upon such notable cases of cynicism as Machiavel or as the Sieur de Montaigne, who

saith: "He that forsaketh his own healthful and pleasant life, so as he may serve others, followeth a course which I hold to be wrong and unnatural." But I pass on to examples which lie less open, or, at the least, are less publicly talked of. Augustus Cæsar, on the day of his death, caused himself to be bravely attired, and demanded of his friends that, if the Comedy of his Life had been well enacted, they should clap with their hands; even as Rabelais, on a like occasion, exclaimed: "Tirez le rideau, la farce est finie."

You shall hear it said that a grave historian, who hath written excellently well of the Declination and Fall of the Roman Empire, suffereth himself not to be decoyed into a smile save when he relateth the murder of a Priest. I knew one that dwelt in Oxford, being a Clergyman and the Governor of a College there, who had a desperate saying, that "There is no such thing as Sin; there are only mistakes." Nevertheless, he is herein held in countenance by Goethus of Weimar—a writer who beautifieth and adorneth the nation of the Germans, who otherwise are less elegant than other nations in their writings (as likewise in their manners)—for, saith he, "The Politick Man never hath a Conscience"; and a Politick Man out of question Goethus reckoned himself to be. A Cynic, too, in his way, was the monk of old time whom Goethus praiseth, who gave unto himself three rules of behaviour: "Spernere mundum, spernere se ipsum, spernere se sperni."

I cannot choose but impute Cynicism to a late eloquent Privy Councillor, a man that feared God and

hated all faction and sedition. Some years ago, I asked of that grave and austere person how he valued the changes that were being then wrought in Ireland. He made answer on this wise, pointing therewithal to his little dog: *Look at Fido, that now biteth my staff. The staff profiteth nought by what he doth; but I suffer him to bite it, so as he may do no worse havoc elsewhere. Even so it falleth out with the estate of Ireland. Ireland preoccupateth the demagogues; and certainly, if they must needs work mischief somewhere, they were better work it anywhere but in England.* Truly he laughed as he conversed thus with me; yet methought that he discoursed not wholly as one that jesteth: as Horace saith, *What hindereth but a man laughing may speak truth?*

I marvel that my lord of St Albans, when he handleth the Topick of *Adversity*, saith nothing of the consolation to be drawn from looking with a Play Pleasure, as he himself elsewhere calleth it, on the Theatre of Life. And this is the more strange, inasmuch as this Play Pleasure appertaineth to Cynicism; and Cynicism is thickly strewn among his pages. Certainly he is a cynic when he ascribeth *Virtue* to such *high and great Spirits* as Alcibiades Philip le Bel, and Edward the Fourth. And he is cynical likewise when, in his treatise on *Anger*, his pencil laboureth as much to describe the means of provoking wrath as the means of attempering and appeasing it. As if it could be meet for any Christian man to seek to put another man into a rage. I hold him to be yet more culpable when he exhorteth strong nations to be sensible of wrong, and to search

the means of commanding quarrels with their weaker neighbours, so as they may keep the Body Politick in healthful exercise. All which things being weighed and pondered, I trow that whoso taketh delight in my lord's Essays hath somewhat of Cynicism lurking in him; and, if he sayeth he hath it not, he lieth, or, haply, he doth deceive himself. Peradventure, when he exalteth those Essays above the Moon, he is in the humour of self-excusation, and thinketh in his heart: "If my lord has praise of all men, although many times he writeth as a Cynic, why should I be dispraised of men if I write and talk as a Cynic; and why should I dispraise myself if I feel as one?"

Incident to this point is my second Topick: the Plantation of Cynicism, and where and how it springeth up. For self-excusation is the April shower which causeth it to flourish. Few men, I am sure, have a natural wish to be cynical: and fewer still have the wish to be thought so, particularly by women. For indeed all women rail bitterly at Cynicism; the cause whereof is plain. You shall see that women, when assailed with arguments, do defend themselves after the manner of hedgehogs: they use not their heads at all, but they bristle up and are fain to prick. Therefore, lacking the habit and the skill to cogitate, they dive not deep into their own hearts, and discover not therein the faults for which they reprehend their neighbours. And, not being sensible of the wounds of self-reproach, they have no use for the shield of Cynicism; and therefore, not comprehending that quality, they do utterly abhor it. Certainly, Cynicism often dependeth from

self-examining, being (as it were) its fringe or its beard. Which appeareth on this wise. Let a man first consider that, as we condemn much that our forefathers approved, even so posterity will, out of question, condemn much that we approve; and let him then ponder his own nature and all things that he deliberately doeth and purposeth to do, and let him see whether he be not many times a very *Tekel*, one who, being weighed in the balance, is found wanting; and he shall presently discover that, if he would not be a martyr, he must needs be somewhat of a Cynic. At last, peradventure, he will be content to behave even as others behave. Human life, he will say within himself, is beset with Gordian knots, which must be dealt with, and can scarce be unloosed; the wisest man is he that cutteth them.

The composition of Cynicism will be better understood if I tell of a shrewd saying of Goethus: "As old age cometh upon me, I wax more lenient, for, whenever I hear of a sin committed, I feel that in the like case I myself might have committed it." He intendeth, without doubt, that he might have so transgressed if he had been born, reared, and tempted as the transgressor was. But it is meet to be wroth with evil doers, as St Paul saith: "Be ye angry." Now, when a philosopher groweth as lenient as Goethus, divers stands and impediments obstruct the path of his righteous anger. So that, when he must needs condemn evil deeds and profess bitter anger thereat, he feeleth that the wheels of his speech keep not way with the wheels of his thought and feeling, as Euripides saith: "My tongue swore, but

my mind swore not." And he would scarce traduce such a cynical sage that should ascribe to him the quality which my lord pronounceth to be one of the stepping-stones to fortune: He is "not too much of the honest." It is worthy to observe that my lord dealeth with this abated probity as Isaak Walton telleth us that he himself dealt with his live bait—he handleth it tenderly as if he loved it.

Tully saith that the vices of the wicked Consul, Afranius, were such as none, save a Philosopher, could contemplate without a groan: "Consul est impositus is nobis, quem nemo, præter nos philosophos, aspicere sine suspiratu possit"; as if the moral palate of Philosophers were used and innured to such divers meats as nought could any more seem unsavoury unto them. Certainly a Philosopher is often at straits to consider any particular sin or sorrow apart and by itself; insomuch that he must needs interlace it with all the sin and sorrow in the world. And, when he thus surveyeth the world, as a whole, he becometh either an Heraclitus or a Democritus. He must either continually weep or continually laugh. But, if he would weep without respite, I see not how the cistern of his eyes can be replenished—

"Mirandum est unde ille oculis suffecerit humor."

Therefore he laugheth at mankind, but he laugheth sardonically and in his own despite. Such an one is a Cynic of the honourablest sort. If we go back to the source whence the word *Cynic* is derived, we may say that this *cynique malgré lui*, as a Frenchman might name him, hath a bark which importeth more

than his bite. If ever he seem to rejoice at evil, it is but with a counterfeit joy which essayeth to dry up the fountain of his tears. He is the opposite of what the Greeks call an *Eirôn;* for he meaneth less than he saith. Perhaps the "Pecca fortiter" of Luther intendeth no more than "Be not righteous over much"; and the "Nil admirari" of Horace signifieth "Nil nimium admirari," that is to say, not to regard things too tragically and austerely. If it be asked of me wherefore any teacher should on this wise say more than he meaneth, I reply that he is like to one that crooketh a bent rod in the opposite extreme, so as it may thereby be made straight. "Iniquum petit, ut æquum ferat."

There be some that have the imagination that our Earth is of no more account with the Higher Powers than an ant-hill is with us; for, say they, the learned Copernicus, notwithstanding what my lord hath argued contrariwise, hath certainly proved that the Earth is not the pivot of the Creation; nay rather, that it is but a mean and commiserable planet, one among millions. Whence they do conclude that we should iterate the mournful musings of the Psalmist, or rather that, having chewed and digested the monitions of science, we should exclaim with more of desperation: "When I consider the Heavens, what is Man that Thou shouldest regard him?" Which disputation, when I ponder it in my heart, so moveth me that I am astonied, and my reason standeth at a stay. But presently I bethink me of words, which the dramatick poet, Shakespeare, hath placed in the mouth of Hamlet of Denmark:

"All of which though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down." Certainly those contemners of human nature of whom I have spoken deliver themselves of their judgment: "Fortasse vere, sed ad communem utilitatem parum." If it be indeed true that, by comparison of the infinite tract of space and time, our round World, and all the Pigmies that are therein, and the Oracles and Imaginations which they fashion for themselves, are even as the chaff which the wind driveth away, then is the truth such as, if it were proclaimed on the house-top, would be disadvantageable to the public weal. And therefore he that holdeth to that unsavoury and unwholesome doctrine, which is the very root of all Cynicism, ought to keep silence thereon, or else to veil his thoughts in oraculous speeches or, if so it may be, in a language not understanded of the common people.

For doubt you not but, if men ever come to believe that it importeth little what they say or do, the *malignum vulgus* will straightways become *malignissimum*, and more hurt will be done than hath been wrought by all the froward and pestilent fellows at divers times called Root-and-Branch men, or Radicals, who seek to subvert, with tribunicious disturbance, whatsoever sorteth to the strength and stability of the Kingdom. God grant that no such ill may reach unto us or our children.

"Quod procul a nobis flectat Fortuna gubernans!"

Thus far an honest man will go, but no further.

For he will forbear to tread in the steps of the French King, who stuck not to say: "Après moi le déluge."

Let this uncomely saying be noted well; for I can think upon no more particular instance of the baser sort of Cynicism, which a good man should do his uttermost to avoid. Nevertheless, if you consider the matter heedfully, you shall find that feelings attuned to the note of "Consulant sibi posteri" sometimes make their way unawares even into godly and understanding hearts. For you shall read that Hezekiah, although he was a righteous Prince and laboured for the good estate of his people, yet, when one prophesied unto him that divers and sore evils should come to pass after his decease, he scorned not to make answer: "Good is the word of the Lord. Is it not good if peace and truth be in my day?"

ON THE SHAKING OF HANDS.

(*After Charles Lamb.*)

By C. Lawrence Ford.

THE custom of hand-shaking has probably its root in primitive times, when all outside the tribe were natural enemies. It was the badge of fraternity, of amity, of exclusiveness. It was a significant rite, a masonic mystery. Then, it meant much; now, it may mean very little, or nothing at all. It is an act "soiled with all ignoble use." Its very commonness hath degraded it. That fine discrimination wherewith our ancestors performed it hath departed. Commend me to those two English travellers who met, alone, in the heart of the African desert, yet shook not hands, nay spoke not, not having been mutually introduced. This form, the pledge of good faith, the tangible Amen of friendly intercourse, is too solemn to be profaned by every charlatan. Grip strongly the hand of thy lover, thy friend, thy benefactor,

> "But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
> Of each new-hatched, unfledged comràde."

A sort of reverence attaches to this old-world *sign-manual* of good intentions. Yet, for all that, there is

a certain embarrassment attending the practice, which has sometimes led me to wish it were less exacting and more optional.

Reader, misconceive me not. I am no misanthrope. Rather am I disposed, naturally, to honour this custom, not in the breach, but in the observance, with all good will, and even more abundantly. I would, like the affable Mr Toots, resort to this relief every ten minutes, when the friendly spirit is effervescent, and I am "gravelled for lack of matter." I would shake hands with the man in the moon, if I could reach so far. As to sublunary matters, I would fain shake hands with the blind beggar at the street corner (drop, Reader, thy obol into his tin patera as thou passest), with the man at the barrel-organ, nay, with the *Genius loci*, the awful policeman himself. I would shake hands with all the hospital nurses, with all the breezy nursemaids that trundle perambulators, and above all with every ragged street arab that importunes me, a non-smoker, to buy his matches. I would shake hands with A——, were I not sure that on the strength of it he would borrow half-a-crown that I should never see again: or with B——, who has owed me money now for five years, did I not know that he would straightway comfort himself with the thought of the statute of limitations. I would even shake hands with that fellow yonder who has deliberately insulted me, but that he would crow over it at his club. *Ce n'est pas à moi mettre les pouces.*

But alas! this sweet expansiveness, this giving of

myself away, is denied me by the unwritten (and therefore most imperious) laws of society. I must, it seems, economize my effusiveness, and curtail my philanthropy. Tell me then, Reader, with whom I may, and with whom I may not shake hands.

May I shake hands with my banker? Needless that doubt for thee, Sir Gorgius Midas. Not in mute awe dost *thou* stand, somewhat off from the counter, waiting thy turn. See, the iron face of the solemn chief cashier relaxeth to a smile. Jove nods benignly. Fear not to extend thy hand: right loyally will its grasp be returned. But I—with my humble balance (scarce worth the booking, relegated to the Petty Ledger)—can I dare aspire to so high a distinction? Yet stay! a happy thought strikes me. I have read somewhere of a smart Frenchman of limited means who managed to gain large credit and the reputation of fabulous wealth by the single payment of a stipulated sum to a certain banker for the privilege of addressing him, before customers, in the familiar *tutoyaunt* style. How much, I wonder, can I afford to offer for the right of shaking hands with my banker whenever I timidly enter to increase or to diminish my slender account! I am afraid they do these things better in France.

May I shake hands with my purveyor, my outfitter, my cordwainer? with any of those prosperous tradesmen who stoop to take my very limited custom, and may have to wait just a little for their Christmas bills? men who awe me with their massive watch-guards, silent prophecies of the civic chain of

gold? I mind me once, when the spirit of Toots was strong upon me, volunteering to shake hands with my bookseller. It was just after his recovery from a pleurisy that had well-nigh turned out fatal. But I immediately felt I had gone too far, and I have never ventured upon a repetition. For you must know, Reader, that he is a man of a hundred thousand volumes, in all known languages: and it is my firm belief that he knows them every one from cover to cover, titles and prices included. He is familiar alike with the world's great classics and with the latest mushroom spawn. He talketh easily of Homer and Virgil, and is mighty in black letter folios and first editions. No, I dare not again shake hands with *him*.

There is the clerk of our parish, a worthy man with a limp, whom I met this morning in the cemetery. We nod as we pass, and now we got into talk, but we did not shake hands. Why not? What, Reader, is the exact amount of acquaintanceship (I say nothing here of relations and friends) that must justify the act? And whose place is it to make the first advance? With whom, again, may we now observe, and now waive the right, as we feel at the moment disposed? This last is a delicate question: it is like first addressing your correspondent as Esq., and then as plain Mr So-and-so, or giving your little boy bread after cake. As Mistress George Eliot saith, to have spoken once is a tyrannous reason for speaking again: (not all, O single-speech Hamilton, can copy thy self-control) and the same thing may be said of giving, or

lending, or of shaking hands. Begin, say the wise, as you mean to go on.

But, after all, why this tyranny of custom? Why may I not meet or part with even my friend, or my relative, without this rigid formality, this *tax* of kindness? Should I, in my heart, love him any the less, for not giving him my hand? I was once told by an old schoolfellow (peace be to thy shade, unfortunate R——) whom I was visiting in his College rooms at —— University, that the men made it a rule never to shake hands except at beginning and end of term. I would plead for some such restriction on the larger social scale. On New Year's Day, on the great Christian Festivals, on Coronation or election-day, or on the news of some great victory, let there be a general hand-shaking, a formal settlement of arrears, a payment in full of all demands. Then, for the rest of the time, let our hands be off duty. So should our little ones, while their nursemaids looked out of the window at the spectacle, ask, like the young Hebrew of old, "What meaneth this?" How fine an occasion of instilling, early, lessons of religion and civic virtue!

I would not, certainly, advocate the entire abolition of this time-honoured custom, lest the world should too willingly let die one important diagnosis of character. But this, with the manner of shaking hands generally, and many other aspects of the question, has doubtless been dealt with by my betters, and I will let it pass. By the by, why *shake* hands? What is gained by vertical or horizontal motion? How much better the French

serrer la main! the courtly Spanish *besar la mano* has alas! declined to a mere epistolary compliment.

But what of the ethical side of this social sacrament, the *opus operatum?* If there be somewhat mysteriously efficacious in the "laying on" of hands, why may there not be some subtle communicable influence in the touch, the linking, the grasping of hands, for the better or for the worse? What schoolboy was not morally the better for shaking hands with Dr Arnold? And who, if he had unwittingly shaken hands with a Marat, a Locusta, an Ephialtes, would not be fain to exclaim with Cranmer: "That unworthy right hand!"

Right hand! I have, in my younger days, been offered the left. I will not now inquire into the origin of the preference, not easy to account for, perhaps. But I have been told by a friend of mine, a traveller of large experience, that among the Arabs to offer the *left* hand is a recognized form of insult, equivalent to a declaration of hostilities; and the person so treated at once knows that his life is in danger.

I have known people whose habit it was to extend to you not the whole hand, but a couple of fingers. Was it to hide some malformation, or, maybe, some maiming? Were they, I wonder, *pollice truncati?* Or was it that they feared some mesmeric influence of contact too close, "with our touch, our agony"? something mentally infecting, or socially degrading?

Let us leave such to their bi-digital reserve, and return heartily the grasp of an honest man, whatever his station. There are men with whom but once to

have shaken hands is an honour for life. Reader, I once (and I swear to thee that this is solemn truth) missed by a few hours the chance, never to recur, of shaking hands with the immortal Wordsworth. By one of those strange freaks of circumstance (*lusus naturæ rerum*), it so happened that he called one day—day marked evermore with white—at my father's house, in my absence, and I was proudly told of it when I, a mere stripling, came home from the school. It was his seventy-seventh birthday, and he wrote his name in a book, the Moxon edition of his own poems, now in my possession. Nought but death will part me from that autograph, but what would I give to be able to say I had felt the touch of that hand! I feel sure I should have been a better man for *that* hand-shake all the rest of my life. My loss is incalculable. I count it as one of the ill turns of Fortune, for which, Reader, I may whisper to thee in confidence, that I owe her a secret grudge. For who knows but what, on the inspiration of that touch, I might one day have been able to exclaim "*Anch'io*" . . . Whereas now, my one volume . .

> "It's still in ——'s shop, and oh!
> The difference to *me!*"

Heavens! to have shaken hands with George Herbert! or with Edmund Burke! or with thee, gentle Elia, prince of essayists, whose hand even now I seem figuratively to hold, following thee *non passibus æquis*, through this fierce competitive struggle of thought and action, of grave and gay,

of lively and severe, amidst the burning wreck of fallen hopes and ruined fortunes, and gods that are deserting their shrines, and shooting stars whose trail is pointing out the path to a distant land. Ah! I will shake hands with thy shade, if I may, discerning thee among the happy group, the select few, that in the Elysian Fields cluster round Musæus.

THE PERFECT HEADMISTRESS.

(*After Bacon.*)

SHE hath the gift of sympathy, which the Grecians call a fellow-feeling. She remembereth the name and condition of every person about her, and she showeth an interest in them all. She comprehendeth all natures; she hath no contempt for any. Therefore all are attracted to her, and place their trust in her.

She is, like the Divine Providence, slow to anger. She considereth that she also is mortal, and therefore liable to error; but her subordinates doubt it.

She hath very pretty manners. Being in a figure royal, she is royally gracious. For she forgetteth herself in the desire to set at ease them that come to her.

To live near her is an inspiration. For there is none that would show any but his best work in her presence, since she herself giveth always of her best.

She is not equally well skilled in all subjects, having had no more than the common span of time in which to perfect the gifts of her intellect. Yet she knoweth the difficulties of all her underlings; her counsel is wise; she is quick to discern between the ways that are good and them that be indifferent or naughty.

To all she is easy of approach, and most easy to

the perplexed in spirit. She hath an unending patience, and so great a compassion for dulness, though it be far removed from the nimbleness of her own mind, that even the dullest do not fear to speak of their troubles to her. She is as a Mother Confessor to every anxious soul. From that chamber which she calleth her confessional the sad go away comforted, the ignorant wiser, the slothful inspired, the rebellious disciplined.

She remembereth that the feminine body is made chiefly, though not altogether, of flesh and blood, which are but frail materials; she hath considered, with a sigh, that flesh at its best is but weak; and she asketh of human nature no more than it is able to perform.

She is a born administratrix. She marshalleth her forces even as a skilful general; she perceiveth the several capacities of her captains. She discovereth to each that talent which lay hid, as it were, in a napkin, and showeth him its proper use. But, while she exalteth the humble and enableth him to do that good work which he would have left undone, she also putteth down from his seat too towering self-esteem; and this also she achieveth with that gentleness which causeth the great ones, though abashed, to give to her even more gratitude than the others.

She is of them that know well to rule, for that they have in their own youth practised to obey. They then that follow her do this of love even more than of duty; they know no weariness in her service, nor are any of her commands hard to them.

She loveth little children.

She knoweth men, manners, and cities; she hath a wide and various experience, and this she putteth to an excellent use. She esteemeth that which is trivial at its right value; and concerneth herself not overmuch about the anise and cumin; yet will she astonish the unthinking when she showeth that from a matter, seeming to them but small, there depend great issues.

Yet is of a sanguine humour. Therefore they that be about her will also be sanguine. And that which is done is done with spirit, and the burden of learning groweth light to bear. The sound of laughter is about her chambers; in them is acquired that good gift of courage; they that learn of her go forth ready to encounter the sorrows of this life.

She lóoketh forward into the future, and perceiveth that the young maidens about her will in a brief space be women. Therefore she holdeth not altogether by fluxions and the *oratio obliqua*, nor even by the paintings of Botticelli and the works of Ulrici and Gervinus. She will have her maidens to be honest, of good report, as truthful as their own glasses, of a perfect courtesy and modesty, a constant thoughtfulness for all the weak and distressed, and a saving common-sense. These virtues she alloweth in season and out of season, and yet more by example than precept; for she hath gone by the advice of a wise poet, and "in her own heart let them first keep school."

She hath withal a singular humility. Though there be in her a clearer insight and a riper know-

ledge than in any that come to her, nevertheless she speaketh as one who knoweth that she is yet at the beginning of knowledge, and herself seeketh counsel of all, for she perceiveth there is none but can tell us that of which we are still ignorant, and which it would profit us to know.

Perpetuity by generation she hath none, yet her spiritual children, and their children after them, shall rise up and call her blessed. Salomon, I am sure, saith, *Mulier gratiosa inveniet gloriam*; and again, *Fortitudo et decor indumentum eius et ridebit in die novissimo.*

OF PARTING.

(*After Bacon.*)

By Sybil Wilbraham.

THERE is one saith *Parting is sweet sorrow*, yet it shall go hard but a man will find in the bidding of farewells more of sorrow than sweetness; and truly the sweetness sets an edge on the sorrow, as it should cut the deeper and more vitally. For as a Nurse shall add the savour of clove or nutmeg to some nauseous physick that the Child may the more readily partake thereof, so doth Fortune mingle a spice in our farewells, nothing heeding our wry faces after. And this savour of sweetness proceedeth from the stirring of tender affections, which else had lain hidden beneath the mask of manner. For the course of friendship is as the waters of a Stream, which being dashed against a rock or other Impediment shall part rippling, and afterward (the Impediment past) flow together again. Yet doth this present sweetness but thinly cloak our sorrow: a cold covering in the plains of solitude. And at *parting* shall a man's heart the more fail him as he is prone to go before and pre-occupate ill-fortune, misdoubting either the constancy of his friend or the crooked ways of Fate. Certainly there is a grief of an Exile from his country, which

sinketh in and settleth in the mind, as said the Jews in captivity: *Yea, we wept when we remembered Zion;* or as Virgil telleth of him that was wounded to the death: *Cœlumque aspicit, et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.*

And you shall see many times how friends become severed in spirit as in body: whether through the tattling of busy bodies, as saith Solomon: *He that repeateth a matter separateth very friends*, or carried apart by the opposing tides of their lives. Then it is odds but their friendship pass and vanish as if it had never been, like the way of a ship in the sea. It is not less worthy observing that some shall be busied in the same affairs, and in their minds never consort, like the currents of two great rivers, which (I have heard say) being joined and flowing in one bed, commingle not, but remain several: one stream of sluggish gait, the other so swift as it almost outruns the eye.

I knew one was wont to take (as they now say) French leave: and that not from lack of feeling, but its excess. A device to cheat parting of its pain, as who shall say unto his own heart *I go not*, and yet goeth; and at times this custom sorteth to inconvenience.

Most grievous parting there is with friends snatched from us by untimely Death: to whom, beholding for the last time their faces, we say: *Extremum fato quod te alloquor hoc est.* For that there is a great gulf fixed between us and them, we (being tormented with vain longing) know well, and need no voice of Abraham to tell us. And though we trust as there

is *parting* so shall there be meeting, yet are we bereft, and (in this present world) must go mourning, lacking their sweet company.

But to leave these transcendencies and to speak in a mean. As there be sorrowful partings, so there lacketh not on occasion merry ones, as when a tedious man, after long wearying, taketh his leave. Then let a wise man beware how he discover aught by the tracts of his countenance, for that were a weakness and betraying, but let him hide a heart of rejoicing beneath a sober visage. Certainly there be to whom the vision of a natural term or end gilds present pleasure, who will say with the Epicurean: *Let us eat and drink* (with the more zest and appetite) *for to-morrow we part.* I hold not with him that saith (though it be wittily conceived) that a man shall scarce tender his neck to the tie of marriage if he bear not in mind that death shall one day loose him; yet shall I recite that saying *Children and Fools crave Variety*, and as there is in our nature more of the fool than of the wise, so do even wise men in weak times seek a change: for we must needs be made like unto the Angels before we can enjoy Eternity.

To conclude: *Parting* is the sorrow of friends; the relief of enemies; the sport of the giddy; the desperation of lovers; and the common fate of all men.

OF CONTEMPT.

(*After Bacon.*)

CONTEMPT, I take it, is the greatest offence unto charity, for if a man stand upon the vantage ground of virtue, it beseemeth him to look upon those who wander in error below not with swelling or pride, but with pity, and to make some shift to help them. St Paul saith well: *Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.*

Charity beginneth at home, saith the voice of the world, and so, truly, is every scorner his own enemy, for he deceiveth himself. No man scorneth another but for that other disagreeth with some humour wherein the scoffer vaunteth himself, and yet no man truly knoweth himself or another. Epaminondas, being asked concerning Chabrias, Iphicrates, and himself, which were meet to be best regarded: *You must first suffer us to die*, saith he, *before that may be known.*

The most tolerable sort of contempt is for those actions which sort not with virtue rather than for the men who perform such actions; yet the virtuous man had need beware how he despiseth vice, for his own virtue existeth but through its contrary.

If a man would be well esteemed, let him not sit down in the chair of the scorner. The more he flouteth the failings of others the more he offers himself to scorn.

Contempt procureth a man many enemies: it stirreth envy and anger.

It is ever the meaner sort which have grown over the heads of better men, that are full of contempt; so, also, are ignorant men who despise what is too great for their understanding and think thus to get opinion as wise men. If you would work any such a one, it is good to note wherein most he censureth others, for therein doth he think best of himself, and will best suffer himself to be upheld of the flatterer. Hear what Cicero saith: *Ita fit ut is assentatoribus patefaciat aures suas maxime qui ipse sibi assentetur et se maxime ipse delectat.*

Character Sketches.

JOWETT AND HIS PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

By the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache.

MY object in writing this article is to bring my own experience and that of some friends to bear on a perplexing question which has recently been raised by Mr Leslie Stephen and other critics of the "Life of Jowett": How are we to account for Jowett's immense personal influence? But, before dealing with the serious aspects of this inquiry, it may be well to note one point which he had in common with Johnson. His social peculiarities, which of themselves would certainly not have made him popular, may yet, when known to be associated with his admirable qualities, have caused those qualities to be more observed by all who knew him. His odd corners, so to say, stuck in our memory and imagination. In my "Memoir" of him I have noted the curious fact that in his youth and middle life he was not only a silent man, but sometimes an imposer of silence on others; and yet in his old age he made much of the art of conversation. Some facts which have since reached me have heightened my sense of this strange contrast. A lady whose step-daughter was going to one of the Women's Colleges was asked by Jowett

what the girl's studies were to be. When he had obtained the information, he replied curtly: "The important thing is that she should learn to talk well." This confirms a statement which I heard on less good authority, that he once gave offence by saying publicly before an assembly of ladies: "The great object of the higher education of women is that they should learn to converse well." Contrast with those utterances the practice which he himself followed in early life, and sometimes even in old age. A Cambridge friend tells me that in his youth he called upon Jowett. After the first greetings, the Master maintained such an obstinate silence that the wearied guest summoned up courage to ask: "Does not Wycherley say that the silence of a wise man is more prejudicial than the speech of a fool?" Jowett took the remonstrance in good part, and deplored his own want of readiness in conversation. Another illustrative incident may be mentioned, which has more picturesque details. A lady-friend assures me that she was spending an evening at the Deanery at Westminster, when, shortly before the party broke up, she saw Jowett at the further end of the supper room. Close to her, an offended wife was giving, in an audible voice, a premature curtain-lecture to her husband, who, being a friend of Jowett's, had not introduced him to her. The victim of course bore the henpecking with masculine meekness; but he suddenly called out: "See, he is alone now. Come and be introduced." Up jumped the lady, and the coveted introduction took place. But, alas! the effort of converting the storm depicted on her

countenance into an angelic calm left her no energy to think of anything worthy to be poured into the great man's ears. So she was speechless. Jowett lent no help; but, after the two had stared at one another for some minutes, he broke silence by inquiring: "Will you take some claret-cup?" And, without uttering another word, he walked away.

Will it be said that such social short-comings as these were by no means calculated to make him widely popular? Undoubtedly they were not. But, at the same time, his reserve may, after a fashion, have drawn him nearer to his friends. In their view, his bluntness was associated with his utter guilelessness; and perhaps, too, his inaccessibility to the many raised the value of his intimacy with the few.

I offer this last consideration merely for what it is worth; and I feel on much surer ground when I touch on the direct and serious causes of Jowett's influence. It is stated in the "Memoir" that Jowett was sometimes able to retain during long years the recollection of what related to his pupils—this personal memory being a proof of the deep interest that he took in them. Their welfare he made his own. He triumphed in their successes, and he was afflicted in their failures. Some examples may serve to show how strong and how endearing his sympathy was. A brilliant and witty pupil of Jowett's, who through some accident had missed his First Class, tells me that after his disappointment Jowett insisted on his spending the Christmas vacation at Oxford, to try for a University Prize. When the prize had been

gained, Jowett congratulated him by saying: "*Now* you have made up for your Second Class." I well remember the affectionate voice and manner with which Jowett comforted a delicate pupil, whose bad health and worse eyesight had prevented him from going in for honours in Moderations: "A man of your ability must succeed in life; but you must not be disappointed if circumstances make you fail in any particular instance." To the same pupil, when he had read a College Essay, Jowett said, after commending one or two points: "Your style is awkward"; but he afterwards added in a quite paternal tone: "I want to make you a *really* good writer." I feel, however, that such sayings as these must appear tame and disappointing to those who did not know Jowett; for his kindness, after all, owed no small part of its effect to that beaming smile and cherubic chirp of his, to that *comitate condita gravitas*, and, in a word, to that personal charm which his friends loved, but which they vainly attempt to make quite intelligible to others.[1]

[1] At the risk of being thought discursive, I will illustrate Jowett's peculiar pleasantry by mentioning that, seeing the body of a crow which had been tried, sentenced and executed by its peers, he pathetically exclaimed: "That crow was a heretic!" This characteristic illustration makes one feel how each man's speculations on the moral vagaries of Nature take their colour from his personal experience and prepossessions. Jowett, as he himself told me, was repelled by the very thought of euthanasia. Otherwise the fate of the euthanatized crow might have led him, as it were, to make *humorous* capital out of the difference between corvine and human ethics in regard to the best mode of dealing with sickness. In our progressive societies there is an ever-increasing

In truth, Jowett was a *student-fancier;* he came to divine by a sort of intuition the wants of each individual student, just as a skilful bird-fancier can tell the wants of his birds. In particular, he had at command something of the *pecca fortiter* spirit, or, as he himself might have said, of "roguery," to serve as a moral tonic for pupils who took life too seriously, or at any rate too tragically. To a friend thus afflicted he is reported to have given the sweeping admonition: "Never indulge a scruple." The delicate pupil whom I have already referred to, hesitating to conform to an anomalous practice to which all the world conforms, laid the grounds of his objection before Jowett. The Master heard him out, and then, after his wonted pause, exclaimed: "Yes; that sounds logical. *But you know it is wrong.*" This is a good instance of his summary way of cutting logical knots with the sword of common sense. And we are thus reminded of the remark made by Mr Leslie Stephen (in the *National Review* for May 1897), with reference to him: "What was a defect in a philosopher might be an excellence in a teacher." All who knew the Master will feel the truth of that observation. For, in fact, his peculiar distinction was like Banquo's—"Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none." Jowett was the intellectual father of some men of

number of persons delicate from their birth—of those Benhadads of Nature whom she "appointed to utter destruction," but who have been kept alive in spite of her. This anti-evolutionary philanthropy (so to call it), this protection of the physically unfit is assuredly a great blessing; but is that blessing unalloyed?

great philosophical power: but a philosopher, in the sense of a scientific thinker, he himself was not.

Perhaps this unformulated Wisdom, this Philosophy *minus* Logic, of Jowett may be further illustrated by a reference to the line of inquiry to which he owes his chief influence as a writer. While still a young man, he laboured to discover the hidden springs in which certain time-honoured beliefs have their origin. The results of that labour are seen in his Essays on the Pauline Epistles. We cannot, he concluded (in effect), hold the Pauline theology in the precise sense in which St Paul himself held it; for the mould in which that theology is cast bears traces of bygone superstitions. To speak more generally, Jowett was the first to open the eyes of his countrymen to the extent to which the thought of a pre-scientific age is refracted and distorted by what he called its modes of thought. It may be confidently affirmed that those limiting and impeding modes of thought appeared to him to bear much the same relation to undeveloped thought that, according to Maine, legal fictions bear to undeveloped law; they might haply (after the manner of Coleridge) be nicknamed Thought *in circumbendibus;* in truth, they are a disease of thought. And I hope I am not too fanciful if I add that Jowett, or at any rate some of his disciples, regarded that disease as a sort of intellectual measles, a malady which a nation nearly always goes through in its infancy, and which in its maturity it is all the better for having gone through and got over. He would perhaps have

agreed with Renan in thinking that it is a sign of the inferiority of China that she in her youth escaped that helpful malady; she was too prosaically healthy; —she never dreamed her dream. At all events, there can be no doubt that it was by the unclerical and almost unprecedented freedom with which Jowett discussed aspects of the beatific vision that he first came into notice. It is true that, somewhat later, another great Oxonian went even further on the Neo-Christian lines. Matthew Arnold was on the same track with Jowett when he counselled his readers to study the Natural History of Religion, and to avail themselves of the Comparative Method; and, unlike Jowett, he followed that track to its logical conclusion. In short, he was more of a philosopher than his friend. But the advantage was not all on his side. For many persons, and especially many parents, would take things from the Master which they would not take from Matthew Arnold. This, then, is one of the numerous instances in which Jowett, as a teacher, had his reward for practically assuming that Logic is a good servant, but a bad master.

I have elsewhere ranked him among *the Whigs of Religion*. In this and in other departments he was an unwilling, and therefore a cautious, reformer. In fact, he was a sort of captive balloon, tethered by conservative instincts, and thus secured against perilous flights. Hence he came to be regarded as an oracle by those pupils who wished indeed to rise above the common level (*spernere humum fugiente penna*) but to keep that level well in

sight. The pupils were thus brought into intellectual relation with all those philosophers who agree with the opinion once expressed to me by the late Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, that "moderate attainable ideals are the only ones worth striving for." Many Oxford Liberals held this view, though they would perhaps not have acknowledged it so frankly as did their distinguished Cambridge contemporary. For it is with justice that the typical Oxonian has been declared by Paul Bourget to be (as nearly as I can remember) "profondément et intimement conservateur, même quand il se dit et se croit libéral."

It will now be understood how it was that so many Conservative-Liberals fell under the sway of "little Benjamin, their ruler." In their judgment, any opinion (to speak roughly) which had received the Jowett stamp was *warranted safe*. When an undergraduate, having to read an essay to Jowett, feared that some sentiment which it contained might be thought revolutionary or otherwise unguarded, he was at once reassured if the great *malleus stultorum* came out with his significant "Yes," pronounced half dubitatively and half as if assent had been wrung from him. If Jowett let himself talk on beyond this monosyllabic limit, his halting assent to the venturesome proposition would probably be enveloped in the sort of picturesque haze which is, as haze in general seems to be, dear to the artistic temperament. His pupils also learnt that, if now and then he favoured a dangerous principle, his trumpet was likely soon to vary its note, or, at any

rate, that (as already hinted) he would not press the principle to any extreme conclusion. They thus found, or fancied, that they had his sanction for playing with edged tools; and it is probable that they did not altogether dislike that pastime. Indeed, I have sometimes thought that a modern Ecclesiastes might preach that there is a time to be consistent and a time to refrain from consistency. At all events, in his *étude* on "Ecclesiastes," the wise Renan has laid down the suggestive and (so to say) paradoxical truism: "On ne philosophe jamais plus librement que quand on sait que la philosophie ne tire pas à conséquence." This, after all, might pass for a free rendering of Jowett's oft-repeated admonition not to fall "under the dominion of logic."[1] The mental attitude which he thus drilled into his pupils may be illustrated by what I have always thought a very striking and weighty admission on the part of Fitzjames Stephen. In the *Nineteenth Century*, Vol. XXIII., page 126, after expatiating on Professor Mivart's attempt to put *critical* wine into

[1] Since writing the above, I have heard from an old Balliol friend that, happening to see Ward's "Nature and Grace" on Jowett's table, he asked him what he thought of it. "Dark with excess of *logic*," was the characteristic answer. As a disciple of Jowett, I am tempted to think that, if there is a grain of truth in Swift's definition of "Happiness" as "The perpetual possession of being well deceived," there would be at least a grain of it in a definition of "Wisdom" as "The art of being wholesomely inconsequent." But a philosopher who thus deliberately plays fast and loose with logic should bear in mind that he is, at best, approaching truth by the most circuitous of paths. Perhaps, alas! he is like the rest of the world: *Vult decipi*.

Catholic bottles, that most philosophical and courageous of our judges went on to say :

"It would, in my opinion, be much better and simpler to say at once, I do not argue, I merely affirm. I do beg the question of religion. I find certain moral and what I call spiritual advantages in it, and I say no more. This kind of faith no one could reasonably attack, either in Mr Mivart or in any one else, whether a Catholic priest or a Baptist minister. I at all events would never do so."

In fact, he was willing, like the Pontiff in Cicero's famous Dialogue, to accept the national religion—*nulla ratione reddita.* And, to put the matter broadly, those Oxford Liberals who practically took this line were naturally, if unwittingly, drawn towards Jowett by the wish to have their consciences at ease ; for he, as it were, absolved them from what Shakespeare might have called the "virtuous sin" of Conformity ; or shall we rather say that by his example, if not by his direct teaching, he granted them a dispensation to go on conforming ?

I will conclude this article by giving an example or two indicative of Jowett's claim to be regarded as the Pope of some Neo-Christians—I mean, of some of those Whigs of Religion who, at a time when the old order is changing, are earnestly desirous to reform and spiritualize, instead of revolutionizing, the orthodox theology ; to abolish Satan, but to keep Christ. More than thirty years ago, I asked the late Lady Brodie whether she, as the wife of one of the leaders of scientific thought, did not feel in great difficulty as to what orthodox doctrines should be taught to her children. Her answer was

(in effect): "I try to teach them nothing that Mr Jowett would disapprove of." As a *pendant* to this, I will extract from a letter entitled "Bowen at Balliol," which appeared in the *Spectator* of February 6, an *apologia pro fide sua* which the future Lord Justice offered in his youth. It is mentioned in that letter, that, when I once hinted to him that some of his principles might lead to complete scepticism, he replied: "If that is the logical conclusion, I decline to draw it; and, if I am inconsistent, I am not more so than Jowett!" Other analogous instances might be given; but what has been said will suffice to show how thoroughly Jowett's friends put their trust in him. Truly and heartily may the survivors of them apply to him a text forming part of the Latin grace which I have so often repeated in the Balliol Hall: "In memoria æterna erit justus."

TOM HUGHES AND THE ARNOLDS.[1]

By the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache.

IT is nearly thirty years ago since I first met that eminently genial and cultivated philanthropist whom, if I may parody Homer, gods (in latter days) styled Judge Hughes, but whom men lovingly persisted in dubbing Tom Hughes.

Shortly after making his acquaintance, I heard from him an anecdote about an Anglo-American boat race—the first I think. The result of the race was to be wired to the United States after the most laconic fashion. The victory of the Americans was to be signified by the word "Hurrah"; their defeat by the less pleasing word "Damn."[2]

My chief intercourse with Hughes was towards the end of his life. I found that he was then anti-Gladstonian, with that peculiar vehemence which is characteristic of the class which I would designate as the English "Mugwumps" — those who, with full conviction and somewhat jauntily, followed the Radical leaders up to a certain point, and then suddenly broke off from them.

It was on the occasion when these political conversations occurred that I found he was regaling his leisure at Biarritz with the perusal of Maurice's

[1] *Journal of Education*, July 1896.

[2] See the "Note" at the end of this Essay.

philosophical works. He owned that he found them stiff; but he attached the utmost weight to them, and took their author's speculations quite seriously. This seemed to me a little out of date; for, in the atmosphere of Balliol, Maurice has often been regarded as a very nebulous theologian. He has sometimes even been thought a schoolmaster to lead men to Jowett, or to Matthew Arnold. With Matthew Arnold, Hughes had little sympathy. I asked Hughes whether Matthew had not been supposed at Rugby to give less promise than his younger brother gave. Hughes told me at some length, and with great confidence, not merely that this was the Rugby verdict, but that he believed that verdict to have been absolutely correct. His praise of the younger brother makes me ponder with regret on the results which that accomplished *desultor religionum* might have achieved if he had not expended so much of his energy in vain theological oscillations.

I remarked that Matthew Arnold, in spite of his championship of "Equality," seemed to me to be at bottom an aristocrat. "I should think so, indeed," said Hughes; "he was an aristocrat from the crown of his head down to the soles of his feet. At Rugby he was called 'Lofty Mat'; and lofty Mat he always remained."

It seemed to me that, when Arthur Stanley wrote "Christian Institutions," his theology had become (as Pattison would have phrased it) "defecated to a pure transparency"; did not Hughes think that Stanley, at the close of his life, came very near to Matthew Arnold? "No," was the emphatic reply.

"Arthur Stanley was a real Christian, and Mat was only a sham Christian." He was evidently irritated by the suave patronage which that Hebrew prophet in white kid gloves (as I long ago irreverently called him), accorded to the manifold forms of theology—a patronage which was never more conspicuous than when, being asked how, as Inspector of Schools, he managed to hold the balance between the numerous and conflicting sects of Nonconformists, he answered in a tone of benign condescension: "I am splendidly impartial; for I look with equal contempt on all their miserable superstitions"! If this was said half in jest, the jest was of the kind in which many a true thing is spoken.

I once asked Jowett what he thought of the passage in "Tom Brown's Schooldays" where Arthur, in condemnation of the practice of following the multitude to use vulgus books, quoted the famous text in which Naaman (so to express it) begs the prophet to grant him a dispensation for bowing down in the house of Rimmon. "This is ridiculous," said Jowett. "Using the vulgus books is something like idleness; and to compare this to bowing down in a heathen temple is to distort our moral perspective." Surely this is going too far. On the one hand, cribbing is worse than idleness; and, on the other, Jowett was hardly the man to cast a stone at one who, like Naaman, resorted to compromise in order to conform to his national religion—the case, moreover, being one in which the alternative to conformity would have been impalement, or some such unwelcome operation. But Jowett, although he overstated

the case, was right in thinking that Hughes in this instance strained at a gnat. Straining at gnats is the besetting sin, not of Pharisees only, but of stern moralists and of pedagogues. Dr Arnold had his share of that last infirmity of saints, and bequeathed a full measure of it to more than one of his disciples. And his disciple, in a special sense, Hughes was, and continued to be. In this instance the master had placed the pupil in a hot-bed, which stimulated the growth of his mind in beauty and luxuriance, but took away somewhat of its spontaneity and vigour. The lack of spontaneity is discernible even in the pupil's unique literary success, which drew its inspiration from Arnold, or, at any rate, from Arnold tempered by Maurice and Kingsley. That biographical tale of muscular morality stirs very different emotions according to the standpoint from which it is viewed. By an unfriendly critic, the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays" might be considered pre-eminently a *homo unius libri;* or, to adapt an eighteenth-century phrase, he might be described as Single-book Hughes. But this would, at best, be but a brutal half-truth. To supplement such devil's advocacy it should be added that Hughes has given to our upper-middle intellectual class their clearest and liveliest impression of the educational reformer, whose triumphs, like those of the Whigs in politics, go near to being forgotten through their very completeness. He is hidden by his trophies. So thoroughly have some of his principles been accepted, that it is now hard to realize what the state of public opinion can have been

before the struggle, and how numerous and bitter were the opponents over whom the victory was won. The vehemence of the opposition was brought home to me when, long ago, I heard Charles Austin talk of Dr Arnold as a "pestiferous man"; it seemed to him that Arnold, like a modern Luther, had re-kindled the smouldering flames of fanaticism. The moral physiognomy of the great reformer of our public schools, both in his strength and in his weakness—the reformer so vigorous and successful, partly because so confident, and so confident because so one-sided—has been less fully portrayed by Hughes than by Arthur Stanley and others. But it is the glory of Hughes to have popularized, and perhaps immortalized, the general outline of that physiognomy in a thoroughly life-like and fascinating sketch.

NOTE.—The word of ill omen with which the second paragraph of this Essay concludes, reminds me of a good saying of another famous Rugbeian. Forty years ago, when scholars were discussing whether a telegraphic message ought to be called a "telegram" or a "telegrapheme," a Balliol wag suggested that the unsaintly expletive aforesaid might be made more tolerable by being expanded into "Dapheme"! The reputed author of this happy thought was the future Lord Bowen. He doubtless spoke in that velvety voice in which, some years later, after returning from a climb up a steep Alpine peak (or *aiguille*) with a party of young ladies, he laughingly said to a friend: "I have solved the riddle of the Schoolmen; for I have seen *how many angels can balance themselves on the point of a needle.*" I am assured that, being requested by a lady to find a name for a Society which she and some lively, and so to say, reasonably frivolous friends talked of starting in opposition to the too serious Society which glories in the appellation of *The Souls*, Bowen paused for a moment and then replied in his semi-Jowettian chirp: "I think you might call yourselves *Parasols!*"

REMINISCENCES OF LORD HOUGHTON AND PROFESSOR FREEMAN.

(*In the manner of Hayward.*)

By the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache.

THE names of Freeman and Lord Houghton suggest points of contrast rather than comparison. The contrast was well shown, though somewhat to the advantage of the historian, when it was our good fortune to meet them together at a London breakfast-party in 1875. On that occasion Lord Houghton, wishing presumably to throw down the gauntlet, propounded the audacious paradox that lay scholars ought not to study the Greek Testament. "The Greek," he said, "is so abominable." Freeman replied with unwonted moderation. Anxious doubtless to avoid having a contest on the brink of a precipice, he forebore to give the obvious theological rejoinder to the imprudent challenge. He preferred taking the comparatively safe, and to him familiar, ground that students of Greek literature should be made to follow it through all its successive stages. In this friendly passage of arms, both the combatants acted more or less characteristically. It was like Freeman to ignore the fact that ordinary students, having but a limited time to devote to

Greek literature, must in the main concentrate their attention on that literature when at its best; and it was like Lord Houghton to pose as a mere Humanist, in so much that he might have chosen for his motto *Humanitas humanitatum, omnia humanitas.* By taking this line he seemed of set purpose to be making himself out less serious than he was. It was perhaps owing to this tendency to self-caricature that he often failed to get credit for his many sterling qualities. We have understood that Lady Palmerston, being asked why Monckton Milnes had never mounted higher on the political ladder, muttered something to the effect that he was not thought "serious." Was this a true bill against the future Lord Houghton? Was he then or at any time wholly lacking in seriousness? We ourselves (*calidâ juventâ*) met him, as we also met Hayward, at Cambridge House; and we have sometimes wondered how many of the celebrities and aspirants who thronged to overflowing Lady Palmerston's drawing-rooms and staircase on those well-remembered Saturday evenings, took anything like so serious and rational a view of the problems of life as was taken by those two men of letters, who were often charged with want of seriousness. Not of course that Lord Houghton, or anyone else, could solve the insoluble riddle. But Lord Houghton perhaps saw better than most men why and how far it is insoluble; and at any rate he could reject certain popular solutions of it as utterly inadmissible and fantastic. In other words, he was an exception to what Goethe meant by his sweeping

generalization that "every Englishman is void of intelligence."

But assuredly Milnes had the defects belonging to his good qualities. If he could deftly thread his way through a maze of metaphysical subtleties wherein the average Englishman is, as it were, a John Bull in a china shop, he was thereby impeded from going straight to a practical end. His native hue of resolution was sicklied, as well as silvered, o'er with the pale cast of analysis. Like the Halifax of the Restoration, he saw practical questions from too many sides. In fact, he had not what Bacon regarded as a condition of worldly success: He was not "something of the fool." Yet, for that very reason, he was charged with unwisdom, even by the most useful and admirable of all those persons—comprising the great majority of mankind—whom Bacon and Carlyle would have called fools and Heine would have called Philistines. The sketches of him drawn by such worthies were at times anything but flattering. For example: a late Conservative Peer, while still a member of the Lower House, was once admonishing his son (the present writer) not to try his hand at poetry; he concluded with crushing emphasis, "The only poets that I know are the greatest fools in the House of Commons"; and there can be no doubt he was especially thinking of Milnes. In a word, nearly all witless and humourless men of action disliked Milnes's seeming levity; and probably between him and them, as the phrase is, no love was lost. *Oderunt hilarem tristes, tristemque jocosi.* Yet he

himself could be a man of action on an emergency. Charles Austin told us that he never admired Milnes so much as once when he went with him and others for a picnic; the coachman was seized with a fit, and the so-called unpractical dreamer, first or alone of the party, became an extempore doctor and took all the measures which the case required. Austin's testimony was all the more valuable because, regarding Milnes as having been rightly nick-named "The cool of the evening" by Sydney Smith, he failed to appreciate the manifold charms of that genial and delightful friend.[1]

A trifling incident may serve to show how he came to be charged with a sort of dilettante frivolity. At one time (again *calidâ juventâ*) we were eager for Euthanasia, and looked forward to a speedy extinction of some of the most intolerable of human ills by the introduction of that simple yet drastic "cure for incurables." On our asking Lord Houghton what he thought of this novel philanthropy, he answered,

[1] Was not Milnes rightly dubbed "The cool of the evening"? He was once spending New Year's Eve in the house of some kinsfolk of ours, but not of his own. When the clock struck twelve, he promptly got up and (importing into England the French and Italian custom) he kissed his astonished hostess before all the party. On the occasion of another visit to the same house he joined a game of "magic music," and was himself sent out. It was determined to give him a characteristic task. So two sofa cushions were placed on the ground, and he was expected to lie down on them. He soon found out what he had to do. Might it not have been said of him throughout his life, as of Scott in his earlier years, that he was, in very truth,

> "a grandam's child,
> Who, half a plague and half a jest,
> Was still endured, beloved, caress'd"?

in a careless tone: "Oh no, you can't trust the doctors"; and then he added, with greater interest, "Have you heard what they've been doing in Japan?" He went on to say that a measure had been brought forward in the Japanese Assembly for the abolition of Hari-Kari; and that this measure had been either carried or lost (we forget which) by a small majority. There was something, not so much in what he then said, as in the tone in which he said it, which left the impression that he regarded Hari-Kari and Euthanasia as two entertaining episodes in the universal comedy. At the time we were provoked by his seeming levity; but should we not rather have felt that he was showing his wonted tact in thus playfully handling a scheme which, if not Utopian, at any rate lies beyond the political horizon of the present century, and indeed of the present millennium? *Solvuntur risu tabulae.*

It may not be amiss to add (or rather repeat) another illustrative example. The following anecdote is related in "Safe Studies": "A singular rebuke was addressed to me many years ago by Lord Houghton, when, in a fit of youthful impetuosity, I hinted that the Liberals ought to disestablish the Church. 'Don't suggest anything so dreadful,' said he. 'The philosophers would never be able to do it; it could only be done through an outburst of Protestant fanaticism, which would be a calamity indeed'!"[1]

[1] This unecclesiastical *Apologia pro Ecclesiâ* recalls Charles Buller's trenchant paradox: "Destroy the Church of England! You must be mad! It is the only thing between us and real religion."

Here, again, we have a glimpse of Lord Houghton's peculiar quality. Shall we call it the cynicism, or the humorous tact, of a man of the world?

Among the many admirable merits of Freeman, tact certainly had no place. He was often instant out of season. A curious example of this inopportuneness of his occurred when we had the honour of making his acquaintance. It was in our undergraduate days (in 1858, or thereabouts) that we met him at the house of the late Mr Parker, the Oxford publisher,—the late W. H. Gladstone being also an undergraduate guest. Oddly enough, we ourselves had never heard of Freeman before, and we were fairly taken aback by this uncouth specimen of an Oxford don, who was molesting his orthodox host by detailing the discrepancies between the Elohistic and the Jehovistic cosmogonies in Genesis. Presently he called out: "Parker, give me a Bible. See how the compiler has put the contradictory narrative side by side without even attempting to reconcile them. And will you tell me that this clumsy piece of patchwork came from the same Moses who wrote those grand passages in Deuteronomy which come into my head whenever I think of Louis Napoleon?" And he went on to spout, in his strident voice, interrupted now and again by a loud, exultant laugh, a series of verses which in no wise savoured of blessing—such verses as *Cursed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and cursed shalt thou be when thou goest out—Cursed shalt thou be in the city, and cursed shalt thou be in the field—The Lord shall cause thee to be smitten before thine enemies—Thou*

shalt become an astonishment, a proverb, and a byword among all nations—Thy heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron. The two undergraduates who heard Freeman thus declaiming were at their wits' end to keep their countenances. But they were certainly startled, and W. H. Gladstone, we fear, was much scandalized. The British public, it should be remembered, had not yet been educated up to the acceptance, or even to the toleration, of Biblical criticism.

Nearly thirty years later, we had direct evidence that Professor Freeman, notwithstanding his ecclesiastical leanings, continued loyal to Biblical criticism down to the close of his life. We ventured to call his attention to the article which Professor Mivart wrote in the *Nineteenth Century* in 1887, and in which, good Catholic though he was, he granted to the critical spirit plenary jurisdiction over, at least, part of the Old Testament. Freeman's answer was on this wise: "I have often thought that a Roman Catholic can, as I believe others do besides Mivart, afford to deal more freely with the Old Testament than a Protestant can. He is not in the same way bound to the worship of a book, just as he is not bound to the worship of a day; he has something behind both. Still the avowals are startling." Matthew Arnold, let us add, expressed to us an opinion which coincided with the opinion contained in the last sentence, and which he worded in a characteristic fashion. "Mivart," said he, "is stupendous."

It is with reluctance that we advert to a side of the

historian's character which recalls Horace's description of the great Achilles :—

"Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer."

That he was sometimes merciless in his chastisement of persons who, even unwittingly, infringed the laws of historical criticism, is well known. But it is less often noted that he was capricious in his administration of the stripes. We have seen that he was no Bibliolater. But he was always indulgent to Bibliolatry. The result was that, in his dealings with sacred and profane literatures respectively, he was guilty of an inconsequence strange in a historical critic, and specially strange in one who was wont to be a stickler for logical consistency. Venial errors in non-Biblical criticism were in the wallet before his face, whilst grave errors in Biblical criticism were in the wallet behind his back. He bade men strain at William Tell's apple ; but he let them swallow Jonah and his Whale !

According to a famous critic, Freeman showed his mental bias in another way, namely, by keeping such jealous watch over the honour of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, and by seeing Teutonism in everything, as Malebranche saw all things in God. But, in this short notice of Freeman, we refrain as far as possible from commenting on him as a historian. Suffice it, then, to quote, as bearing on the question of his historical limitations, what Renan has said of Josephus : "Il a le défaut le plus opposé à la saine manière d'écrire l'histoire, une personalité extrême." There would be an antecedent probability that such

a historian as Freeman, with his overweening and crushing personality, would incur a like censure. We merely submit the question to our readers: Did Freeman, or did he not, deserve such a censure?

It may be worth while to record a circumstance, at once instructive and melancholy, which was perhaps not unconnected with the historian's truly volcanic ebullitions of wrath. It was only a short time before his death that the Committee of the Athenæum elected him. Some years earlier, we ourselves had suggested in an influential quarter that so distinguished a writer ought to be thus elected off-hand and, as it were, pitchforked into the Club. But we received for answer that, if ever within the precincts of the Athenæum Library Freeman chanced to hear a word spoken in extenuation of the Bulgarian atrocities, that sanctuary of the Muses would be converted into a bear-garden. It might, peradventure, have been added that the members of a refined and peaceful society could hardly suffer themselves to be affrighted by a stalwart and bellicose intruder, who had ruthlessly assaulted some of them with his pen, and who, if opportunity served, might be tempted to assault them with his tongue. Even a bookworm may be trodden on once too often; and even a Literary Club must set limits to the unclubbability of its members!

In speculating on the cause, or perhaps one of the causes, which retarded Freeman's election, we are, it must be clearly understood, only giving utterance to a conjecture founded on very imperfect data. But,

whatever and however cogent the arguments may have been which during many years prevailed with the Committee, it must be acknowledged that our great Literary Club, so long as it shut its doors against our great historian, was

> "Yet for this want more noted, as of yore
> The Cæsars' pageant, shorn of Brutus' bust,
> Did but of Rome's best son remind her more."

Would not such a *historicorum facile princeps*, such an *ingenium ingens inculto sub corpore et incultissimis cum moribus* have been more eagerly courted in Germany?

Our limits forbid us to consider how Professor Freeman and Lord Houghton, regarded as representative men, symbolized the jarring elements of which intellectual society is made up, and by whose inevitable and indispensable *concordia discors* it is maintained. Suffice it to say that the application to them of the Aristophanic antithesis, "The one I think a clever man, but the other I love," will seem to be a form of damning with faint praise, until it is remembered that it was on Æschylus and Euripides that the faint praise was originally bestowed.

THE REV. S. H. REYNOLDS.

By the Hon. L. A. Tollemache.

> "This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
> Which gives men stomach to digest his words
> With better appetite."
>
> —*Julius Cæsar.*

IT is just a year since the Rev. S. H. Reynolds died in the Hotel d'Angleterre, Biarritz, in which I was then staying and am now writing; and the time seems to have come when, before the dust gathers over his memory, it may be suitable for me to record my impressions of him. By way of preface, let me say that I lost in him not merely an old and firm friend, but one of the most able and original men that I ever knew intimately. He was also a friend of Mark Pattison, and was one of the very few men whose abilities I have heard Pattison praise highly and without reserve.

It will be necessary, for the benefit of those who did not read or who do not remember the friendly and discerning obituary notice of him which appeared in the *Times*, that I should relate as briefly as possible the leading facts of his life. Born in 1831, he was sent to school first at Tiverton, and afterwards at Radley under Sewell. When at Oxford, he obtained the Newdigate Prize for

English Verse, a First-Class in *Litteræ Humaniores*, a Prize for an English Essay, and a clerical Fellowship at Brasenose. He was ordained, and took the College living of East Ham. He was, during many years, a writer of leading articles in the *Times*. He edited for the Clarendon Press Bacon's "Essays" and Selden's "Table-Talk"; and to the end of his life he continued to collect materials for new editions of these volumes. In the autumn of 1896, he was seized with an illness which he knew to be mortal. At first he was told that his life might be prolonged for at least a year; and, like a true disciple of Pattison, he valued this expected respite chiefly in the hope of being able to bring out his two second editions. But *Dis aliter visum*. The end came before the new editions could make their appearance; and poor Reynolds may have felt something of the disappointment which Pattison felt when, during his last illness, he wrote to a friend complaining that he would die "leaving Scaliger unfinished."

In early youth he seems to have expected great things from human nature; and he paid the common penalty of such expectations by grievous disappointment. The strong terms in which he sometimes gave vent to that disappointment enabled me to understand the element of truth which lurks in Chamfort's paradox that "He who is not a misanthropist at forty can never have loved mankind." In Reynolds there was a leaven of misanthropy. Or, to speak more precisely, he was a sort of philanthropic misanthropist—trying to help his

fellow-men, while all the time thinking badly of them. This was one cause of that abruptness of his, which I had in my mind when I made choice of the motto prefixed to this essay. His abruptness, in fact, was partly natural; but partly also it was assumed, sometimes as a mask, and sometimes more or less for effect. He had the skill to make conversational capital out of his cynicism. His misanthropy or mock-misanthropy, when it was lit up by his peculiar humour, and was not carried too far or displayed too often, was relished as a moral tonic by friends who understood him; but to outsiders it was often highly embarrassing. How great and how natural this embarrassment was will become evident as I go on.

Pattison had a story that, in the good old times, there was a Brasenose don who at the beginning of each term drove into Oxford in a four-in-hand, and who gave as a reason that it was unfitting for the first Tutor of the first College of the first University in the world to enter Oxford with a pair! With all his loyalty to Brasenose, Reynolds would certainly not have spoken in such terms of his College any more than of himself; but he went the utmost lengths in his devotion to Oxford, which seemed to him to be the Queen of all Universities—*velut inter ignes Luna minores.* Indeed, he blew the Oxonian trumpet in season and out of season; and he had, or affected to have, little love for the sister-University. There is a story that once, in a mixed society, he most unwisely set about abusing Cambridge. His serio-comic mimicry of

seriousness was not palatable, or indeed intelligible, to a Cantab who happened to be present, and who rejoined with natural irritation: "I must tell you, sir, that I am a Cambridge man." Reynolds turned round upon him with judicial solemnity: "Then, sir, I have great pleasure in informing you that there is nothing in your look or manner or dress or accent from which I should ever have suspected it!" This sample of my friend's not too conciliatory way of talking is doubtless exaggerated. But I believe the anecdote to be founded on fact. At any rate, I told the story to Pattison, who replied with his saturnine smile, "Yes. There is no setting limits to Reynold's antipathies; he *hates* Cambridge, the Scotch, the Irish, the French, and the Germans; and, if he does not hate the Italians, it is because he does not know them enough to hate them!"[1] With especial vehemence was his hostility directed against Goethe, Carlyle, Browning, Jowett, Protectionists, Socialists, Bimetallists,[2] and Bluestockings. But his friends knew that, loud as was the report of his gun, he

[1] Perhaps, however, his study of Dante, which in his early days had furnished forth an article, well known to his friends, in the *Westminster Review*, had in some measure reconciled him to Dante's countrymen. See the "Note" at the end of this essay.

[2] Wishing to draw him out, I jocularly asked him in one of our last interviews which he thought the more objectionable, a Bimetallist or an Anti-Evolutionist. He rose to the bait, and, ill though he then was, answered with his usual burlesque of banter: "I can only say what Johnson said when he was asked which of two small poets he preferred: *I cannot determine the question of precedence between a flea and a louse!*"

was firing with blank cartridges all the time. And, therefore, it was with philosophical composure that we saw him playing at indignation and, like an Elysian hero, *belli simulacra cientem.* Nay, we even watched with a sort of kindly entertainment the half-unconscious action and reaction of the earnest side and of the humorous side of his complex nature; for we felt that he was, in very truth, often a Don Quixote masquerading as a Sancho Panza and sometimes, I am bound to add, a Sancho Panza masquerading as a Don Quixote. But more especially we felt—and I, for one, can abundantly testify—that, with all his waywardness and love of paradox, he was, in the manifold relations of daily life, the kindest as well as the most upright of men.

His youthful inclination to Positivism is a fact so notorious among his Oxford contemporaries as well as among his personal friends that such a notice as the present cannot possibly pass it over. But I will touch upon it very lightly. It is certain that, when or before he was ordained, he became convinced of the truth that neither Positivism nor any other substitute for Christianity can do the work among the masses which Christianity has done and is doing. At the same time, like Horace and all other gentleman-like renegades, he cherished a friendly feeling for his former comrades; and, much to his and their credit, he retained their goodwill to the last. Indeed, shortly before his death, he assured me that he still attached great value to Comte's famous principle of the Theological, the Metaphysical and

the Scientific Stages of development; and he praised, though with less confidence, the Positivist "hierarchy of the sciences." On my once asking him whether he had not, by becoming a parson, given mortal offence to his old friends, he mentioned the name of a leading Positivist, and said with more gravity than I had expected: "—— recognises the position of those who conform to the national religion. He does not approve their conduct, but he does not condemn it." But, though he thus consented to play Naaman to the Arch-Positivist's Elisha, he was perhaps, at bottom, but little enamoured either of the godless sanctity or of the immortality by proxy of the Comtists; and he certainly felt a strong antipathy to what may be termed their Holy Office, with its inquisitorial censorship, not of morals only, but of studies.

An old Irish clergyman (now deceased) once said to me, with a somewhat mechanical and ponderous politeness:—"I have just been reading your 'Recollections of Pattison' with the greatest attention and interest. *I suppose he was that excellent Bishop who was so brutally murdered by savages.*" I told this to Reynolds, who was much taken with it. Did the Irishman's compliment seem to him noteworthy as serving to show with how slender an intellectual outfit the generality of educated men approach intellectual problems? At all events, he was convinced that for the mass of men there is an absolute need of spiritual guidance and control; that the best, if not the only, instrument for permanently satisfying that need, is a time-honoured

form of worship; and among the competing forms of worship he preferred that which has the *maximum* of guiding and controlling power. So that he might have admitted that even his enemy, Goethe, was wholesomely paradoxical in saying: "Only that which is fruitful is true"; or (slightly altering Pope) he might have exclaimed in regard to modes of faith:—

> *Theirs* can't be wrong whose lives are in the right.[1]

Let me add that he evidently came to the conclusion that Man, or at any rate Woman, is a religious animal, and that, to judge by all past experience, the belief in supernaturalism is rooted in human nature (*Expellas divos furca, tamen usque recurrent*). Being thus minded, he gave encouragement and support to those very numerous persons who are impelled by a moral necessity to materialize their spiritual aspirations and, as it were, to build castles in heaven. Hence it came about that he drifted away from the Comtists.

To a friend who confessed to having more sympathy with the plain and realizable ideals of the later Stoics than with the impracticable Orientalisms of the Sermon on the Mount, Reynolds replied: "Go to Paul's Cross, and preach one sermon from Marcus Aurelius and another from the Gospels, and see which will have most effect." He was clearly giving

[1] I have ventured to substitute the plural for the singular pronoun in this line, because a few happily constituted individuals, even with a creed unsuited to their wants, may be, and indeed are, virtuous. But could an entire community, when thus handicapped, prosper in the moral race?

a sort of *Apologia pro sacerdotio suo* when he said to me long ago: "In times of transition, religious reform has to be carried on by men who have little esoteric sympathy with the popular theology." I feel that I am now standing on the threshold of the vexed question of the Ethics of Compromise. Into that long and labyrinthine controversy it is not my purpose to enter. So I will merely remind my readers that the case for religious conformity is a vast deal stronger than at first sight appears.

It will now be discerned to how great an extent Reynolds was a disciple of Pattison. Yet he was at times an insubordinate and eclectic disciple. It must be borne in mind that, unlike Pattison, he was not merely a priest but a parish priest. His parochial duties kept the sense of his priestly office alive in him, and (without his fully realizing it) turned his speculations into a comparatively "safe" channel. In a poetry-game I once tried to hit off the two aspects of his character by calling him a *prêtre-philosophe*. Not indeed that the contending forces which thus warred in his members were equally matched. It may be said broadly that the philosopher in him swallowed up the priest, but that, in being thus swallowed up, the priest *disagreed* with the philosopher. He started from the same principles as Pattison; but, as will appear further on, he often forbore to press them to their conclusions. Indeed, he sometimes practised this *economy of logic* deliberately and avowedly.

In the province of ethics both he and Pattison were inconsequent; but the inconsequence of Rey-

nolds was more marked, because he enunciated his principles more unreservedly. I might say of him, as I formerly said of Pattison, that his ethical creed was "Utilitarianism tempered by Pyrrhonism"; it was, in fact, what might be described either as colourless Utilitarianism or as Utilitarianism with its bottom knocked out. From the tremendous conclusions to which Utilitarianism may plausibly be pressed, he escaped by practically admitting with Scherer that: "la vertu, comme toute autre chose, ne supporte pas l'examen." For example: he agreed with Mill in seeing no *à priori* reason why the benefit of Utilitarian protection (so to speak) should not be accorded to the lower animals. "The question is," he would say, "not whether they can reason, but whether they can feel." And he frankly owned that Utilitarianism, when thus interpreted, is not easily reconciled with field-sports, or even with the use of insecticide powder. Nevertheless, like Pattison, he sometimes fished; and indeed, on my playfully beseeching him to give a hearty welcome to his fellow-creatures, nay, haply his distant cousins—the sparrows—when they came foraging in his garden, he replied with his harmless roar (like that of stage-thunder): "I wish all the sparrows had only one neck *that I might wring it.*"[1]

[1] In form, though of course only in form, this mock-petulant outburst reminds me of what my father used to tell me about the late Lord H——, whose eccentricity bordered on insanity, and who, being physically powerful, looked as if he might be dangerous. Dining with some kinsfolk of ours, his Lordship gave the disquieting admonition: "When I dine with you, never put me near a stranger; for, when I am near a stranger, *I feel inclined to wring his neck.*"

Being an Evolutionist, Reynolds contemplated Evolution, or rather Nature, with a sardonic smile. He seemed to think that Nature is like a tender shepherd who leads his lambs beside the still waters and gently fondles them in his arms; and then hands them over to the butcher—all for the general good! That such was his opinion I gathered rather from the drift of what he used to say than from any particular remark. Now and then, however, he expressed himself more or less plainly to that effect; so that, in fact, he let it be seen that he was half irritated and half entertained by the pitiless Elimination of the Unfit and, in a word, by the *murderous beneficence* of Nature. I once heard him quote approvingly a saying of Renan, that Nature treats us like soldiers; she makes us fight and die in a cause which is not ours. I begged him to explain himself. "How," I asked, "is Nature responsible for the way in which you, in addition to all your other occupations, wear yourself out by editing Bacon and Selden?" "It is she," he replied with a grim smile, "who has implanted in me that desire of distinction, and even of posthumous fame, which makes me work as I do." And yet he was well aware that his chance of posthumous fame was inconsiderable, and, moreover, that the thirst for such fame is vanity, if not vexation of spirit.

He was once asked by a friend what he thought of the severe censures passed by historians on some small act of dissimulation practised by the future Charles I. during his romantic visit to Spain; would not almost any man of the world, in like case,

have done the same? and do not reflections of this sort make one feel ill at ease with one's conscience? "They make one feel," was the reply, "that civilization, with all that rests upon it, is only skin deep." It is clear that, when he spoke thus, he was taking his stand on that giddy and perilous height of philosophical culture where the sense of sin seems, like the atmosphere, so to press on all sides that its pressure ceases to be felt. But I should add that, after making the sceptical admission, he insisted—more earnestly, I suspect, than Pattison would have insisted—that this acquiescence in the rules of Vanity Fair, this conviction that *l'idéal sonne creux* would, if it became general, be "most mischievous." Here, perhaps, his parsonic and parochial training made itself felt. As a philosopher, he weighed doctrines by the standard of their truth; as a priest, by the standard of their utility.

Thus it appears that, whether for better or for less good, Reynolds was only a rudimentary Pattison. We all know that Pattison, like the Greek Anthologist, deduced πάντα γελῶς καὶ πάντα κόνις καὶ πάντα τὸ μηδέν from πάντα γὰρ ἐξ ἀλόγων ἐστι τὰ γιγνόμενα. Or, to speak more precisely, he drew from evolutionary principles the somewhat Montaignesque conclusion: *Let us read and write, for to-morrow we die.* Reynolds seemed at times to be stricken with a like paralysing scepticism. But presently he would rush into the opposite extreme with such a sudden and pugnacious vehemence, that one's eyes instinctively turned towards the full-blown clerical attire which he habitually wore even when at Biarritz, and even when

going for a bathe. On the whole, we may conclude that he was, or aspired to be, as much more serious than Pattison as a moralist, as he was inferior to him as a philosopher.

Perhaps the sort of intellectual relation which subsisted between these two eminently original and interesting men may be best shown in a few words, by quoting from "Safe Studies" an extract, concerning which I mention, now for the first time, that the "friend" referred to is Reynolds :—

"A friend, walking with the Rector, spoke of Johnson as a representative Englishman. 'Johnson,' said Pattison, 'is the type of an Englishman with an Englishman's defects.' 'To me,' objected the friend, 'Selden seems anything but a typical Englishman. His moral apathy jars all my nerves, like that cab rattling over the stones.' 'Look at the cabman's face,' said Pattison. 'What jars you does not seem to jar him. One who has daily to drive over these stones should be as little sensitive as a cabman; and one who would study human nature without becoming either misanthropic or miserable should be as little sensitive as Selden.'"

The grim sayings of my friend which have been hitherto cited, belong, one may say, to Reynolds the Don Quixote. We will conclude by supplementing them with a few humorous flashes of Reynolds the Sancho Panza. It must, however, be premised that the serio-comic sayings of his which I am about to quote bear a strong family likeness to his comico-serious sayings which have been quoted already; there is such an ingrained originality—such a *quaintessence* (if I may coin the word)—common to all of them!

He had no belief at all in the political capacity

of women, and but little belief in their sense of truth. And he used to illustrate this unchivalrous sentiment of his by means of an apologue, with respect to which he disclaimed originality, but which he, at any rate, made his own by the characteristic stamp which he set upon it. His primary object was to show what was expected of a model wife:

A certain man had a wooden leg, and told his wife that he did not wish the fact to be known. But reports about the wooden leg got abroad; which the wife, whenever they reached her, indignantly denied. Thus far she had only done what any wife would do. But she proved herself to be a good wife by the circumstance that, although she unscrewed the wooden leg every night and screwed it on every morning, yet, when she denied that it existed, she firmly believed that she was telling the truth![1]

Behold, how good and wholesome a thing is the *sweet unreasonableness* of Woman! But no. Let us rather say that the uncourtly and sophistical legend ought to be reprobated as severely as the ornithological paradox to which Professor Henry Smith once gave utterance in conversation, when he was pointing out the unwisdom of airing original

[1] The counsel of conjugal perfection which is thus brought into focus through a parable may peradventure be further illustrated by a case, less picturesque indeed, but more related to everyday life. As a matter of course, a wife should laugh at her husband's jokes. That is one of the unwritten laws and universal postulates of matrimony. But the quality of a good wife is shown in this, that, be the jokes never so pointless and never so stale, she has the art, not to applaud them merely, but to enjoy them! Truly the heart of woman is self-deceitful above all things and desperately bewitching: who can know it?

and misunderstandable opinions in the presence of young ladies: "We must remember that little ducks are sometimes also little geese."

Although he had studied harmony scientifically, Reynolds hated music of all sorts. Music, indeed, he declared, in his bantering way, to be a survival of the prattle of "missing links" which, not having fully acquired the faculty of speech, were fain to express their semi-human wants in a semi-articulate jargon!

I ventured to suggest to him that the violence with which he used often to abuse Bacon was hardly becoming in one who had edited Bacon's *Essays*. Was he not, by editing Bacon, in a manner holding a brief for him? And, in fact, had he not thrown himself into something very like friendly relations with the dead and therefore defenceless author whose writings, public and private, he had taken upon himself to examine at close quarters? By driving home this *argumentum ad editorem*, I at length wrung from him a concession in Bacon's favour: "He was a loathsome scoundrel, but a scoundrel of whom human nature ought to be proud!" This verdict, or rather its damnatory clause, was vociferated with that growl of counterfeit ferocity wherewith he was wont to guard himself when skirting the frontier between jest and earnest.

Perhaps the most generally popular of these sports of his imagination is one which Lucian would have entitled "A True History." The narrative bears record that there lately dwelt in one of

the Colleges of Oxbridge a certain Tutor that was also a Priest. He was one who minded his own business; insomuch that he could not have been reproached with what Montaigne calls "the wrong and unnatural course of abandoning a pleasant and healthful life to serve others." It was his daily practice to breakfast on two eggs. One morning, at daybreak, the Angel Gabriel appeared unto him in bodily shape, and certified that, if he would forego one of his eggs that morning, he himself indeed would profit not at all, but unspeakable blessings would be vouchsafed to his fellow-men. Smothering his wrath at the presumption of his unbidden guest, the latter-day saint inquired: "Do I understand that, if I consent to make this sacrifice, I myself shall obtain no benefit of any sort?" Whereto the Angel made answer: "None save that exceeding great blessing, the testimony of a good conscience." This was too much for mortal man. So, turning his back on the exorbitant petitioner, the reverend gentleman cried hastily to his servant: "John, bring up my two eggs at once."

Postscriptum.—It was after this essay had been completed that the article written by Reynolds on Dante was republished in a volume entitled "Studies on Many Subjects (Arnold)." This volume of his essays has—I need hardly say—a deep and manifold interest. But, in the opinion of one at least of his friends, the interest is not wholly unalloyed. To speak broadly: his masterful and inelastic personality, when it could not assert itself entirely, had to be entirely suppressed. The result was that, as a writer and especially as a journalist, he had to practise continual self-effacement; insomuch that there arose a literary Reynolds bearing the same sort of resemblance to the conversational Reynolds that a well-worn coin bears to a coin

fresh from the mint. At all events, these essays of his, however excellent *as essays*, show but few and faint traces of that refreshing compound of Johnson and Voltaire—the Reynolds of logical fence and of playfully combative discourse; the Reynolds, in fact, whom I knew intimately, and whom the better I knew, the more I loved and admired.

HEAD-MASTERS I HAVE KNOWN.[1]

I. Dr Mostyn.

I WISH Mr Francis Galton would turn his attention to Head-masters; I do not mean to their girth, height, and measurement of cranium and biceps, though something might be made of that; but, as he has given us the typical convict face, and the typical Welch Baptist Minister, so I wish he would attend the next Conference at Wellington College, and fuse the photographs of the collected Head-masters into one ideal portraiture. That similar influences and surroundings have produced one recognisable archetype, of which all existing specimens are only varieties, cannot be doubted. Who can mistake a Head-master, whether preaching in full canonicals at the Abbey, or strolling in mufti up the Morteratsch Glacier? But either from natural deficiencies, or from the defects of my education, which belongs to the pre-scientific period, I have no powers of generalization, and must content myself with the humbler task of setting down my recollections of the Head-masters whose acquaintance I have made, first as scholar and then as assistant master, leaving my readers to generalize for themselves.

[1] *Journal of Education*, October and December 1881.

Though it is nearly thirty years ago, I remember, as if it were yesterday, the first sight I had of a Head-master in the flesh. From a country parsonage, where my only teacher was a mild curate, who smoked latakia, and taught me my Greek alphabet in slippers, I was sent straight to a public school; and, on the morning after my arrival, I found my way with twenty other new boys to the Library, where we were told to present ourselves for the entrance examination. We all wore a sheepish air, and huddled together in a corner of the room, hardly exchanging a whisper. I had discovered my old chum Foley, our Squire's son, and we were comparing notes as to the respective ordeals we had undergone as new boys. Foley was telling me that he didn't funk this exam. a bit, because his people knew old Mostyn, and said he was the right sort, when the door opened, and I knew instinctively that the robed form that advanced with measured steps to the desk was Dr Mostyn. He was not above thirty, but to us boys he seemed at least fifty. He was below the middle height, but no one would have described him as a short man. He always towered a head and shoulders above common mortals. His gait was perhaps the most striking outward characteristic. Day by day, for the next three years, I used to see him moving at the same funereal pace from his home to the school, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, but returning each schoolboy's salute with military precision. Even when he rode, his horse seemed to have caught his master's even pace, and never relapsed into an

amble. To go on with my story. I forget all about my own examination, but I shall not forget Foley's being put on, and breaking down hopelessly in an easy bit of Virgil. When his need was at the sorest, he bethought him of his home acquaintance with the Doctor, and instead of answering a question about the subject of the sentence, began, "I beg your pardon, Dr Mostyn, but I quite forgot to ask you how is Mrs Mostyn." Dr Mostyn was equal to the occasion. "Thank you," he said without moving a muscle, "can you tell me what is the nominative case?" Poor Foley was placed in the lowest fourth, and Mrs Mostyn was afterwards an unfailing subject of chaff (I believe the true derivation of his nickname, Cat's-meat, is Catherine Mostyn); but at the time not one of us so much as smiled. There was something about the Doctor that made even the youngest feel that he could not take liberties with him. The next three years I may pass over rapidly. Each Sunday I heard the Doctor in chapel, and, boy as I was, appreciated and admired the plain simple English, the clear argument, and the sound sense of his sermons, of which not the least charm was his low silvery voice, and the earnest, though somewhat monotonous, tone in which they were delivered. At home I had been greatly impressed by the extempore eloquence of an Irish curate, who was said to resemble Dr Macneil; now it seems to me the veriest rant. My boyish enthusiasm was not wholly misplaced, for Dr Mostyn has since made a name for himself among London preachers, and, what few preachers can boast, his sermons,

under the thin disguise of Religious Musings and Meditations for the Times, sell by the thousand. To my maturer taste they smack too much of boudoir theology; and when last night I took down the old volume presented to me at leaving, in order to refresh my memory, it quickly sent me to sleep. Like Mr Casaubon, Dr Mostyn knows no German, and not only is he ignorant of science, but he has resolutely shut himself out from the new ideas that are in the air, and are imbibed unconsciously by the most unscientific of a younger generation. When Mark Winkelreid said to me the other day, "I see Mostyn now and again at the Athenæum, he is a good fellow and I like to meet him, only he is so brutually ignorant," I was mildly shocked, but I did not indignantly resent the aspersion on my old master's knowledge. For schoolboys, such limitations mattered little. We thought him omniscient, and, whatever else he was ignorant of, he knew human nature to the core.

When I got into the Sixth, three-fourths of my work was done with Dr Mostyn. Mathematics were looked on as a distraction, and Modern Languages were a farce. The institution of Sixth Form master was still in embryo, and a Hertford and Ireland scholar, who had failed in imparting Cæsar and Greek delectus to a Fourth Form, took occasional lessons when the Doctor was called away on public errands. Poor Tommy Jackson! A brilliant scholar, and a profoundly learned man, he lacked the Doctor's presence, and no one thought of attending to him. I well remember his agonized

looks when, after spending three Sundays over the "great text in Galatians," Jones major was put on, and began construing ὁ δὲ μεσίτης οὐχ ἑνός, "Now a reaper is not of one." Such breakdowns never happened with the Doctor; at least, they never happened a second time. He rarely set a punishment, but his "Sit down" was as terrible as the judge's black cap. His range of teaching, even in classics, was very narrow,—half a dozen authors, or rather portions of authors, read and re-read, till he must have known them by heart. I calculate that, in his fifteen years at Harchester, he must have gone through Sophocles six times. All other subjects, even Ancient History, were totally ignored. I knew something about the Blockade of Pylos, and the operations of Demosthenes the general; but I had never heard of the battle of Navarino, and Demosthenes the orator was to me little more than a cyclopedia of Greek syntax. I knew something about the system of Meton, but what was the cause of a solar eclipse I did not discover till after I had left Harchester. Nor would a lesson of Dr Mostyn's have satisfied Mr Fitch and the Education Society. I suspect he never looked at one before coming into school, for he kept at his side a Liddell and Scott, to which he was constantly referring. He rarely practised the inductive method, and did not vex our souls with the Socratic elenchus. Yet, with all its drawbacks and limitations, Dr Mostyn's system was not utterly bad; and, though Professor Bain would not allow it, he taught us something that was worth teaching. He had himself, in a pre-eminent

degree, that linguistic taste, that subtle appreciation of the finer shades of meaning, that discrimination of different idioms, which the Germans express by the one word Sprachgefühl. On half the form, it is true, this teaching was thrown away, and they would doubtless have been better employed in analysing acids, or perhaps hoeing turnips; but the finer spirits caught something of the Doctor's genius, as they caught the trick of his handwriting, and the few surviving adepts in the fast decaying art of Latin and Greek verse, are most of them Dr Mostyn's pupils. Allied with this gift, was a keen sense of humour, which made a lesson of Aristophanes with the Doctor a keen intellectual treat. When Prettyman blushed and boggled over ἐπ' ἄκρων πυγιδίων, the Doctor quietly suggested "on tip-tail"; κρουνοχυτρολήραιος was rendered "a teetotal-tittle-tattler"; and αἶ αἶ Πῶλος εἶ "Colt by name, and colt by nature." But his wittiest hits were dropped, as it were, by accident, with the slightest perceptible quiver of the lips and twinkle of the eye. To laugh outright was as impossible for Dr Mostyn as to run.

Of his social qualities I can say little but by report. Unlike most modern Head-masters, he did not even affect an interest in school games or any sort of school pursuits. He would as soon have thought of looking on at a fight in the "milling ground" as at a cricket match. Nor, except in the case of a few favourite pupils, of whom I was not one, did he hold any intercourse even with his Sixth Form. Once a term the Monitors, or

upper half of the form, were asked to supper, and then he would unbend, though still in stately fashion, and we were all too cowed to meet him half-way. On one of these occasions I remember a dish of oysters going round the table untouched, no one daring to begin on them. When they reached the Doctor, he helped himself, and said to the head monitor, "Do try a few, just to keep me company." On its second round the dish was emptied. The conversation at these suppers was not very lively, and, as at city dinners a band fills up the interval of talk, so the entertainment provided for us heavy school-boys was a comic dialogue, in the style of "the happy pair," between the Doctor and his wife. "My dear," Dr Mostyn would begin, "what have you done with my spectacles?" "Why, they're on your nose, or rather on your forehead," Mrs Mostyn would reply, taking up the cue; and then, turning to the company. "You know Dr Mostyn is the most absent of men. Last night he came to bed in his trencher, and I fully expect to see him some fine morning starting for school in his night-cap." "Sometimes," retorted Dr Mostyn, "I should be glad to attribute some actions to absence of mind. As when I heard a lady ask poor Mr Marinden, who has worn a wig ever since we came to Harchester, where he had his hair cut, or when the same lady enquired of a small boy, just after I had flogged him, how he liked Harchester, and added that she should write to his mother and tell her how well he was looking. *Notum quid femina possit!* Alford will translate for Mrs Mostyn's

benefit." Alford had been tripped up that morning by that well-known line of Virgil, and blushed up to the ears. "Never mind, Mr Alford," said Mrs Mostyn, "I don't want to know. Whenever the Doctor quotes Greek, it is sure to be something too rude to be said in English." As I write them down in cold blood, the jokes seem forced and feeble, but they amused us vastly, and we chuckled over the discovery that after all Dr Mostyn was mortal, and that one person dared to stand up to him and give him as good as he gave.

With the Head of the school Dr Mostyn stood on different terms. The headship went by seniority, but the Doctor was fertile in devices for clearing the way for a favourite pupil. A. would be sent up for a scholarship at a small College, B. would be offered a Post in the Civil Service, C. would be advised to read for his last year with a private tutor, and in extreme cases D. would be persuaded to decline the honour. The Doctor was a born diplomatist, and could carry out such arrangements with the least possible friction. The Head of the school was the Doctor's vicegerent in all matters of games and house discipline. It was he who regulated fagging, and issued orders about compulsory football. Next to the Doctor he was the greatest force at Harchester, and the Doctor, unlike modern sultans, stuck manfully to his vizier through good and evil report.

Everyone who is interested in public schools, has heard of the *cause célèbre* of Vickson *v.* Bailey. Little Vickson, who was afterwards Scholar of

Balliol, had tunded a lanky youth of six foot in the Shell, and Bailey's father, who was a Q.C., having failed to make the doctor punish Vickson, though the *Times* and *Daily News* espoused his cause, determined to appeal to the law courts. Mr Bailey's chief object in the suit was to get the Doctor into the witness box, but he little knew his man. The doctor's cross-examination was as damaging to the plaintiff's case as Sam Weller's, and as witty, without a touch of vulgarity. After the first few passes Mr Bailey was fairly driven from the field, and gave over the Doctor to his junior, who fared no better than his leader. Young Bailey was removed from Harchester, and Vickson continued to tund his fags to his heart's content, though the regulation number of strokes was reduced to ten.

The Doctor had the largest boarding-house at Harchester, and I must confess that he was not a model house-master. He was forced by his multifarious duties to play the Mikado, and the Daimio was a virago of a house-keeper. It was, in fact, a petticoat despotism, tempered by monitors. The consequence was, that the house was subject to periodic outbreaks of boyish disorders, to which, when they came to a head, the Doctor would apply heroic remedies. I have known him pack off home, at an hour's notice, a couple or more young blackguards (the two Fords for instance, who sent little Wagstaff to the wash with the dirty linen); but he generally preferred painless extinction at the end of the term, and, though parents were disgusted,

they were generally wise enough to hold their tongues. This Arnoldian *régime* is convenient, but crude. Anyone can govern in a state of siege. But the system was at fault more than the Doctor. We take a Senior Classic, raw from the Tripos, and we expect him to give as many hours' teaching as a Board School master, to organize and regulate a complicated machine,—a federation of republics,—to perform the same clerical duties as Professor Wace or Mr Stopford Brooke, and then, as if this were not enough, we set him *in loco parentis* over half a hundred boys, to whom he has to act as caterer, counsellor, and father-confessor. No wonder that the strongest shoulders bend under such a burden, that the interest of the fifty is sacrificed to that of the five hundred. This was Dr Mostyn's weak side, and as a faithful chronicler I have extenuated nothing, though this partial failure has been obliterated by his general success.

When, at the end of fifteen years, Dr Mostyn announced that he had accepted the Principalship of a Clerical Training College, the news was a bolt from the blue. He was in the very prime of life, the school had never been more prosperous, he had more than once refused high church preferment. I do not pretend to fathom his motives. He was a true humourist, and took a keen delight in baulking public expectation. I suspect, too, that he tired of his empire over boys, among whom he moved as an Olympian god, and longed to mix with men, and govern not *ex cathedra*, but by sheer force of character and intellect. Whether he intended it

or not, he could not have better consulted his reputation as a Head-master. He was taken away at the height of his glory. Had he stayed on, he would have fallen on evil days, Public School Commissioners, Modern Sides, and smatterings of Science. Doubtless he would have survived, and held his own against the "new learning"; for he was a versatile man, and could accommodate himself to circumstances; but he would not have presented the perfect type of a Head-master under the old *régime*,—a man of somewhat narrow views, stiff in opinions, and limited in his knowledge, but after all a scholar, a gentleman, and a Christian.

One more trait I must not omit. At Harchester we used to think Dr Mostyn rather close-fisted, and to jeer at his weak negus and shabby pony-chaise. It was not till after I had left Harchester that I discovered that he was the anonymous donor of £2000 towards the new class-rooms, and that a quarter of the boys in the Doctor's house paid no fees.

II. Dr Rutty.

English History begins in 449; American history in 1492, and the history of Gilsbury in 1829. We know, in a vague sort of way, that there were aborigines who fed and fought, and were gathered to their forefathers, before Columbus discovered the new world, or Hengist landed at Ebbsfleet; but the modern historian ignores them, or

despatches them in his first chapter. We will follow his example, and pass over the traditions that still survive of Gilsbury in the dark ages before the accession of Dr Rutty. Stories are still current of a Great Rebellion, and a black stain on one of the panels of the Speech Room is still pointed out as a record of the inkpot that a young protestant flung at the head of no imaginary devil. The legend is probably as mythical as that of Wartburg, but the fact remains that Dr Rutty's predecessor had reduced the numbers of Gilsbury to 50, and saddled the school with a debt of £20,000. In fact, when Dr Rutty took the post, his friends regarded the step in much the same light as Mr Browning regarded his friend Waring's disappearance, and bade him God-speed as though he had been a missionary bound for Ujiji. It was indeed a bold venture, for Gilsbury enjoyed a bad pre-eminence among grammar schools, and Dr Rutty was leaving one of the best-paid berths in this unendowed age—a big boarding house in a big Public School. But Dr Rutty was a plucky little man, and knew what he was about. He had long smarted under an incompetent chief. Epigrams had served him as a safety-valve, but failed to temper an unlimited despotism. There was no thought in those days of dismissing an assistant master; but the most long-suffering assistant might be bullied into resigning, and Dr Rutty was not a man to suffer long. To his friends who commiserated, his exile was "a crust and liberty"; to those who jeered, he retorted, "Better to reign in Loamshire than serve with you under *Outis*"—so he irre-

verently nicknamed the present Bishop of N——; to the Governors of Gilsbury he wrote with his testimonials, "If you elect me, I will not go till I have wiped off the debt and raised the 50 to 500"; to his new staff his *mot d'ordre* was, "Spartam nactus es, hanc exorna."

And it was Spartan fare, at least for the first years that I was a master at Gilsbury. What is known as the Hostel system prevailed in its pristine rigour. Each master had a "but and a ben" assigned him, two small and barely-furnished rooms; and a salary that a curate nowadays would sniff at, left little margin for private luxuries. Like the knights of Branksome Tower, we quitted our harness neither by day nor yet by night; and if we did not drink the red wine through the helmet barred, for the very good reason that there was none to drink, we carved at the meal, each for himself and some fifty boys besides. That carving was one of Dr Rutty's *chevaux de bataille*, his hobby-horse on which he mounted at each masters' meeting, and rode rough-shod over us juniors. Armed with statistics furnished by the house-steward, he would prove that a bad carver made a difference of £50 a year to the school, and added significantly, that since the beginning of the term, when four new masters had joined, the consumption had risen 2 oz. a head per day. Great were our rejoicings when the house-steward was detected in wholesale peculation. We felt that, if he had not gone, we probably should. But, though in this instance Dr Rutty's sagacity was at fault, yet his economy was one of the chief factors

of his success. Plain living and high thinking has since become a hackneyed phrase, more preached than practised in English Public Schools; but to Dr Rutty belongs the credit of proving that it is possible to provide a generous education for something less than a hundred a year.

It was, however, as a teacher that Dr Rutty was truly great, and I will do my best to describe him as such. But, though I observed him closely for more than five years, and learnt from him more of the art than any book has taught me, yet I despair of explaining, much more of imparting, the secret of his success. That, like all other success, it was founded on an inexhaustible power of painstaking, goes almost without saying. Dr Rutty never came into school with an unprepared lesson. If it was some chapter of Cæsar in which he was reviewing a lower form, his book would be carefully scored—he had crammed up the geography and history, and settled the line he should take in questioning. With the Sixth Form his classical lessons were as painfully prepared as if he had been editing the author, and six hours was his allowance for getting up a history or divinity lesson. He was not a man of very wide reading, and anything but a profound thinker; but all his reading and all his thought were concentrated and brought to a focus on his school work. He was a living illustration of the apophthegm, that half the knowledge, with twice the power of applying it, is better than twice the knowledge with half the power of application. Even his failings, his intellectual failings at least, leaned to virtue's side—the virtue,

I mean, of a schoolmaster. Had he been profound or original, he would not have been content to put all his energy into the work of teaching. He would have written a history of China, or studied Syriac, or invented Biquaternions, for he had energy and pluck enough to attempt any of these tasks. But he lacked that indefinable something we call genius, and his many talents were all laid out on his professional work. He was a rapid reader, and had the knack of skimming the cream of a book and leaving the whey. He would have made an invaluable Saturday Reviewer. Thus he would glance through Montalembert's *Moines d'Occident* in his leisure evenings, and give out the gist of the book after looking over the essays on Monasticism. Lecky, Tylor, Bagehot, Ste. Beuve, Boissier, were all grist to his mill. His history lessons were real *tours de force*. He took alternately the Great Rebellion and the Age of Augustus, using Hume and Merivale as text-books; and on these two periods he had, in the course of twenty years, accumulated a very considerable stock of information, reading all that he could lay his hands on, and always adding to his notes. Most masters would have been crushed by the weight, but he "bore his learning lightly as a flower"; or, rather, he was like the grey-coated man in Peter Schlemihl, who produced from his pocket the exact article that each guest wanted. A lesson never degenerated into a lecture. It was a constant cross-fire of question and answer, with an occasional volley from the Doctor. The way he managed this was by making an individual study of each boy.

Brown was great at genealogies, and might be depended on for the *stemma Cæsarum*. Jones was a professed republican, and keen to scent out Hume's mistakes. Robinson came from Devizes, and woe betide him if he did not know everything about Roundway Park. An unfortunate boy, whose father was vicar of Naseby, was so persistently bullied about the battle-field, which, on the first enquiry, he described as an uncommon good place for ferreting, that (so the story went) he persuaded his fond parent to exchange livings. Dr Rutty was not of Schiller's opinion, that against stupidity the Gods themselves fight in vain. Satire, sarcasm, invective were his weapons; and he had a Quilp-like delight in establishing a raw in the thickest hide. Yet he was withal soft-hearted, and repented him of the evil. I remember Bullock once confiding to me his troubles. He had begun a paraphrase of "So careful of the type,"—"Though, O God, thou art so painstaking a lithographist," and "the Doctor (he told me whimpering) gave me the *In Memoriam* to write out, and called me a bull of Bashan, though I had sat up till one o'clock to do it, and now the whole form call me Og." I pleaded his cause with the Doctor; the imposition was ignored; and ever after he led a charmed life, and blundered on, secure of satire, though the name of Og stuck like a burr to him.

Another characteristic of Dr Rutty's teaching was, that he was "cock-sure of everything." The teacher who hesitates is lost. Tell a boy that, generally speaking, *cum* with past time takes the subjunctive,

but there are certain exceptions, and with later authors the rule is not strictly observed,—and he goes away with a notion there is a good deal to be said on both sides of the question, and that the best way of deciding any particular case is by tossing up. With the Doctor, black was black, and white was white; of greys, or neutral tints, he denied the existence. "*Obtinere*," he roundly asserted, "never means to obtain; *authority* can never be rendered by *auctoritas; Anglo-Saxon* is a barbarous compound, unknown before the age of Johnson; an English metaphor can never be rendered literally in Latin or Greek." Now and again this dogmatism had a fall, but Dr Rutty picked himself up by help of "*Exceptio probat regulam*," and went on his way rejoicing. It is easy to object that such teaching, though it stimulates the mass, is likely to cramp or crush the one or two geniuses who may occur in a generation of schoolboys. The pupil, *quâ* pupil, is not greater than his master; and Dr Rutty, though he won Balliol scholarships, and trained Senior Classics, did not send forth into the world men stamped with his image and superscription, like the pupils of Dr Arnold or Prince Lee. But there is much to be said for Dr Rutty's principle of the greatest development of the greatest number. As master of a Board School, Dr Rutty would have passed his ninety-five per cent. He believed in the innate stupidity and innate laziness of the genus schoolboy, and put them all on his treadmill. The mill was turned by brain power, and was an elaborate piece of mechanism with cogs and catches,

spur-wheels and racket-wheels. There was no scamping work, and it ground exceeding small.

I have left myself small space to describe Dr Rutty as an organizer and chief; but the school at large, masters included, was subjected to much the same method as the Sixth Form. Periodic reviews were an integral part of his system, and each form passed under his hands at least once a term. The reports were duly recorded in a Black-Book which was kept in the masters' library. I remember well the first time that I figured in it. I was as indignant as Cassius at finding "all my faults observed, set in a note-book, learnt and conned by rote to cast into my teeth," and tendered my resignation. The Doctor bid me sheath my dagger, and referred me back to the first report of his Sixth Form master, "now my best teacher, then a worse one than you." He had the art of soothing ruffled feelings, and, though he was a master of jeers and flouts and gibes, he soon repented of having uttered them, and was not happy till he was reconciled with his adversary of the moment.

An irritable, nervous, highly-strung temperament, a nimble, versatile, discursive intellect, "a fiery soul which, working out its way, fretted the pigmy body to decay," busy indeed, yet ever seeming busier than he was, never resting himself, and never letting others rest, — Dr Rutty put into his ten years' work at Gilsbury the concentrated energy of a lifetime of ten ordinary masters. His end (at Gilsbury, I mean) was sudden. One Christmas term he had left before the end, his doctor order-

ing him two clear months of rest. The announcement that the Governors of the Grey Friars had appointed Dr Rutty to their vacant Mastership startled us all on Christmas Day. The post was honourable but not lucrative, and Dr Rutty was a man with large outgoings. It was a sinecure, and Dr Rutty might die but he could not be idle. By degrees the anomaly explained itself. First, Dr Rutty was advertised as Editor of the Public School Primer series; shortly after, he figured as Chairman of the Scholastic Colonization Society. He examined for the London University; he lectured for the University Extension; he edited the *Sunday Novelist*. He rarely visited Gilsbury, and I had lost sight of him for years. The renewal of our acquaintance was somewhat strange. I had submitted to Messrs Oldbury, the eminent firm of publishers, my maiden literary effort, a translation of the Beowulf into Homeric verse. To my disgust the work was declined with thanks. On my pressing them to reconsider their judgment, they forwarded me the opinion of a gentleman "whose name, if we were at liberty to mention it, would guarantee the soundness of the criticism." *Le style c'est l'homme*, —there was no mistaking Dr Rutty. I thought of his first review of me in the Black-Book.

C. S. CALVERLEY.[1]

IT is now nearly eight-and-thirty years since I made the acquaintance of C. S. Blayds in the Upper Shell at Harrow. Short, very thick-set, with a round face and a jolly smile always on it, and with a bountiful crop of curly brown hair, as strong and active in body as in mind. His nickname was "Bull," and very much he reminded me of a "Scotch polled." I do not remember that he ever distinguished himself much at cricket, or football, or rackets.

He was good-natured to a fault; ready, for instance, to do a copy of verses for any friend. His hand was once detected in a curious way. A boy showed up a pentameter, "Namque Deus veniam, tu modo posse, dabit." The master, who had his wits about him, remarked: "I think I can translate the line, though you cannot. Blayds dictated to you 'posce,' and you wrote down 'posse.'"

Though never caring much for school-games, he was a remarkable jumper for his height, and unequalled for any feat that required pluck and intrepidity. One of his leaps in particular is among the traditions of the school. The court-yard of the Old School is bounded by a wall some four feet high, with a drop of fifteen feet the other side, into the

[1] *Journal of Education*, April 1884.

"milling ground," a turf plot, where fights from time immemorial have taken place. Someone had dared Blayds to this leap, and he took it with his hands in his pockets. He was not a "swat," and yet won his way to the top of the school, and carried off the lion's share of school-prizes from competitors like H. M. Butler and F. V. Hawkins. In our days most of the energy of the Sixth was devoted to winning these Governors' prizes, given for Latin, Greek, and English composition, which were recited on Speech Day, and a boy's place in examination was thought of minor account. I may be prejudiced, but I doubt whether Blayds' Latin composition has ever been surpassed by a boy at school. I must give one short specimen, the conclusion of his prize hexameters on "Mare Mediterraneum." It was of these, I believe, that Vaughan remarked that it was impossible to alter anything in Blayds' verses; they were pure Virgil.

> Volvere, caeruleis fundoque carentibus undis!
> Volvere, regna virum tua litora, regna, quibus nil,
> Te praeter, superesse aetas dedit. O ubi Persis
> Assyriaeque vetus sedes? ubi Graecia, et ingens
> Gloria Romulidum? Sopor urget ferreus omnes,
> Omnes deperiere. Manes immobilis, idem,
> Tu vitreis immensus aquis, nescisque reverti
> Ponte! tot humanos quamquam miscerier aestus
> Vidisti, tot sceptra retro, tot proelia ferri.
> Nullae in fronte minae; liquido sed molle susurro
> Labere qualis eras primi sub origine mundi,
> Qualis in aeternum labere volubilis aevum.

Those were the days when a boy, gifted with that almost intuitive power of grasping and appropriating the genius of a language—what, in a word, the

Germans call "Sprachgefühl," might carry all before him at school, and afterwards in the Classical Tripos at Cambridge. All this is changed, and no schoolboy now could possibly win a first in the Tripos if he went in on leaving school, as Blayds certainly would. At Harrow, his reading, other than classical, was, I fancy, confined to novels. For the three years that I was in the Sixth, under Dr Vaughan, I never remember doing a single lesson in any subject but classics. Once, however, a holiday-task was set in Russell's "Modern Europe." Blayds, of course, had not looked at it; but he snatched up a book while we were waiting for the Doctor's entry, and glanced at the first few pages. When his turn came, question after question was unanswered, till by a θεία τυχή the Doctor asked: "And what, Blayds, were the amusements of the Ostrogoths in those days?" To which Blayds rolled out, with the proper sing-song: "They hunted the bear on the voluptuous parterre, the trim garden, and expensive pleasure-ground, where effeminacy was wont to saunter, or indolence to loll." The sentence, reproduced with verbal exactitude, was received with a burst of laughter, which not even the Doctor's presence could suppress, and Blayds sat down, whispering, "Sic me servavit Apollo."

In the examination for the Balliol Scholarship, which he gained from Harrow, he had a curious piece of good luck. The passage for Latin hexameters had been set to the Sixth only a fortnight before. Blayds' short Oxford career may perhaps be best summed up in the two epigrams he com-

posed on himself, the first of which, though the less witty, was alas the truer :—

> " O scholar running fast to seed,
> O freshman redolent of weed,
> This moral in your meerschaum put ;
> The sharpest *Blayds* will soonest cut."

> " Your wit is tolerable, but
> The point you understand ill
> For, though the Dons want *Blayds* to cut,
> They cannot find a handle."

Poor Blayds ! I was playing billiards with him at Rockall's, in Broad Street, the evening before he was " sent down." It happened in this wise. He was " gated " for some misdemeanour, but took no notice of " Tom," or of nine o'clock. I expostulated, but he said it didn't matter. He could easily elude the porter by getting over the wall from Trinity, as he had often done before. This he did, climbing a big tree in the Trinity entrance with the agility of a cat ; but boots leave footprints on borders, and the Balliol gardener conferred with the Balliol porter, who reported that he had pricked Mr Blayds as having gone out, but not as having come in. Upon this a pair of my friend's boots were fetched, and these, alas ! corresponded precisely with the garden foot-marks. So a Common Room was held, and the " handle " was at last forthcoming. I fancy they must have afterwards very much regretted what they had done, for they gave him a " bene discessit," and with this he went to Christ's College, Cambridge, under the name of Calverley, which his father assumed at that time.

Most of Blayds' Harrow contemporaries who went to Cambridge entered at Trinity, and there was in those days but little communication between Trinity and Christ's. At Christ's he was cock of the roost, and a true Bohemian, he liked to take his ease in his inn, and had a horror of general society. Only some admirable skit like his Tripos verses, some practical joke worthy of Theodore Hook, or some brilliant success like the Craven Scholarship, kept his name alive with Harrow men. Some of the stories told of him, as that, when a tutor, he used to lecture in bed, with churchwardens and pewters provided for his class, are doubtless mythical; but for one or two I can vouch. Round the quad. of Christ's there are remarkably tall iron railings, particularly tempting for a high jumper like Calverley. One day, the Master, Dr Cartmell, sent for him, and asked: "How is it, Mr Calverley, that I never look out of my study-windows but I see you jumping over the railings on to the grass-plot?" "Well, Master," replied Calverley, "it's a remarkable thing, but I've noticed that I never jump over the railings but I see you looking out of your study-windows." There was a young exquisite at Christ's, of the name of Stott (æsthetes had not yet been invented). Calverley made a bet that he would make Stott carry a cabbage, between two and four, down King's Parade. Inviting the unsuspecting Stott to take a stroll, he led him through the market-place, stopped at a stall and bought his cabbage, the biggest he could find, and tucking it under his

arm proceeded to the Parade. Stott was too polite to protest, and accompanied him with passive reluctance. Once there, Calverley pulled out a pipe and tried to light a match ; then, after repeated failures, he begged Stott to hold his cabbage for one instant till his pipe was alight. The cabbage once transferred the rest of the task was easy, and the end of the Parade was reached before his pipe got lit and the cabbage restored to its owner.

With Cambridge my recollections of Calverley cease. The author of "Fly Leaves" is a public character, and full, but not excessive justice has been dealt to him in the *Spectator* and the *Pall Mall*. The last time I saw him he was sauntering down Oxford Street, pipe in mouth, and an old Christ's straw on head, bound for the Harrow and Eton Match at Lords.

His love for Harrow was strong and constant. In the last letter I received from him he wrote: "I and my eldest boy went to see him [a nephew] and the old place, some little time ago, and I naturally looked into my old room (tenanted now, as you tell me, by Lord Garlies' brother), and equally naturally shut my son up in the bed [beds were made to turn up in the day-time] to show him the principle. My nephew was simply aghast at the liberty I had taken with a Sixth Form boy's bed. I regard, and shall always regard, that room as my room, and that bed as my bed,—all other claimants to the same, or either of them, being pretenders or impostors."

THE NEW OLD MAID.[1]

"Ich bin zu alt um nur zu spielen,
Zu jung um ohne Wunsch zu sein."

THE Old Maid of the present day, born in the forties of this century, is a strong contrast with the Old Maid of times past, before she bethought herself of overtaking the New Learning by the aid of the new pair of seven-leagued boots, Liberty and Leisure, now occasionally offered her. And if these boots creak somewhat, it is only what must be expected, and the creaking will soon wear off. The most important function of the old Old Maid was to be an aunt. Of her own free will, and with a mind quite devoid of floating visions of becoming a lady doctor, a lady nurse, or a lady decorator, she carried out faithfully the recommendations of Riehl. He says,—"If a woman who is comfortably off is alone in the world, then she ought first of all to look round, whether, among her kin, there is any family into which she can enter and co-operate in its labours, in the character of 'Old Aunty.'" Probably most middle-aged people remember a kind Aunty of their youth (like the Aunt Penelope of Mrs Ewing's charming tale called "The Land of Lost Toys"), who supplied her nephews with half-crowns and

[1] *Journal of Education*, February 1887.

good advice, and her nieces with silver thimbles and shell needle-books. She preferred the girls to the boys, being in this the opposite of the grandmother, who always leant to the boys. She expanded freely with any sympathetic stranger into statistics of her nieces' ages, accomplishments, complexions, and extraordinary ability; but the kindly lady felt most pride in the young people's long eyelashes and short upper lips. It must be owned that the old Old Maid had a great love of show, of bright colours, jewellery, bugles, and flounces; she had a pleasure in dandling arm-aching babies, and buying them their first fairy stories; for she was perfectly innocent of any wish to inform their minds betimes with useful knowledge. She had a nice appreciation of creams and custards, and the size of strawberries, rather than any æsthetic admiration of flowers. Her reading was entirely narrative and anecdotal, and her writing was angular and infrequent. Her talk was entirely personal. When she played whist, she picked up her tricks with an alacrity which argued that she had not picked up very many valuables in life. She disliked solitude, and never refused a social offer of any kind. When she went to a place of public entertainment, she outdid the young people in her powers of endurance, and was always the last to wish to come home. She resisted the setting-in of old age as long as possible, and liked trite compliments and well-worn jokes. Nothing at all out of the common, or exquisite, was wished for by her, but she was satisfied with the ordinary joys and jars of her family, and was fond of moralising over, and if possible being

consulted in, small domestic details; and especially made efforts to be included in the conversation, though when it became too abstruse she was wont to take a nap in public. She liked to be asked to mend breakages or strike cuttings. Her small transactions were generally of a frugal character. She kept up a communication with far-off cousins in her own generation, who would not have written to, or, perhaps, were not friendly with, the kin with whom she was resident. Her very maiden name was a last link to those ancestral families who had died out for want of male offspring, a name only to be found otherwise on tombstones, or on faded envelopes preserved in old trunks. "There be they that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported; and some there be which have no memorial, who are perished as though they had never been born." The Old Aunty used to discourse chiefly of these latter, who were very numerous among her antecedents. She did not flinch from frequent reference to plebeian streaks in her ancestry. To be sure, among her forefathers, she could only boast of a Bishop and the Head-master of a great public school (with engraved portraits and biographies); but she really took far more interest in the "Equestrian," a word which euphemistically designated the livery-stableman who had been grandfather to the above-mentioned celebrities.

Now the old Old Maid was apt to differ from married women by a minus; but the new Old Maid is wont to differ by a plus. This puts the latter into an entirely different position, and perhaps accounts for

her decidedly cool treatment of other women, outside her chosen friends. Indeed, occasionally it would not be too hard to say of the new Old Maid, "Femina feminæ lupa est." Her mental acquirements are often superior to those of her married sisters, and as their generally superior bodily charms are greatly levelled and neutralised—though not altogether obliterated—by age, she is in a sufficiently strong position to be a rival,—a position to which the old Old Maid could never aspire. Hence the greater amiability of the latter. The new Old Maid is often an obscure clever person, with sufficient acuteness of intellect to feel that she is "out of it." The drama of life is carried on without her assistance, and she secretly resents this. Her position with regard to her family is markedly different from that of the old Old Maid; she does not the least admire her nephews and nieces. She has a general feeling against their home training, and thinks it very inferior to what she could give herself; an opinion which is often quite true. She is kind and trustworthy when put in charge of youngsters, but, as she likes to act independently, and is not the final authority with regard to the children, she is not very anxious to come forward and officiate. When she does, she markedly prefers—here again in opposition to the old Old Maid—the boys to the girls, especially when the latter are grown up. If she has a profession, the new Old Maid often lives with a devoted lady friend who is a weak imitation of a wife to her. She always chooses, for the holder of this post, some one who is not a blood relation. She is guided more by feelings of duty than of love towards

her kin, who rarely seem to have a power of fully satisfying her emotions, as they apparently satisfied those of the old Old Maid. Of course she is thrown into various positions of trust, and her moral character is remarkably high and trustworthy, even serious. She may be a head-mistress of a private ladies' school, with that curious neatness and propriety of mind, too often sliding into sterility and routine, which is common among those who have the charge of young people in batches; or a lady doctor, who has a store of anecdotes as prolific as any university man's, and mostly drawn too from fellow-creatures' casualties; or a lady decorator, who will emblazon you a drawing-room with sun-flowers or water-lilies of a Brobdignagian size, with charges to match—who will assure you that your cherished *bric-a-brac* and all your wedding presents are quite out of harmony with the principles of true art; or a lady nurse or hospital superintendent, whose family consult her in all their ailments, though she cannot ever attend them at a crisis owing to her professional engagements, but will send them instead an excellently qualified nurse; or a well-read lady with literary instincts, who comments and criticises verbally, but does no original writing—she reads perhaps two or three times a week, with a chosen young woman, say, modern languages or an old classic, and the chosen disciple rewards her perhaps with a speech of the kind one would rather have left unsaid, as, "I am so glad that *you* have not taken to writing second-rate books."

Then there are the women on School Boards and the lady Poor-Law Guardians, who do social micro-

scopic work of an unobtrusive kind, which, if there is no woman on the board, goes undone—because no man could do it—to the great detriment of the infants, mistresses, female pupil-teachers, etc. These ladies exert themselves with far less sentiment, and in a much more unemotional spirit, than Lady Bountifuls of yore, and are less viewy and dictatorial.

The new Old Maid is no stay-at-home. She travels much abroad, speaks French and German fluently, knows who's who, reads her newspaper and the last new book which is talked about; has heard the fashionable preacher in vogue, been to the Grosvenor and Academy, and has compact views on most topics of a social, literary, or artistic nature; occasionally she adds to her subjects science, philosophy, and politics. She flocks to drawing-room meetings, also to Browning societies and committees innumerable; tennis parties, too, she affects, but more fitfully. She likes to be known as busy, and is generally engaged of an afternoon, if you desire to secure her services without due notice.

Goethe's injunctions, endorsed by Riehl, that she should be always "coming and going, always fetching and carrying," on behalf of her family; that her self-abnegation should reach such a pitch that "the hours of the night are like the hours of the day to her"—all this she finds most distasteful.

The new Old Maid has a cheerful, but seldom joyous or beaming expression, which absence of elation may be explained by a remark of Chamfort—"La froide raison ne rend point heureux. . . . Les

passions font vivre l'homme ; la sagesse le fait seulement durer."

Agnosticism, which is far more dangerous to the emotions than to the intellect, has laid its cold finger on the new Old Maid with shrivelling effect. Whereas she was brought up in the faith of the "Pilgrim" and "Uncle Tom," she now oftener reads that

> ' La génuflexion du jonc au marécage
> N'est pas plus vaine, au fond du bois vague et jauni,
> Que les saluts que fait un homme à l'infini."

She finds it hard to keep her ideas fixed in the old optimistic framework, for she has no inducements to soften, sophisticate, or allegorise her views for the sake of others, as her married sisters have for the sake of their young children. She is not in that intimate contact with the great facts of life which forces her into immediate action, and she has, perhaps, only too much time for self-scrutiny and hair-splitting. So she mournfully sums up, with the Pessimist,

> " There is but one good rest,
> Whose head is pillowed upon Truth's pure breast."

Nevertheless, she finds Truth's pure breast an exposed and chilly position—a very hard pillow. She would fain agree with Victor Hugo,

> " O vivants, vous serez dans le vrai si vous n'êtes
> Que ce que les vivants d'avant vous ont été."

Or with Schelling,—"La forme artistique étant la plus parfaite expression de la vérité, la philosophie elle-même doit retourner à la poésie et au mythe."

But her feelings of rectitude do not allow of her tampering with her intellect, and the very fact of a thing being pleasant makes it suspicious to her apprehensive and scrupulous mind.

The love of being a martyr—sometimes an unnecessary one—is a very strong feeling in womankind. But, as society is now constituted, it rarely answers for a woman to be a martyr for anything but for her family. Now the new Old Maid has shaken off the incubus of her family, clearly discerning that it handicaps her in her struggles towards the Higher Life, and therefore she has no delightful chance of martyrdom left to her. But let her duly weigh the seriousness of thus burning her ships. Alas!

> "Tout esprit n'est pas composé d'une étoffe,
> Qui se trouve taillée à faire une philosophe."

The frequent descent of numerous apparently-flourishing and well-placed new Old Maids from their enviable, and often honourable, appointments, to the obscure and sheltered vale of matrimony, shows how supremely powerful still is the attraction to women of their inherited position.

The future of society depends on whether this attraction will grow *weaker* or not. Unless it does, the true soil of their minds—which, in spite of all the fuss and stir of the modern girl's education, has hardly even been scratched as yet—will never become apparent, nor what will grow in it ever be ascertained. For, as regards women, family life and intellectual life (except under very rare circumstances,

which must always be exceptional) tend hopelessly to incessant antagonism. If attempted vigorously together, health generally gives way, and the organism sinks under the double weight, as in the case of Miss Ellen Watson, the promising young mathematician, whose genius the Bishop of Carlisle rates so highly that he pairs her off against Professor Clifford to disprove Comte's three stages.

When a man and woman, both of capacity, combine in housekeeping together, on the usual small means, to lead an intellectual life, the woman invariably gives more than she gets, and weakens herself, by the process, into an inarticulate subordinate, as in the case of Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy. Therefore, a liberal competence is far more essential to a new Old Maid than to a man; but it almost needs ill-health in early life—which should improve afterwards—to ward off the inevitable pernicious publicity, crowd of inferiors and frivolous acquaintances, which are the fatal concomitants of talent and means in a woman, and which prohibit the acquirement by her of any true inward seriousness. Thus, other things being favourable, the new Old Maid, at the onset of her career, is generally either belittled by economical parings, or stifled by the fumes of riches. She can, alas, never have a *wife!* Only a supreme amount of self-reliance in youth—once a century, perhaps—can withstand these blights. All this may be a comfort to those persons who think that we are speeding along at a break-neck pace towards organic and inevitable change in the fabric of women's lives and destinies, because they see a

few girls' names in the university class-lists, or here and there in a newspaper an appointment of a woman to some small professorship of political economy, etc. It may be a comfort to their shattered nerves to know that such is not the case, but rather this,—Innombrables rires des mers, vous nêtes rien auprès des flots de rêves entassés que l'humanité traversera avant d'arriver à quelque chose qui ressemble à la raison." These persons, for a long time to come, may feel a safe contempt for Armande with Molière, and for Mary Bennet with Miss Austen, on the common-sense ground of the comfortably small effects of women's erudition, compared with the large effects of their marrying; or, if good company of later date is preferred, two canons and a physician, heads of the clerical and medical professions, will be happy to show how the family—not the individual—is the unit to be cherished. Canon Liddon at St Paul's Cathedral, Canon Westcott in Westminster Abbey, and Dr Withers-Moore as President of the British Medical Association at Brighton, have each recently pleaded for the family; and the latter stoutly opposes the higher education of women, on the ground that it either incapacitates or spoils her for becoming a mother. This is the Race *v.* the Individual with a vengeance, indeed! There is a refreshing, outspoken bluntness among the doctors which we prefer to the more guarded expressions (but just as despotic meaning) of the clergy.

Thus Religion and Science, generally not too friendly to each other, here join with one accord to extinguish the feeble flickering spark of the new Old

Maid's higher life, and to whittle her intellect down to the tenuity of Frau Wilhelmina's in "Die Familie Buchholz," that Dutch picture of the *Ewig Weibliche*, which, in its unadulterated materiality and prosaicness, shows what the apotheosis of the Family, and the total abstraction of Transcendentalism, bring us to.

The disabilities and defects of woman are so glaring, and so frequently dwelt upon in periodical literature, that her few points of superior strength, physical, moral, and intellectual, compared with man's, have been overlooked. We will take them in order.

1. *Physical.* — (*a*) *Numerical preponderance at maturity* (in spite of the percentage of male births being slightly in excess of female births, an advantage neutralised in adults by the greater precariousness of boys' rearing than girls'). Like a large family, woman will assert herself by mere force of numbers, and cannot, without great inconvenience, or even damage to her neighbours, be left without a *métier* expressly prepared for her.

(*b*) *Superior vitality at both ends of life;* for, strange as it may seem, and even very undesirable, it is a fact, that more boys and girls are still-born. Her superior longevity is attested by the insurance companies.

(*c*) *Less liability to disease and accident in childhood.* Take one's private acquaintances who have lost young children under ten, and any prolific dynasty. Out of 18 such families, from two sources, we find 119 children, 61 boys and 58 girls, of whom 22 boys under ten died to only 8 girls. This pro-

portion is probably excessive, but the scale dips always on the same side—the boys'.

2. *Moral.*—Superior economy and superior self-denying powers.

3. *Intellectual.*—This is a difficult point to come to any conclusion about, and at present must be purely conjectural. We should say that her greater tenacity to past impressions points to an advantage for the study of psychology. To use Goncourt's words,—"Son présent souffre toujours un peu du souvenir ou de l'espérance." Those who have heard various women speak in public, must have been struck with their singular talent for oratory. Mill, in his "Subjection," has noticed woman's striking failure hitherto in the fine arts. We are inclined to think this owing to the excessive sense of propriety early inculcated on her, to weaker passions, and, above all, to cheap and gregarious training and absence of solitude *in youth.* (There is plenty of solitude for her *in age.*)

If these disadvantages are ever swept away, and freedom is granted her, which, as Mill observes, "after the primary necessities of food and raiment, is the first and strongest want of human nature," the new Old Maid of the future will reap the rich inheritance which the sighs and tears of her less fortunate sisters have heaped up for her.

AN EPISODE.[1]

By J. W. Longsdon.

IT is now almost a year since the somewhat tragic death of my friend George Webb. Perhaps he had not much pluck, but then schoolmastering does take the nerve out of a man and unfit him for facing the world in any other capacity. Anyway, I would like to tell his story, so far as I know it, and, as to his pluck, you may judge for yourself.

I remember so well—it was early in the Summer term, one Monday morning, when I had stayed in the "Lab." to get ready some experiments for the afternoon, that Webb came into me. He was always an excitable man, and on this occasion was more than usually moved. He waved a letter in his hand, and almost shouted: "Dismissed for breach of contract."

More in dismay than surprise I took the chief's letter which he held out to me, and I read it through. It was rather long, and when I had finished all I could say was (the recollection makes me smile): "Thank the Gods, he has *done something* at last." This reminiscence of "Hedda Gabler" in allusion to the chief's terribly troublesome habit of vacillation in school matters was but a poor consolation to my

[1] *Journal of Education*, November 1894.

angry colleague. My next thought was: "How long before my own turn comes?" We were both in the same boat in this matter, and Webb felt it rather hard that the blow should fall on him alone. But he exaggerated. The chief's letter could not fairly be described as a dismissal, although within five minutes of receiving it Webb had written off a formal resignation of his post.

To explain how all this came about, I must tell you what I know of Webb's life. In a quiet country parsonage he had been brought up in all the severe gentleness of the lingering nineteenth-century Puritanism. Duty was the keynote of his life. "Conscientious" was the word his friends used in describing him. This seriousness had by no means been a passing phase. It had clung to him at Cambridge, where he became for a time a devout and enthusiastic Ritualist. This was the climax of his development on orthodox lines. A chance question put to his tutor one day, chiefly with an idea of teasing the man, seemed to him to mark a definite turning point in his religious life, trivial though the question had been. He asked: "How do we, the Church of England, know that our ritual is right, more correct, for instance, than that of the Wesleyans?" The weakness of the reply set him thinking. As a cure for subsequent doubts, the same tutor, who was also a friend of Webb's, advised Liddon's "Bampton Lectures" and a more rigid attention to the Daily Offices. "Pray for faith" was his repeated advice. Webb prayed, and his faith in dogma grew weaker.

About six months later Webb landed in New York

after a slow journey on a sailing ship. He found, to his sorrow, that, in spite of all efforts in a contrary direction, he must practically give up his belief in the essential Christian doctrines. This was no easy time to him. The same earnestness of character which had made him a conscientious believer made his *Sturm und Drang* period all the more hard to him. For it was some time before he won his way to his new faith. He remained in America two years—not sooner could he face a return to the old associations.

From a boy he had meant to be a schoolmaster, and had never faltered in his enthusiasm for the work of teaching. To aid the shaping of plastic minds and developing tastes, to live ever amid the hopeful promise of young life, had seemed to him the noblest career the world has to offer. But now, of course, conscientious difficulties crowded upon him again. Could he with his present views become a schoolmaster? He often talked over with me the way he silenced his scruples at this time. "I believe," he used to say, "in religion, I believe that without faith life is valueless. The schoolmaster must consider the spiritual as well as the mental side of boy-nature. School chapel, and all that the term connotes, stands for the highest spiritual aspiration—for religion—to the average schoolboy. To cut oneself off from this is to declare to the boys that one has no faith in and no sympathy with their efforts after a higher life." "And this," said Webb, "I could not bring myself to do."

Such were his ideas when he joined the North-

country school where I was science master. I, a hard practical man of science, believing in nothing I could not see, was strangely drawn to the eager enthusiast, whose whole soul was in what we commonly dubbed "shop," and who, in quite a short time, put new life into our formal routine. And it is to him I owe the discovery that science, as I then understood it, does not satisfy the higher aspirations of the soul, as Webb still liked to say. We had soon struck up something more than an acquaintance, and before a year passed had become really intimate and close friends. But I was always cooler than he. I did not run my head against stone walls, as my poor friend Webb delighted to do, and so I escaped much of the obloquy that fell to his share.

Well, about a year before the time of which I am speaking, in the summer holidays, Webb and I were together in Norway. He had long worried over one particular point. And that was about remaining a communicant, "sharing the best effort of the boys after the spiritual life," as he used to put it. How was the advantage of this to be set against the undoubted bad effect on the character of any sort of hypocrisy, however it might seem to be justified, and however skilfully it might be concealed? Could a hypocrite ever exercise a good influence in the school, or was it indeed hypocrisy to conform to a religion which was real enough to some boys, and which was perhaps for the present a sufficient outward expression of their spiritual life? Such were the questions we discussed together in the quiet evenings after our

fishing. The immediate result was a letter from Webb to the headmaster, explaining that he could no longer continue to be a communicant, and offering as a natural consequence to resign his post. I, by the bye, had never been a communicant, but to a science master much is forgiven.

A reply which we both awaited with anxiety, quickly came. The chief showed himself a warm-hearted and generous friend, and, as we thought, a man of sound wisdom. He begged Webb to stay on, and put off further discussion of the matter till we met.

I shall not easily forget the interview we had next term, we two and the chief. He was all kindness, and rarely, I expect, has there been fuller confidence between headmaster and assistant than was shown on this occasion. I ought to say that Webb was a capable master, and, beyond mere teaching, his influence in the school was undoubtedly good. But the chief not only wanted to keep him: he was genuinely shocked and grieved that a man whom he respected could hold such views. For, in spite of efforts of conciliation on both sides, it was soon obvious that discussion was useless. Webb's point of view was so different from his, so needlessly perverse, as he thought. Webb could get no farther than this: "You tell me," said he, "that God has given me intelligence. Well, I exercise that intelligence as well as I can, but it does not give me what you understand by Faith." Again came the answer he had heard so often before. "Be regular in your religious observances, pray for Faith, and it will come." To

Webb this seemed rank hypocrisy, and only meant that he was to gradually drug his conscience in order to convince himself against his will that he believed what in his inmost soul he knew he could never believe again. Such a process continued would result in the destruction of all honesty, and, consequently, of all influence. We left the headmaster's study after making a definite compact. We agreed that we would be fairly regular in school chapel, and for the rest would keep quiet.

It was foolish to believe such a compromise possible. Had it been possible it would have implied indifference on the part of both of us ; and Webb, as I have said, was violent in his hatred of cant, and I, too, had a way of saying what I thought. The iron had entered deeply into Webb's soul, and he was, when stirred, bitter with a bitterness his opponents did not forgive. The compromise was impossible, but it had lasted outwardly for two-and-a-half terms —until, indeed, this letter from the headmaster, in which he said with much sorrow that Webb's opinions hostile to the Church were the common property of the school, and it was clear that Webb could not continue to work in the school.

This was what my friend meant by his exclamation, "Dismissed for breach of contract."

It was a hard blow for him, and made all the harder by circumstances. Ever since Christmas he had felt the compromise to be unworkable, and had tried in several ways to hear of vacancies in other schools. But where there was a vacancy and correspondence ensued, it always ended by some question from the

headmaster as to taking Orders, or preparing for Confirmation, and the like. These questions provoked a hot reply, and the correspondence ceased. Thus it seemed that all opportunity of schoolwork was now lost to him. But after his first outburst of indignation, he seemed to settle down to the usual routine with no change except that he became quieter and more concentrated.

With me it was otherwise. My anger at circumstances was perhaps all the keener, because I could not fairly blame the headmaster's action. I felt as Webb did, that neither of us could stay and still show the loyalty to the school and to the chief without which no real work could be done. But I soon found someone else to bear the brunt of my anger. There was an old-established master some fifteen years senior to me, who had outlived two headmasters, and had come to look upon himself as the virtual head and real authority in the place. His nickname of "Tub" was to boys in the school, as to many generations of old boys, a by-word for hypocrite. He was lazy and cruel. Unluckily for Webb, soon after he came, he had, with a certain fiery and righteous indignation, taken Tub severely to task in common-room, both for his laziness and his bullying. Tub never forgave this, though he ceased his hectoring ways in Webb's presence at least. His revenge was characteristic. He collected evidence, helped by a junior master, like himself, in Orders; and, feeling that any weapon is justified against a disbeliever, had cross-questioned boys, twisted innocent statements, exaggerated others, put

a false construction on everything, and in a serious letter had laid the results of his inquiry before the headmaster, and had appealed to him to do his duty as a Christian.

Webb, I am thankful to say, never knew all this. His resignation was kept quiet, and Tub did not have the satisfaction of knowing that his schemes had succeeded. The little storm calmed down, and things went on as before to outward seeming.

But Webb had given up all hope of getting a similar post. All that he cared for in life was to be taken from him. He was passionately fond of teaching. The boys, the school, these were his life. He had no special taste, and was perhaps not young enough, to find fresh means of earning a livelihood. Perhaps, too, a certain innate tinge of morbidity in his temperament prevented him from taking a more cheerful view of the future.

We spent our holidays together, as usual, in Norway. Webb tried to be cheerful, and quietly put off all my attempts to discuss his future plans. But, from certain hints he let drop, I was not altogether unprepared for the sequel.

One day he refused to come fishing, saying he had some letters to write. I left him, thinking little of his desire to be alone, and went off to my fishing. When I returned to the inn I found Webb had gone out for a walk. Well, perhaps you can guess the rest. Some hours later we recovered his body from the river.

Poetry.

THE HAMMERERS' STRIKE

(François Coppée's *Grève des Forgerons.*)

By F. Storr.

MINE, sirs, is no long story—simply this,
The hammerers, one and all, had gone on strike—
No crime in that. The winter was main hard;
Our street, in short, had, for that bout at least,
Got tired of starving. So one Saturday,
Our pay-night, someone hitched an arm in mine
And drew me to the wineshop, where I found
The old hands—no, you'll *not* learn their names from me.
They cried, "We're bashful like, but you've more pluck.
More pay, or not a stroke more work's the word!
They're bleeding us—that's what we ought to say—
It's our last chance, and we've elected you
Spokesman, by right of seniority,
To go and give the master a mild hint
Our wretched wages must be raised to-morrow,
Or else each morrow will be holiday.
Are you our man, John?"
"Yes," said I, "of course,
I must do all that's like to help us all."

[1] *Journal of Education*, December 1887.

My lord, I never raised a barricade—
An old man that loves peace, and has small faith
In those black-coated gentlemen who bid
The blouses blaze away. Yet it seemed hard
To say them nay. I took the job and went.
He was at dinner, but they showed me up.
I told him of our straits and all the rest—
Rents raised and bread gone up, till we could bear
The strain no longer; figured out at length
His gains and our gains, by the balance proved
(Quite civilly) that he could well afford
To raise our pay. He heard me calmly out,
Cracking the filberts, and when I had done:
"You are an honest fellow, John, and those
Who pushed you forward played a clever game.
For you, John, I shall always have a place;
But let me tell you this, the terms you ask
Are downright robbery, and I close the works
To-morrow. They're a pack of lazy hounds,
Your demagogues, and you may tell them so
From me; that's all." I answered, "Very well, sir,"
And took my leave, sadly to carry back
His answer, as I'd promised, to my friends.
It set them all ablaze; they ranted, swore
Never again to enter the d—d shop,
And I—begad, I swore too, like my mates.
That night, I'll warrant, when they got back home,
And threw their few francs on the table down,
Some weren't o'er lively, didn't sleep quite sound
For thinking those poor coins might be the last
They'd see perhaps for many a day, and how
They must get used to starving. As for me,

The Hammerers' Strike.

It was a facer—I'm no longer young
Nor independent-like. When I got home
I took my two grandchildren on my knee—
My daughter died in childbed, and the man
Who married her turned out a ne'er-do-weel—
And gazing on those innocent rosy lips,
Soon to be pinched with hunger—well, I blushed
For shame that I had sworn to stay at home.
But others were as badly off as I,
And, as we workmen stick to what we swear,
I vowed to do my duty like the rest.
Then my old woman came in from her suds,
Bent double with a pile of dripping clothes.
I told my story, half afraid to tell her,
But she, poor dear, had not the heart to chide,
And never moved or looked up; then at last,
After a pause—it seemed an age—"Well, John,
You know that I'm a thrifty wife," she said;
"I'll do my best, but times are very hard,
And if we've got a fortnight's bread, that's all."
I answered, "It will all come right perhaps."
But in my heart I knew there was no hope,
Save turning traitor, and the mutineers,
To make the strike last longer, would be sure
To keep sharp watch and punish runagates.

And famine came. Oh, sirs, you will believe me,
That never when the pinch was sharpest felt
I could have brought myself to be a thief.
The very thought had made me die of shame.
I make no merit of it; even one
Whom ruin stares in the face from morn till night

Can claim no grace for never giving way
E'en to one guilty thought. I make no boast;
But when, grown old in honest toil, I saw
My brave wife and my grandchildren, all three
Huddling and shivering round a fireless hearth,
Never, with these as tempters—children's cries
And women's tears—a live group turned to stone—
Never, I swear upon the Crucified,
Not in my darkest hour, did I conceive
The thought of theft—to skulk, to prowl, to grab,
Shoplifter, pilferer!—no, 'twere too vile!
Oh! if my pride is humbled, if I bend
Before you now a moment's space and weep,
It is because I see them, the loved faces,
Whom I was telling you about just now,
For whose dear sakes I did what I have done.

Well, at the first we made the best of it,
Lived on dry bread and put our things in pawn.
I found it hard. To us, you see, our room
Is like a cage; we cannot stay indoors.
Look you, I've tried since then what prison's like,
And, 'pon my soul, there is not much to choose;
And doing nothing in itself's hard work.
You wouldn't think it till you've had to sit
Perforce with folded arms, and then you find
You love the shop; its murky atmosphere
Of filings is the air you'd liefest breathe.

After a fortnight we were penniless.
I'd spent the time in tramping like one mad,
On and still on, alone, among the crowd—

The din of cities soothes and muddles one,
And staves off hunger better than a dram.
But once on coming home, about the end
Of a cold grey December afternoon,
I saw my wife, the children on her lap,
All cowering in a corner; and I thought,
"'Tis I am murdering them"; and when my wife
Said meekly, with a half apology,
"My poor old man, the pawnbroker won't take
The mattress, our last mattress; it's too old.
Where shall you go for bread now?" I replied,
"I'll go"; and, plucking all my courage up,
Determined to be off to work again.
And, though misdoubting my reception much,
Went to the tavern first, where I was sure
To find the leaders. What a sight! at first
I thought I must be dreaming. There they sat
Boozing, aye, boozing on, while others starved.
God's curse on those who paid their drinking score,
And so prolonged our lingering agony!
Let them hear once again an old man's curse!
As I drew near the topers they looked up
And marked my bloodshot eyes and sunken head,
And partly guessed my purpose; but, in spite
Of scowling looks, I told them why I'd come—
Said, "I'm past sixty, and my wife's the same.
I've two grandchildren left upon my hands,
And in our garret, though we've room enough—
The furniture's all sold—we have no bread.
A workhouse pallet and the sawbone's knife
Are all a wretch like me can well expect.
But with the wife and bairns it's different,

So I propose to go back to the works—
Myself alone—but first must get your leave,
That none may have a right to slander me.
Look you, my hair is white, my hands are black,
I've been a smith these forty years and more;
Let me go back to the foundry, all alone.
I tried to beg, but could not. Let my age
Excuse me. One whose wrinkled brow is marked
By constant efforts of the hammer stroke
Cuts but a sorry figure begging alms
With outstretched brawny hands. I stretch these hands
To beg of *you* now. Would it seem unfair
The oldest should have leave to yield the first?
Let me go back to the foundry, me alone.
That's all: now tell me if this angers you."
One rose, came three steps forward from the rest,
And hissed out "Coward!" Staggering 'neath the shock,
I shivered, blinded by a rush of blood;
Then looked to see who my insulter was.
Tall, ghastly pale beneath the gaslight's glare,
Debauched, a haunter of low music-halls,
With love-locks o'er his forehead like a girl,
He sneered and fixed his mocking eyes on me,
And all the rest kept silence so profound
That I could hear my heart beat hard and fast.

Then all at once I clasped my forehead, cried,
"Right! They must die, my wife and little ones;
I will not go to work. But *you*, I swear,
You, you shall answer me for that word 'Coward'

We'll fight it out as we were gentlemen.
When? On the spot. *My weapons?* I've the
choice;
By God, no other than the anvil hammer,
Lighter to *our* arms than the sword or pen.
Our seconds? You, my mates. Come, make a ring,
And, from the litter where they lie and rust,
A pair of sturdy sledges pick me out.
And you, vile mocker of grey hairs, be quick,
Off with your blouse and shirt and spit in your hand."
Then madly elbowing my way among
The crowd of onlookers, from off a heap
Of rubbish in an angle of the wall,
I chose two hammers, peised them at a glance,
And tossed the better weapon to my foe;
He still was sneering, but as if in play
He picked it up, and, standing on his guard,
"Come, come, old man," he cried, "don't wax so
hot."
I went straight at him—that was my reply.
The villain shrank beneath my honest gaze
As I approached him, swinging round my head
My work-day tool, my weapon for the fight.
No hound that crouches 'neath a master's lash,
And fawns with timid, deprecating eyes,
Had e'er a look so craven, so abashed,
As that tall bully, when he backed and crouched
Beneath the shelter of the pot-house wall.
Too late, alas! too late. A blood-red veil,
A mist of blood, came down and blotted all
Betwixt me and the terror-stricken wretch;
And with a blow—but one—I smashed his skull.

It's murder—a plain case ; and I've no wish
To quibble like your lawyers, and make out
A duel what was downright murder. No,
I murdered him ; and, as he lay there dead,
His brains out-oozing, all at once I felt
Like one to whom is suddenly revealed
The whole immensity of Cain's remorse.
I stood there, hiding with my hands both eyes ;
And when the others drew around, and laid
Upon me trembling hands, I waved them off
Without a struggle, saying, "Stand aside ;
Let me alone. I doom myself to death."
They understood ; and, taking off my cap,
I passed it round as one collecting alms,
Crying, "For wife and children, my kind friends."
That brought ten francs, which one has handed them ;
And then I went and gave myself in charge.

So here you have a plain and true account,
And need not pay attention overmuch
To what those learned lawyers have to say
About my crime. And if I've troubled you
With these particulars, 'twas but to prove
That sometimes such a heinous deed as mine
Comes from a fatal chain of circumstance.
The little ones are in the workhouse, where
Grief killed my brave old help-mate. So for me,
Whether it's prison, or the galley chain,
Or even pardon, does not matter much ;
But if 'tis death, I'll thank you heartily.

TERENCE MACRAN—A HEDGE SCHOOL STUDY.[1]

By Jane Barlow.

I.

MUSHA, Mrs Dinneen! How's yourself, ma'am, this long time? I'm finely, thank God,
Barrin' whiles just a touch of the cramp. I'd a right to not sit on the sod?
But this win's dhried the wet, an' the cowld of the air's warm enough in the sun,
So I thought I'd wait here on the bank till the school-hour widin there is done;
For you see it's the first day at all me poor Mick's little Katty's went in—
She'll be five come next May, and her granny'd a notion 'twas time she'd begin.
But the sugarsticks, ma'am, she had swallied, and I coaxin' her on down our lane,
They'd surprise you; the full pretty nigh of me pocket she's finished up clane.
'Cause if ever she got her mouth empty, she'd out wid the woefullest roar
To go home to her granny, so what should I do but keep givin' her more?

[1] *Journal of Education*, May 1894.

It's herself is the great little rogue. But I waited for 'fraid comin' out,
Left alone be herself wid the childher all bawlin' an' bangin' about,
She'd be scared. Not that Katty's too aisily frighted, the sorra a bit:
There's 'most nothin' she puts me in mind of so much as a wee blue-capped tit,
That hops undher your feet lettin' on it consaits it's no littler than you,
And 'ill fluff itself out like an aigle at a thrush that could snap it in two.
Sure, just now, whin I tuk her to lave wid the misthress inside there—that looks
Like a plisant young slip of a lass, an' she wrote Katty's name in her books—
An' sez she, civil-spoken an' frindly: "A scholar we'll have her ere long,
An' she'll like to be gettin' her letters, an' learnin' a bit of a song;
An' you'll be a good girleen for sartin'," sez she. But sez Katty: "I wount."
Troth, she had me ashamed wid her thin; but the misthress seemed makin' no count,
On'y laughin' a bit. An' bedad if she looked to find wit fairly grown
In a crathur like Katty, I'd think she worn't throubled wid much of her own.

II.

Was you iver to see the new school? Woman dear, it's a won'erful sight:

Such a sizeable room, wid the childher in rows on the forrms, sittin' quite
As the plants in a ridge of pitaties, the crathurs, an' scrawmin' away
At their slates an' their sums, and I dunno what else. But our ould *Ah, Bay, Say,*
Takes a quare dale of taichin' these times, ma'am. Sure look at the place there inside,
That's as big as the chapel, wid boards to the flure, and its windies so wide
They'd hould half the sky's light, an' the grand yella blinds, an' the figures and all
Wrote that plain you could read them a mile on the black affair up 'gin the wall;
An' the counthries in maps hangin' round—but whoiver done *thim*, I'd ha' said
Made a botch of it; very belike he invinted thim out of his head,
For the sorra a look of the lan' I got off thim. "Here's Mayo," sez she;
Faith, 'twas just an ould jaggety patch wid green edges, for aught I could see.
But the offer's a wee thrifle betther he thried at the blue of the say;
I'll ha' noticed it somethin' that colour odd whiles of a smooth shiny day.
Howane'er, it's small thanks to the childher if they grow up as cute as ould crows,
After all the conthrivance for taichin' thim iverythin' there in their rows,
Till they couldn't help learnin' if nothin' they done on'y sit in the class,

Same as goin' to chapel of a mornin' you couldn't miss hearin' the Mass.

III.

Sure I won'er what Terence Macran 'ud ha' said to it now, he that had
Our ould school, and the on'y one sivin mile round us, when I was a lad.
Och the divil a table or a forrm you'd ha' found in the classes he kep'.
But the highest ould thatch iver sthraked an' the widest ould flure iver swep'
Terence had: for his school was out yonder above on the side of the hill,
All the same all these years; I could show you the place he'd be sittin' in still.
If you take up the grass-slope behind us, an' folly along be the path
Till the dyke cuts across it, and slip down the hollow, you're in the ould Rath.[1]
It's a many a time I've trooped off there along wid the other gossoons,
And it's many a time we come late, mitchin' round to go pick musheroons,
While ould Terence was waitin' as cross as a weasel up undher the hedge,
Till we'd come wid our turves and our *Readin'-made-aisys*. The bank round the edge
Of the Rath's mostly planted wid furzes an' black-thorns, an' furze for a screen

[1] Fort.

Is worth double of thorns, that be shady an' plisant
as long as they're green,
But no betther in winther than crooky dark claws
makin' grabs in the air,
Whin the furze 'ill be thick as a stook of good thatch
ivery day of the year.
So we'd git a grand shelter; but, sure, since their
iligant school house was built,
If you bid thim sit out on the hillside, they'd think
they were murdhered an' kilt.

IV.

And 'twas cowld enough whiles, wid the pours over-
head, and the wet undher fut,
Or frost white on the grass, or black clouds peltin'
hail-stones as big as a nut.
Yet the bitterest blast iver blew maybe'd do you a
rael good turn,
If you'd come to a bit in your spellin' you'd niver
been bothered to learn,
For 'twas quare if you couldn't conthrive, wid the
win' to lay hould of your laves—
Our old books did be always in flitthers—and sthrew
thim about like wrecked shaves,
So afore you'd done skytin' to gather the lot litthered
round on the grass,
He'd be apt to ha' tuk up wid somebody else and
let your lesson pass.
And 'twas plisant enough of a mornin' in summer
wid dew on the ground,
An' the sun in the dew flashin' sparkles like rainbows
turned stars all around,

An' the scint of the cowslips an' clover like honey
where'er the win' 'd blow,
An' the corncrake far off, an' the larks singin' high,
an' the bees hummin' low.
Sure we'd find out a dale of divarsion 'ud shorten
the time we'd to bide,
An' in that we'd the pull I'm a-thinkin' o'er the
spalpeens on forrms there inside,
If it's thim has the betther of us in the matter of
storms an' polthogues.
For the bank where we sat 'ud be creepin' wid quare
little ants and *keerhogues*,[1]
An' dowlduffs—that's a kind of ould divil you see be
the cock of their tails ;
Or a butterfly'd flutther in raich, on its wings like the
weeny white sails ;
Or we'd thry set a couple of grasshoppers leppin'
along in a race.
Thin if Terence had e'er a quick lad that 'ud learn
at the divil's own pace,
It's discoorsin' they'd stay half the day, till you'd
think their two heads 'ud be dazed,
And he'd clane forgit ivery one else. So the rest of
us done what we plased.

v.

But they've grand regulatin' these times of the lessons
down here in the schools,
An' they've settled a plan to percaive if the taichers
is keepin' the rules ;

[1] Small beetles, clocks.

That's the raison a gintleman comes from the College
aich twelvemonth or so,
Wid the heighth of all manner of learnin' to see what
the school childher know.
And it's thin there's the great work whativer; you
might think the assizes was set,
An' the young ones all standin' their trial, to hear
the quare questions they'll get.
An' the way of it is: for aich scholar who'll out wid
the answers they want,
Somethin' 's ped to the taicher, but sorra the bawbee
for any that can't:
So if taichers thried harder to put the right answers
in every brat's head,
Divil thank thim to do their endeavours, whin they
find it's the way to get ped.
But ould Terence now, he that well knew if the
finest insthructions we learned,
Till King Solomon's self was a joke to us, ne'er a
doit more he'd ha' earned,
Whin he chanced on a cute sort of lad, you'd suppose
'twas a fortin he'd found;
More sot up he'd scarce be wid his taichin' if it
brought him a clare hunderd pound.
An' the next best to that he'd be plased wid a lot of
us squattin' together,
Hummin'-buzzin' away at our book like the bees in
the bloom of the heather,
For he liked a big school, tho' it's many a time 'ud
he vow an' declare
That poor Thady the Fool had more wit than the
most of what bosthoons came there.

And a dacint ould innicint crathur, that couldn't
ha' tould his own name,
Was poor Thady. I dunno what notion of schoolin'
he had, but he came,
And wid e'er an ould lafe he could hould upside-
down it's continted he'd sit
Be the hour; he was wishful to learn, Terence said,
if he'd on'y the wit,
But ourselves that had plinty 'ud liefer be skytin'
about on the hill
Like the scuts of young rabbits than takin' the
trouble to on'y bide still.
And thrue for him bedad. But that same's the con-
thráry quare way things 'ill fall,
For whin folk's grown contint to sit quiet, they've
no chances of learnin' at all,
Or who'll taich thim? Yet one way or other, wid
all the divarsion we tuk,
We got most of us readin' an' writin' ere ould
Terence's turn of bad luck.

VI.

'Twas one day he caught cowld sittin' out there
above, and it teeming wid rain,
'Cause Pat Blake, that was great at his figures, kep'
axin' him things to explain;
So he outs wid his bit of white chalk, and all sorts of
consthructions he draws
On the smooth of the earth where the grass-sods
were cut up in patches for scraws;
And he sted there discoorsin' away wid his lines and
his circles an' such,

No more heedin' the wet than a speckle-faced sheep,
or not maybe so much,
But that's how he got fairly disthroyed in his chest
wid a quare furrin cowld;
If it's ouldish he was lyin' down, up he riz agin
oulder than ould,
Not the same man at all was he, body an' bones,
but grown feeble an' failed,
An' that moidhered an' strange, he was wrong in his
head whatsoiver he ailed.
For he'd often forget what he meant to ha' said,
whin he'd scarcely begun,
Or he'd sit in a maze takin' no sort of heed what we
left or we done.
So thin after a bit whin we all of us seen he was
able for naught,
Musha, where was the sinse of our wastin' our time
lettin' on to be taught?
An' there prisently wasn't a scholar he had, but kep'
stayin' away.
Still ould Terence 'ud come to the Rath, and he'd
bide there the len'th of the day,
Lookin' out for his school that came next him nor
nigh him as long as he'd wait,
And he frettin' belike to himself, and a-wond'rin'
what made us so late.
Ne'er a fut he'd stir home while the sun shone above
him to light him a hope,
Till the hill-shadow laned o'er the glen, an' crawled
up to his feet on the slope;
And he'd off wid him thin to a shielin' near by,
where a lodgin' he had,

Clane disheartened he'd be wid it all, some one tould me, he thought it so bad.

VII.

But one evenin' be chance young Pat Blake and meself was stravadin' around,
And we come where you look down above the ould Rath from a high bit of ground;
And sure there was ould Terence himself sittin' still on the watch for his school,
An' the sorra a sowl in it, on'y fornint him just Thady the Fool,
That had got some ould wisp of a book he was houldin', and hummin' galore,
Tho' he couldn't conthrive, do his best, what 'ud aquil the couple of score
Would be in it somewhiles. And I doubt but ould Terence was vexed in his mind
To be missin' the rest of us all for no raison he iver could find;
'Deed it's rael discouraged he was, you might see, and 'most ready to cry,
Sittin' there wid himself and his throubles out undher the width of the sky,
An' naught heedin' unless 'twas the win' that wint rufflin' his hair white as down
On the head of an ould dandelion set round in a fluff like a crown.
So Pat watched him awhile, and: "Me sowl from the divil," he sez aisy and low,
"It's poor Thady the Fool has more sinse than us all." And sez I: "He has so."

An' sez Pat: "Well ould Terence to-morra," sez he,
"be the powers of smoke,
He'll be taichin' a big school whativer, or else somebodies' heads 'ill get broke."

VIII.

An' next mornin' he planned it. Himself was the up-standin' fair-spoken lad,
So a many 'ud do aught he axed thim; but if he was crossed, he'd be mad,
So the others 'ud do what he bid thim. That's how be some manner of manes
He got plinty of spalpeens persuaded, an' throopin' along up the lanes
To th' ould school at the Rath. Such a power, sure, of scholars as niver was seen,
And we all brought our *Readin-made-aisys*, an' squatted around on the green.
And our turf-sods we piled in a sizeable stack there be Terence's place,
Where he sat quite contint—ay bedad, he'd scarce room on the whole of his face
For the smile at the sight of us all, and the sound of us dronin' away.
"Whethen childher, you're great at the learnin'," sez he, "and industhrious this day."
He said that, ma'am, and school breakin' up, whin the sunset was red on the air,
And next day not a one of us all but was glad we'd had wit to go there;
For his folk thought he'd on'y slep' on a bit late, lyin' still in his bed;

But we'd plase him no more in this world—rest his sowl—sure th' ould crathur was dead.

IX.

Ah, it's that was the bell rang widin there—school's up, they'll be gettin' about,
All the childer, this now. Ay, they're openin' the door, here they are tumblin' out
Like the wasps at their hole in the bank. But where's Katty? She's not there at all.
What's delayin' her? Maybe she's someways behind, bein' on'y so small.
I'll go look.—No, she's yonder, she's out right enough. Och, the bould little toad,
Did you notice the dhrive, ma'am, she hit Murty Flynn, 'cause he got in her road,
And he twyste her own size? Come here, Katty acushla; I've waited, you see,
To be bringin' you home agin. Gimme your bag, and I'll mind it machree.
Sure you wouldn't be wantin' to stop here? You've iligant places to play
Up at home. Come along till we look what at all Granny has for the tay.
Keep a hould of me hand, there's a jewel, and just step on the path where it's dhry—
An' there's maybe a sugarstick yit in me pocket, moorneen, if you thry.

THE DREAM OF MAXEN.[1]

By George E. Dartnell.

OF Maxen, Emperor of Rome,
And how he in a dream did come,
By far strange ways of land and sea,
To that great hall wherein that he
Saw sitting in the golden chair
A maiden so exceeding fair,
That rest he might not, day or night,
Till he again of her had sight—
Though told of old time passing well
That dream be—now my tale must tell.

This Maxen was the goodliest man
That ever yet since Rome began,
Of consul, king, or emperor,
Had held the lordship over her.
Full fair was he and great of limb,
Nor yet was any like to him
For valour and for wisdom known
'Midst all great names of years agone.
Go east or west or north or south,
His praise was still in every mouth,
To all true hearts his name brought cheer,
On all ill-doers fell his fear;
And evermore in war or peace

[1] *Journal of Education*, April 1892.

The high gods gave him such increase
Of glory and prosperity,
That no man seemed more blessed than he.
Yet lonely on his golden throne
He ruled, nor cared he for his own
To choose the fairest form or face
Of those sought out from every race
To do his pleasure, or to share
The crown whose burden he must bear.
As one that looks to meet the Queen
Of Love within the myrtle screen
In her own Cyprus, and to have
Such boon of her as he may crave,
And unregarded year on year
Still watches, though she draw not near—
Thus Maxen waited, putting by
What others held felicity.
Now, on a morn while yet the grass
Was wet with dew, it came to pass
That he had bidden them bring his steed
And hounds of Sparta's matchless breed,
For he with all his vassal kings
Where Tiber's brimming fountain springs
Would prove what quarry, stag or roe,
Or boar with tushes white as snow,
Night-prowling wolf or savage bear,
His foresters had harboured there.
So gaily forth they rode afield,
To take what sport the hour might yield
In that broad valley. All the morn
The echoes rang with winded horn
And bay of hound, till noon drew nigh,

And overhead the sun stood high.
Then fell on Maxen strong desire
Of slumber, for the air like fire
Glowed round him; so their cloaks they spread
On the parched grass, and overhead,
On gilded spear-shafts firmly stayed,
With shields up-reared together made
A broad cool roof. So slept he there,
While all his train around him were.
Now while he lay there, sleeping so,
A dream upon him fell, and lo,
He in that dream did rise and pass
From out the valley of parched grass,
Far up to where its streamlets first
From out the crags and crannies burst.
Full steep that mountain was and high;
Its bare peaks pierced the very sky;
And when thereto with toil he clomb,
His backward glance showed nought of Rome,
Or of that vale where he had been,
So thick the gray clouds lay between.
But looking westward, far below
The fairest plains that earth may show
Lay glorious in the noontide's beams,
Broad-pastured, happy, fed with streams
That from those peaks their waters drew,
Till they to mighty rivers grew.
A while he gazed, much marvelling
That of this strange and goodly thing
Within his empire never yet
Had any told him; then he set
His sword-hilt ready to his hand,

And turning toward that unknown land,
That like a golden buckler gleamed,
While high o'erhead the eagle screamed
At the bold comer, and the goat
Fled startled, or from crags remote
Gazed wistfully, he slowly passed
Adown the mountain, till at last
Beside a new-born rivulet
In springing flowers his feet were set.
No pause, however sweet were rest,
Save for one draught ere on he pressed!
So sure he felt, yet knew not how,
Within his eager heart that now
Or ne'er again beneath the sun
His love stood waiting to be won.
The rill should guide him. Caught he not
A voice by day still all forgot,
Yet known and loved from long ago
In dreams, soft-singing thro' its flow
With this for burden, *Follow me,*
And thou shalt win felicity?
From rill to stream the waters grew,
From stream to river, as they drew
His swift feet ever on to where
A thousand towers rose high in air
About a city rich and great.
Unchallenged passed he thro' its gate,
Unchallenged thro' its streets he passed.
No glance on him did any cast,
Or man or woman; if he spoke,
No voice made answer 'midst the folk,
As on he went by street and mart

Across the city's crowded heart,
And down the river made his way
To where the goodly harbour lay.
  With merchandise of all far seas
That chapmen brave, were heaped its quays ;
For, stacked in order, lay thereon
Tall cedar-trees of Lebanon
And pines of Pontus, and great oaks
That fell beneath the woodman's strokes
In those dim groves where Druids go
To seek the mystic mistletoe.
And here shone tusks of ivory
By bear-skins from the Northern Sea ;
And here were Persia's carpets gay,
And priceless silks of far Cathay,
And webs by brown maids wove in Ind
Where hideous beast-gods o'er them grinned
From rock-hewn fanes ; there Tyrian dyes,
Myrrh, nutmeg, frankincense, and spice,
Ingots of copper, lead, and tin,
And iron-banded chests wherein
Lay gold-dust, gathered slow in quills
By naked slaves 'midst mountain rills,
And precious gems, and gold-work fine,
And bars of silver from the mine.
And here a fair Greek statue gleamed,
And here a gaudy peacock screamed,
Or laughed the folk where in his cage
There gibbered in half-human rage
An ape from Tarshish. Here and there
From some rich buyer's lustful stare
The half-clad slave-girls shrank abashed.

And here a soldier's armour clashed,
As thro' the throng his way he thrust,
Rough-jesting; here a cloud of dust
Rose whirling round some wild-eyed steer
Or sheep hoarse-bleating in its fear;
And there was wine in jar and skin,
And honey that the bees did win
On bright Hymettus; and with these,
Apples and figs and oranges,
Oil-olive in its thin-blown cruse,
And wreaths of roses wet with dews,
And sacks of Libyan wheat, and frails
Where flapped great fish with shining scales.
And to and fro, from shore to ship,
From ship to shore, the driver's whip
Across the quivering gangway drave
The heavy-laden panting slave
To do his bidding. Everywhere
With shouts of seamen pealed the air,
As ship on ship put out to sea,
Or homeward steering sought the quay
With brine-stained sides and storm-torn sails,
And deck heaped high with corded bales.
With that hoarse clamour round him dazed,
Across the harbour Maxen gazed:
And no such harbour had he seen
In any land where he had been.
A thousand masts together stood
As thick as pine trees in a wood;
And where the widening shores ran on,
A thousand sails like sea-birds shone.
And lo, the very least ship there

Was goodly-builded, tall, and fair.
Yet past those gallant ships there lay
One fairer, goodlier than they.
Carved on her curving prow there stood
A wide-gaped dragon red as blood:
And from her mast a banner flew
Whereon was wrought that dragon too.
A band of gold, full broad and fair
From stem to stern her bulwarks bare,
But silver 'gainst the lifting tide
Showed all the planking of her side.
And drawing nearer he beheld
A merchant stricken well in eld,
That by that vessel's prow did stand,
And seem to beckon with his hand,
As if to bid him hasten on
Ere time and tide alike were gone.
On sped he. All was yare aboard:
The crew but waited for the word.
As down the quay his footsteps rang,
To every rope a seaman sprang
And stood there ready. Off were cast
The hawsers that had held them fast.
From shore to ship there still was thrown
A gangway of the sea-whale's bone,
Whereon with eager feet he leapt,
And into that fair vessel stept.
And as he touched the deck, behold,
In flew the gangway, fold on fold
The great sails opened to the breeze,
And swiftly down 'twixt crowded quays
They glided seaward, till at last

From out the river's mouth they passed
To where the open sea began.
  Still North their course lay, still they ran
Before a fair wind thro' the night,
To anchor in a sheltered bight
Ere yet 'twas dawn. The land seemed strange
To Maxen's eyes. Rough range on range
Of hills afar loomed gaunt and grim,
And vapours round their peaks did swim,
And pines hung black there ; but between
Lay valleys of well-watered green.
And such a land it seemed to him
As men will peril life and limb
To win the crown of, such a peace
In all things brought it full increase.
  Ashore he hurried. Day by day
That dream still led him on his way
Across the island, till he won
A land whose like beneath the sun
He had not looked on, such a land
As that wherein the Titan's hand
Heaped Pelion upon Ossa high,
Until they touched the very sky.
Such seemed it. Peak on peak arose
Above him, crowned with winter's snows ;
And ridge on ridge sheer down there ran
To where the stunted pines began.
  Long league on league afar the main
Loomed northward. At his feet a plain
Spread east and westward, bright with gleams
Of sun-lit lakes and running streams
And towns and castles. Full in face,

But dwarfed by those long leagues of space
To a mere speck, an islet lay
Amidst the sea's unchanging gray.
And idly glancing at it, back
His glance came to a river's track,
As to and fro it wound along
The nearer mainland with its throng
Of vassal streams to meet the sea.
Now where its harbour needs must be,
There rose a castle great and tall,
With towers set close along the wall.
And as he gazed thereon, he knew
That whisper still had led him true,
And there, or e'er the day went by,
He yet should find felicity.
Right steep the way was, but his feet,
Full fain his heart's desire to meet,
Seemed winged beneath him. Down he sprang,
While round him crag and torrent rang,
Triumphal music, ever on
Till crag and torrent both were gone,
And in their stead thro' flower and grass
O'er gentler slopes his feet did pass
To where that castle stood, and lo,
For warlike need and peaceful show
Him-seemed there was no other one
So great and goodly 'neath the sun.
Now when he to the gate did win,
It stood wide open, so within
He entered and went forward there
Into a hall full broad and fair,
High-ceiled with carven fret of gold.

The doors were glorious to behold
With gold beat thin, the walls did blaze
With turkis, topaz, chrysoprase,
Chalcedony and diamond bright,
Beryl and jasper, chrysolite,
Ruby and emerald, and with them
Full many another costly gem.
And in that hall he did behold,
Set fair in order, seats of gold
And silver tables, and thereat
Two youths with ruddy tresses sat;
And 'twixt them lay a silver board,
Upon whose chequered squares they pored,
Now this, now that one, moving slow
His golden chessmen to and fro.
Of satin was their raiment fair,
And golden circlets bound their hair
With gems thro' which strange sparkles ran;
And buskins of fine Cordovan,
With clasps of gold, from foot to knee
Were on them, shapen daintily.
Then by a pillar in the hall
He saw a goodly man and tall,
With white beard flowing to his knee,
Sit in a chair of ivory,
Whereon in ruddy gold carved fair
Two wide-winged eagles beat the air.
His arms were bound with golden bands,
Thick rings of gold were on his hands,
A torque of gold was round his throat,
And on his brow ye well might note
A circlet such as monarchs wear,

That gleamed above his silver hair.
A golden chessboard by him shone,
With men half-fashioned ranged thereon,
For carvers'-tools with edges keen
And rods of gold were ready seen,
And ever and anon he fell
To carving chessmen passing well.
  But little Maxen looked thereat,
For lo, a maiden fair there sat,
With tresses to her feet that rolled,
Within a chair of ruddy gold
Beside the grey-beard. Ah, what tongue
Has words wherein could e'er be sung
Aright her beauty? Ah, what bard
Its half has told us? Scarce less hard
To face undazzled noon's high sun,
Than to behold that Glorious One
Undazed. Alternate mist and flame
Before his eyes there went and came,
A wavering splendour; fast his heart
Fluttered and fainted; as apart
He stood, half deeming in his awe
It was a goddess that he saw.
Beside that maid earth's haughtiest queen
Had surely seemed a beggar mean!
A golden girdle clasped her round,
Her brow with orient pearls was bound,
Her golden hair fell shimmering low,
Like sunshine on new-fallen snow,
Adown the snowy samite vest
With clasps of red gold at the breast,
The bodice with gold tissue gay,

And costly silks of far Cathay.
A golden harp beside her stood,
From which her dreamy touch still wooed
Low music, while she softly sung
A song in some strange Northern tongue :—

"O Sea-wind blown from out the South
And o'er the Land of Dreams,
Thy kiss is sweet upon my mouth,
And fair its promise seems.

"When Time and Tide together meet,
And dreams be proven true,
Then Love shall bring a touch more sweet
Than Dream Land ever knew."

Her glance met his. With sudden start
Her hand was pressed against her heart,
On cheek and lip faded the pink,
And in her seat she back did shrink,
No goddess, but a very maid
Amidst her dreaming self-betrayed !
And seeing this, anew grown bold,
With swift steps up that hall of gold
Strode Maxen, till on bended knee
He gave her greeting, "Hail to thee,
Empress of Rome and of my heart
That shalt be, whosoe'er thou art !
For what to me were life or throne
If without thee I reign alone ?"
As one not yet awake she heard
Her visionary lover's word,
Then starting with a wild surprise,
She paused, down-gazing in his eyes

With clear gray eyes that seemed indeed
His very inmost soul to read.
Then rose she up from out her chair,
And smiling moved to meet him there,
Her cheek fresh-flushed for Love's sweet sake,
Her hands out-reached his hands to take;
And round her neck his arms he flung,
And lip to lip close-pressed they clung
A moment,—then his senses reeled,
For with his dream blent clash of shield,
And neigh of horse and bay of hound,
And busy stir of all things round;
And ere he caught the word she spake,
From out his dream did Maxen wake.
Now is *The Dream of Maxen* told,
And how within that house of gold,
Lip pressed to lip, hand clasped in hand,
In dreams did he and Helen stand.
How rest he could not, day or night,
Till he again of her had sight;
How three long years for her he sought,
And all his seeking came to nought,
Till far on Britain's rugged shore
At last they met, to part no more;
Of their high spousals; how to few
Such love is known as their lives knew,
Yet thro' that love how Britain fell—
Another tongue than mine must tell.

The Maxen Wledig of Welsh legend is the Maximus of history. He is said to have married Helen Luyddawc, whom he first saw in a dream. The story will be found in the *Mabinogion*.

PRINTED BY
TURNBULL AND SPEARS
EDINBURGH

"The most competent and best edited paper of its class."
—*Athenæum.*

The

Journal of Education

A MONTHLY RECORD AND REVIEW.

THE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION deals with Education as a whole. Whilst appealing mainly to the Teachers of Secondary Schools, both men and women, it discusses all the wider issues of Primary Education, and has its regular correspondents in the Colonies, at most European Capitals, in Scotland and in Ireland, and at the Universities and the principal Public and High Schools. On its Staff will be found nearly every educational writer of mark in England, University Professors, the Headmasters of the great Public Schools, and Headmistresses of Girls' High Schools.

A Prize of Two Guineas is offered each month for translations from French or German. Extra Prizes are also offered for Literary Problems, Puzzles, etc. Since the present series of the "Journal" began, £800 has been awarded in Prizes.

By a resolution of Council of June 19th, 1884, the "JOURNAL OF EDUCATION" *was adopted as a medium of communication among members of the* TEACHERS' GUILD OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

By a resolution of the Association, at the Annual Meeting on November 23rd, 1895, the "JOURNAL OF EDUCATION" *was adopted as a medium of communication among Members of the* ASSOCIATION OF TEACHERS IN THE SECONDARY SCHOOLS OF SCOTLAND.

"The annual volume of the 'Journal of Education' is always welcome. The contributors include many practical teachers, many educational enthusiasts, and many lovers of sound literature and learning. There is thus secured a wide range of topics and considerable variety in the method of treatment. And the numerous excellent articles are made the more easily available by a good index."—*Manchester Guardian.*

"There is no periodical which covers the field of education more fully or more ably than the 'Journal of Education.'"—*Leeds Mercury.*

LONDON: WILLIAM RICE, 86 FLEET ST., E.C.

NOTICE.— These ESSAYS, RECOLLECTIONS, AND CAUSERIES, were collected in their original form (which, of course, did not contain the Pattison Recollections) at Mark Pattison's request.

Fifth Edition, with Portrait of Author. Demy 8vo, pp. 460, cloth elegant, gilt top, price *Five Shillings*.

Safe Studies

By the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache.

Contents:—

HISTORICAL PREDICTION.
SIR G. C. LEWIS AND LONGEVITY.
LITERARY EGOTISM. CHARLES AUSTIN.
RECOLLECTIONS OF MR GROTE AND MR BABBAGE.
MR TENNYSON'S SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY.
PHYSICAL AND MORAL COURAGE. THE UPPER ENGADINE.
NOTES AND RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR CHARLES WHEATSTONE DEAN STANLEY, AND CANON KINGSLEY.
THE EPICURIST'S LAMENT.
INDEX TO THE CLASSICAL AND OTHER QUOTATIONS, WITH ENGLISH RENDERINGS.

Fourth Edition, Demy 8vo, pp. 262, cloth elegant, gilt top, price *Half-a-Crown*.

Stones of Stumbling

By the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache.

Contents:—

THE CURE FOR INCURABLES. THE FEAR OF DEATH.
FEARLESS DEATHS. DIVINE ECONOMY OF TRUTH.

Appendices:—

RECOLLECTIONS OF MARK PATTISON.
MR ROMANES'S CATECHISM.
NEOCHRISTIANITY AND NEOCATHOLICISM: A SEQUEL.
INDEX TO THE CLASSICAL AND OTHER QUOTATIONS, WITH ENGLISH RENDERINGS.

LONDON: WILLIAM RICE, 86 FLEET ST., E.C.

Third Edition, with Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Benjamin Jowett

Master of Balliol

A PERSONAL MEMOIR.

By the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache.

"One of the most stimulating writers of the day, especially in the sketch-portraits of the people who have influenced him. His essay on Mark Pattison is not likely to be forgotten by any other Oxford man, or, indeed, by any other student of modern letters who has chanced to read it, and it is safe to foretell that the same will be the case with the 'personal memoir' in which he has enshrined his recollections of the late Master of Balliol." —*Times.*

"Displays most fully that combination of Boswellian anecdote, acute criticism, and allusiveness tempered by scrupulous economy of style, which has already marked Mr Tollemache's former essays with a manner unique among present-day writers. A very remarkable success."—*St James's Gazette.*

"Mr Lionel Tollemache has already accomplished this (the presentment of Jowett's talk) within the compass of a single small volume of recollections—itself the most successful piece of Boswellising that has been achieved in England, to our thinking, for many a day."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"Mr Tollemache's little volume is a collection of striking anecdotes and clever reflections illustrative of Jowett's peculiar habits and qualities of mind and character."—*Church Times.*

"Jowett has been Boswellised once for all in Mr Tollemache's fascinating pages."—H. D. TRAILL in *Graphic.*

"His [Mr Tollemache's] Recollections of Jowett and Pattison are perfect little gems."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

"It should be read by all Balliol, or rather by all Oxford men."—*Oxford University Magazine.*

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 37 BEDFORD ST., STRAND.

EXTRACTS FROM SOME PRESS NOTICES OF MR TOLLEMACHE'S BOOKS.

"Mr Tollemache is a born *raconteur*."—*Evening Standard.*

"Truly these are delightful tomes."—*The Queen.*

"Since the death of Hayward, we know of no English *littérateur* who has, in the same degree as Mr Tollemache, the happy knack of recollecting or collecting the characteristic sayings and doings of a distinguished man, and piecing them together in a finished mosaic."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"The 'Safe Studies' are those to which it is impossible for any human creature to raise the smallest objection on any ground whatever, and they are about four times as long as the 'Stones of Stumbling.' These stumbling-blocks may possibly at some period or other have given scandal to a part of the population by no means likely to read them; but in these days the public has swallowed so many camels that we do not think Mr Tollemache's gnats would even make any considerable portion of them cough. . . . We propose to make some observations on the most important of these charming essays. They are all singularly well worth reading, and may be described as the works of a most ingenious, accomplished, and cultivated man of leisure, who writes in order to fix recollections and systematize speculations which interest him, and not for the purpose of advocating particular views in the spirit of a partisan or propagandist. . . . The only likelihood of Charles Austin being remembered at all lies in the chance of the survival of the touching and striking account given of him by his accomplished, grateful, and most appreciative pupil."—The late Mr Justice FITZJAMES STEPHEN, in the *St James's Gazette.*

"These very interesting and, in part, very amusing volumes. . . . Altogether, we can give very hearty praise to the book, and that is something in the case of matter which has not the charm of novelty to the reviewer, and with a good deal of which he disagrees in opinion. Mr Tollemache can tell an excellent story (such as that of the young lady who, having spoken enthusiastically about a clergyman, and being asked if she referred to any sermon of his, said, 'No; oh! no. But he hates *mayonnaise*, and so do I.'). He manages, though he himself is very frequently in presence, and the subject of discussion, never to be unpleasantly egotistic. His work has the literary flavour throughout, without being merely bookish, and he can argue a thesis like a craftsman and a master of his craft."—*Saturday Review.*

LONDON: WILLIAM RICE, 86 FLEET ST., E.C.